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THE MEMOIRS OF D'ARTAGNAN

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MONSIEUR D'ARTAGNAN

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CAPTAIN-LIEUTENANT OF THE 1ST COMPANY
OF THE KING'S MUSKETEERS

BY

COURTILZ DE SANDRAZ

NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

BY

RALPH NEVILL

PART I.—THE CADET

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INTRODUCTION

THE "Memoirs of D'Artagnan," although purporting to have been published by Pierre Marteau, at Cologne, were really printed at The Hague. They are the work of Courtilz de Sandras, an extremely prolific and, it must be added, imaginative writer. Born at Montargis, in 1644, he became a captain in the Regiment de Champagne, and, while still pursuing his military career, composed several works, which were published in Holland—a country to which he eventually migrated.

Sandras remained some time in voluntary and not unprofitable exile, but, returning to France in 1694, he managed, some eight years later, to incur the displeasure of the authorities. It was probably his authorship of "Les Annales de Paris et de la Cour" which led to his disgrace. Thrown into the Bastille, he remained there for nine years, the early part of his captivity being of a particularly rigorous nature. He was, however, liberated in 1711, and proceeded on his release to marry for the third time. His choice, it appears, fell upon a widow, "la veuve Auroy"; but Sandras did not long survive to enjoy afresh the delights of freedom and matrimony, for his demise occurred in May the following year, 1712.

A voluminous writer, nearly all his works claim to be the autobiography or biography of some well-known character of his day. Most of them, indeed, were given to the public as authentic memoirs, but several severe critics have spoken of them as historical novels.

Amongst these is Voltaire, who has warned the world to beware of placing too great reliance upon the statements made in the many volumes which Sandras produced, at the same time somewhat harshly characterising their author as a dangerous and unscrupulous writer.

Be this as it may, Sandras certainly wrote (as Bayle has said) with great vivacity and clearness, and although in many cases his chronology leaves much to be desired, most of the adventures he relates with so much vigour and life are founded upon fact. His is a spirited and romantic (if perhaps highly coloured) picture of seventeenth century life in France—a picture which cannot fail to fascinate and amuse all those who have a taste for historical romance.

The "Memoirs of D'Artagnan" are, in this particular line, a masterpiece. Alexandre Dumas recognised them as such, for from the pages of Sandras's "D'Artagnan" came the material and inspiration for his immortal "Three Musketeers."

The originals of the pictures Dumas so picturesquely drew pass before us in the pages of the Memoirs. Milédi, De Treville, the Musketeers them-

selves — all are there — less decorous it is true in conduct, and a shade more human in their actions than in the modern work. While making every allowance for exaggeration on the part of Sandras, there is no overlooking the fact that the career of D'Artagnan was really one of a most dashing and romantic kind. The Memoirs, indeed, are probably a collection of the stories and traditions of the famous Musketeer's life current in his day, together with other details of his exploits which the author was able to glean from such documents and letters as he had chanced to come across.

A true soldier of fortune—the younger son of a poor though noble family of Bearn—Charles de Batz de Castelmore, Comte d'Artagnan, Captain-Lieutenant of the 1st Company of the King's Musketeers, combined extraordinary charm of manner with great personal bravery. As daring, from all contemporary accounts, in the service of Venus as of Mars, his rise from cadet in the Guards to the position which he occupied at his death in battle, was due in no small measure to his popularity with the fair sex. Madame de Motteville, indeed, terms him in her Memoirs "a creature of Cardinal Mazarin's," but this unflattering reference is probably the outcome of political spite. To the fair sex the gallant Musketeer was irresistible, and many of the hearts to which he laid siege appear to have surrendered at his first onslaught.

According to St. Simon, D'Artagnan enjoyed the

confidence of Louis XIV., and he makes particular mention of the devotion of that monarch to his Captain of Musketeers, and of his sincere grief at his untimely death at the siege of Maestricht in 1673, where he fell while gallantly leading his company to the attack.

The Musketeers had retired to rest for the night, when the order was given for them to recapture a position which the defenders of the town had managed to take. Although utterly tired out, they rushed to the charge under the leadership of their captain, who, in the sanguinary conflict which ensued, met a soldier's death at the head of his men. It is said that these soldiers, greedy of glory as they were, reckoned their victory dearly bought on account of the loss of a commander whom they idolised. Besides D'Artagnan, there were in this fight thirty-seven men killed and fifty-three wounded of the 1st Company of Musketeers, which went into battle two hundred and fifty strong!

It was on the occasion of the disgrace of Fouquet, Surintendant des Finances, in 1661, that Louis XIV. gave such proof of the great reliance he placed upon his Captain of Musketeers. By the King's own personal wish he was chosen to effect the arrest of that minister. The King himself handed D'Artagnan the *lettre de cachet* in his own private closet, feeling sure, as a trustworthy writer says, that he could find no better man to carry out his wishes. Nor was his confidence misplaced. Fouquet's arrest was managed

in such a way that all disturbance was avoided, and, to the credit of his captor be it said, with as much delicacy and gentleness as the circumstances allowed. Escorted to Pignerol by a guard of Musketeers, the captive, we learn, was treated with every consideration possible, D'Artagnan even going so far as to supply him with furs wherewith to make his journey the more comfortable.

M. de Treville had been the first commander of the Musketeers, and D'Artagnan succeeded his former patron as Captain-Lieutenant of the 1st or King's Company, being himself succeeded on his death in 1673 by the Chevalier de Fourbins, who, from all accounts, never appears to have attained the popularity or renown of his predecessor, who by general consent had been recognised as the perfect type of everything a Musketeer should be.

Frequent mention will be found in the Memoirs of one Besmaux, a companion in arms of D'Artagnan's, who too often appears in a somewhat contemptible light. This Besmaux, curiously enough, afterwards became Captain of the 2nd Company of Musketeers (Cardinal Mazarin's company), and died in 1697, having in his time occupied the post of Governor of the Bastille.

A short account of this gallant company—a body of troops whose memory is still surrounded with a halo of romance—may not here be out of place.

The Musketeers of the Guard were the *corps d'élite* of the household troops of the French kings. They

were practically founded by Louis XIII., although in the previous reign a small guard of somewhat the same kind had existed. M. de Troisville, who afterwards called himself De Treville, was their first captain-lieutenant, and held this rank throughout the whole of the reign of Louis XIII. At first, like all troops of their time, they wore no particular uniform, and it was only in 1657 that Louis XIV. decreed that they should don a special dress. The 1st Company consisted of 250 men, all mounted on white or grey horses, who were known as "Mousquetaires gris." The captain was the King himself, and the company was reckoned the crack corps of France. Its standard of white satin bore a device representing a bomb, shot in the air from a mortar, falling on a town; underneath, "Quo ruit et lethum." The company was quartered in the Rue du Bac, and the facings, lace, etc., of the uniform were of gold.

The 2nd Company (originally Cardinal Mazarin's) had barracks in the Rue St. Antoine. The men were mounted upon black horses, and, in consequence, were known as "Mousquetaires noirs." On the standard was a bundle of twelve arrows pointing downwards, with the motto, "Alterius Jovis altera tela." The facings of these Mousquetaires were not as rich as those of the 1st Company, being only of silver. The uniform of both companies was blue with a silver cross, and their original weapon was the "mousquet," afterwards exchanged for a brace of pistols, in addition, of course, to the sword worn by all mounted troops.

Composed for the most part of young men of from seventeen to twenty years of age, the dash and courage of the Musketeers became proverbial, and on many occasions secured victory to the French arms. The last time this proved the case was at Fontenoy, where their charge at the head of the King's household troops decided the day.

In the turmoil and anarchy of the Revolution the Musketeers disappeared practically for ever. An attempt indeed was made to revive the corps on the restoration of the French Monarchy, but its existence had become an anachronism, and the recreated "Mousquetaires du Roi" bore but little resemblance to the famous cavaliers of the *ancien régime* who already loomed, "mere old world shadows," across the blood-red mists of the Terror. The Musketeer belonged to the old France—that France which with its stately pomp and ceremonious chivalry had vanished into the past. The spirit which had animated him was no more. Careless, prodigal, brave and loyal, he was no sympathiser with democracy and its somewhat pinchbeck ideals, and indifferent to most things except love or war, his motto, like that of the old chivalry of France, was ever "Dieu! Mon Roi! Ma Dame!"

With regard to this translation, the Memoirs have not been abridged or tampered with in any way. I have, however, ventured to divide them into chapters, for to the modern reader a volume without any break whatever is apt to appear tedious. Those who may take

exception to some of D'Artagnan's adventures and doings, I would bid remember that life in the seventeenth century, especially the life of a French soldier of fortune, is not to be judged by the moral standard which this century affects, and would assure them, as they themselves will perceive from a perusal of the Memoirs, that no one is quicker to recognise his faults than their hero. Certainly his resource and pluck, under the most trying and occasionally embarrassing circumstances, must command admiration, even should they not inspire respect. In conclusion I hope, while fully conscious of many shortcomings, that I have not entirely failed in my attempt to render into acceptable English the seventeenth-century French of the original.

RALPH NEVILL.

PREFACE

(1700)

As but a short time has elapsed since M. d'Artagnan's death, and there are a good many people who knew him, and were even intimate friends of his, these will not be annoyed (especially those who found him worthy of their esteem) at my bringing together in these pages a quantity of fragments which I discovered in his papers after his death.

The fragments in question I have utilised for the composition of these Memoirs, while giving them such sequence as they lacked. When found, they had none whatever, and in their arrangement lies all the credit I can claim in this work. Here is the plain truth as to my share of it!

I will not entertain myself by vaunting M. d'Artagnan's birth, although I have found much on this subject among his notes of a very favourable nature. I have been afraid of laying myself open to accusations of wishing to flatter him, the more so as everyone does not agree that he really belonged to the family whose name he adopted. If this be the case, he is not the

only one who has striven to appear more than he really was. Anyhow, there was a comrade of his who at least did the same thing when he saw himself in luck's way. I mean to allude to M. de Besmaux, who was first of all a soldier in the Guards with him, then a Musketeer, and eventually Governor of the Bastille. The only difference between the two men is that, after both of them having started from the same beginnings, that is to say, with much poverty and misery, and both having raised themselves beyond their hopes, the one died almost as much a beggar as when he came into the world, and the other an extremely rich man. The rich one, that is M. de Besmaux, was, all the same, never under fire of a musket-shot; however, flattery, avarice, hard-heartedness, and artifice did more for him than sincerity. Disinterestedness, goodness, and courage were the qualities of the other. We must believe that both of them were faithful servants of the King, one of them even to the extent of his purse, so much so, that he was like a certain ambassador whom the King had in England, of whom his Majesty was wont to say that he would not have spent a halfpenny, even had the safety of the State been concerned; whereas the other threw his money about like dirt, if he so much as thought his duty needed it.

If I here make mention of M. de Besmaux, it is

that, as I shall have much to say of him in the sequel, it does not seem out of place to show him up for what he really was.

Of this work itself I shall say nothing. No words of mine can make it successful; it must itself possess the requisite qualities to appear so in the eyes of others. Mayhap I should be deceived in any opinion I might form about it, having had some hand in its composition; besides, people always admire their own work. Indeed, if I am not its father, I have at any rate undertaken the tutorship of it. Thus I should be no less open to suspicion than is a master who wants to speak of his pupil, well knowing that all his praiseworthy qualities will redound to his own glory; I will, therefore, say nothing, from fear of exposing myself to that condemnation from which I would strive to preserve others. I prefer to leave all the praise to M. d'Artagnan, should opinion decide that there is any due to him for the composition of this work, and lay no claim to divide the favours of the public with him, should it deem them to be deserved.

All that I will urge in my own justification (always supposing that I am saying nothing that may appear tedious) is that the materials left me are as much to blame in case of failure as myself. It is impossible to build a grand and superb mansion unless everything

necessary to carry out its design is at one's disposal. Neither can anyone produce a fine diamond out of a small one, whatever skill may be brought to bear upon the task.

Let us, however, speak more frankly. What is the good of feigning modesty? I am arguing against my own convictions when I declare that I have lacked materials for the composition of this work, and express my fear of not being able to arrange them in their proper place. Rather let me say, as a proof of real sincerity, that the material I have made use of is very valuable in itself, and that perhaps I may be found to have made none too bad a use of it.

MEMOIRS OF M. D'ARTAGNAN,

"CAPTAIN-LIEUTENANT OF THE 1ST COMPANY OF THE KING'S MUSKETEERS."

I

IT is not my intention here to recount the story of my birth, nor of my early days of youth, for I find nothing about either worthy of being set down in these pages. If I were to say that I was born a gentleman, of good family, it appears to me I should be gaining but little by so doing, for birth is but a pure effect of chance or rather of Divine Providence. It is she who causes us to be born as she pleases, leaving us nothing to boast of in the matter.

Although the name of D'Artagnan was already well known when I came into the world, and I but served to brighten its lustre, because fortune in some way destined me to do so, it must yet be understood that my family was on an equality with that of Châtillon-sur-Marne, of the Montmorencis, and of a number of other families which are conspicuous among the *noblesse* of France.

If anyone may be proud, certainly those who spring from such illustrious blood as I have just mentioned

may be, although in truth it is to God alone that the glory should fall. Be this as it may, having been brought up poorly enough, for my father and mother were not rich, directly I attained the age of fifteen I dreamt only of setting out to seek my fortune.

All the "cadets" (younger sons) of Bearn, the province whence I came, were much on the samè footing, partly because the people of this district are by nature adventurous, and partly because the sterility of their country holds out small hopes of satisfying all their desires. A third reason, not less potent than the other two, served to strengthen me in my determination; it had before my time been the cause of many of my neighbours and friends leaving their firesides.

A poor gentleman of our neighbourhood had some years previously set out for Paris with only a small valise upon his back, and had amassed such a large fortune at Court, that had he only possessed as much subtlety as he did courage, there would have been nothing he might not have aspired to. The King had given him the command of his "Company of Musketeers," which at that time was the only one existing. His Majesty had even been heard to declare "that were he ever to fight a private duel he would desire no better second than the gentleman I have spoken of." His name was Troisville, commonly called Treville; he had two children, who were well enough, although a long way from following in his footsteps. Both of them are still living at the present day; the elder of the two is in the Church, his father having deemed it best for him to embrace that career, esteeming him less capable than his brother of sus-

taining the hardships of war, since, during his youth, he had undergone an operation for stone. Besides, like most fathers, he thought, after the example of Cain, that God should have the refuse of everything, and preferred that his younger son, who appeared to have more sense than the elder, should be the one chosen to sustain the fortunes of the family which he himself had by his own efforts raised, and thus avoided entrusting them to the one who was by right their natural guardian.

Accordingly he gave the younger son the position of the elder, as I will presently tell, and contented himself with obtaining a big abbey for his brother; but as it often occurs that those who have the greatest intelligence make the greatest mistakes, the younger, who had thus become the elder, made himself so insupportable to all the young people of his own age and station, by wishing to show himself cleverer than they, that in consequence they could never bring themselves to forgive him for his behaviour.

For their part they declared that, if perhaps in many things they were not as capable as he, yet at least in personal courage they excelled him.

Why they should have said this I do not know, nor do I even imagine that they were right; but as evil is much more easily credited than good, this rumour having come to the ears of the King, who had made the young man "Cornet of Musketeers," his Majesty, who wished to have in his "household" but men whose courage was above suspicion, contrived that a proposition should be made him to leave his command for a regiment of horse which was mentioned to him. This proposal he accepted, either divining

that it was the King's wish, or, despite of all his cleverness, falling into a trap which had been laid.

What caused him some time afterwards to be more than ever suspected of feebleness, was that when the campaign "de l'Isle" took place, he abandoned his regiment to join the priests of the Oratory; and even this might have escaped comment had he "donned the robe," and consecrated himself entirely to God. But as he only took an apartment in the monastery, and subsequently actually left the Order, his conduct gave more occasion than ever to those who were evilly disposed towards him to continue their slanders.

My parents were so poor that they could only give me a pony worth twenty-two francs and a purse of ten crowns to set out upon my journey. But if they did not furnish me with much money, they gave me in its stead a large store of good advice.

They impressed upon me the necessity of never showing myself a coward, for should such a thing once happen, I should never recover the effect of it all my life. They made me understand that the honour of a soldier, whose profession I was about to embrace, was as delicate a thing as that of a woman, whose virtue could never even be suspected without its doing her an infinity of harm in the world when she afterwards tried to prove the accusation groundless. They reminded me of the small esteem in which women of doubtful character were held, and declared that the same kind of stigma attached itself to men who showed any signs of cowardice. In conclusion, they advised me always to keep their words before my eyes, for I could not impress them too strongly upon my understanding.

It is sometimes dangerous to paint a too vivid

picture of certain things to a young man, because he does not always possess the sense necessary to digest them.

Of this I soon had proof; but, in the meanwhile, actuated by the desire of following out the very letter of the words I had heard, I committed a number of faults.

At first, when I saw anyone staring at me, I made it a subject for dispute, when nobody wished to insult me.

The first occasion when this happened was between Blois and Orleans, and it cost me rather dear, and should have rendered me more sensible.

The pony I bestrode was fatigued with its journey, and could hardly raise its tail, when a gentleman of the country eyed my equipment and myself with an air of contempt. This I knew for certain, on account of the smile which he could not refrain from giving to the three or four persons with whom he was, for it was in a little town called St. Dié that the circumstance occurred, whither he had gone (I afterwards heard) to sell wood, and he was in the company of the merchant to whom he had applied for the purposes of sale, and the notary who had arranged the matter.

The smile I have spoken of appeared so disagreeable to me that I could not help showing him my resent ment by making use of a very offensive expression.

He, for his part, was much wiser than I, and pretended not to hear it, either because he regarded me as a child incapable of giving him offence, or because he did not wish to avail himself of the advantages which he deemed himself to possess over me. For it must be understood that he was a big man and in the very flower of life; so much so that anyone

looking at both of us would have called me a madman to dare to attack a person of his size. Yet I myself was tall enough; but all the same, like most people of my age, I appeared to be but a child, and those persons who accompanied the gentleman secretly praised him for his moderation, the while censuring me for my violence. I was the only one who viewed the matter from another point of view. To me the contempt in which he held me seemed even more galling than the first insult which I considered myself to have received. Losing my head completely, I precipitated myself upon him like a madman, without reckoning that I should have all the persons who were in his company upon my hands to deal with, and that he was upon his own ground.

As he had turned his back upon me after what had occurred, I began by calling upon him to draw his sword, crying, "that I was not the man to attack him from behind." He still continued to scorn me as a child, so much so that, having, instead of obeying my summons, bidden me go my way, I felt myself carried away to such an extent by rage, although naturally calm enough, that I dealt him, with the flat of my sword, two or three blows on the head.

I had done this before reflecting what I was doing, which, indeed, did not turn out satisfactorily. The gentleman (whose name was Rosnai) at the same time drew his sword and threatened to abstain no longer from making me repent my folly.

I paid no attention to his words (and mayhap he would have found it difficult enough in carrying out his resolve), when I felt myself assailed by a shower of blows from pitchfork and stick.

Two of his companions, one of whom had in his hand a staff usually used for the measurement of wood, were the first to attack me, while the other two set about furnishing themselves with other weapons preparatory to an assault upon my body. As they made this onslaught from the rear, I was soon *hors de combat.* I fell to the ground, covered with blood from a wound which I had received upon the head.

I cried out to Rosnai, conscious of the insult inflicted upon me, that his conduct was very unworthy of an honourable man, which I had at first taken him for, and that if he had a spark of honour, it would be impossible for him not to reproach himself for allowing me to be maltreated in the way I had been. I declared that I had taken him for a gentleman, but that I saw very well from his method of proceeding that he was very far from being one, but that whatever he was, he would do well to put an end to me while I was in his power, for if ever I got out of it, he would one day find someone he would have to answer to.

He rejoined that he was not the cause of this accident which my own folly had brought upon me; that far from ordering the men to ill-use me as they had done, he was wretched about it, but that all the same I ought to profit by the correction I had received and be wiser for the future.

This speech seemed to me as dishonourable as his actions. If the beginning of it was pleasant enough, the end did not appear to me at all in the same light. Consequently, I again threatened him, and in answer to the words which were my only weapons, I was thrown into prison. Had I but contrived to retain my sword, I should not have been taken there in the

way I was! But the rascals seized me from behind, and even broke that weapon in my presence, so as to put a greater affront upon me! What they did with my pony and linen, which I have never seen since, I am unable to say.

Meanwhile, an information was laid against me in the name of the gentleman, and although it was I who had been beaten, and should have laid a claim for damages, I it was whom they condemned to make reparation! I was adjudged to have insulted my assailant, and when my sentence had been pronounced, on my informing the clerk that I should appeal, the ruffian jeered at the idea, and having further condemned me in the matter of costs, my horse and linen were sold, apparently for a good deal less than the sum which it was alleged I owed.

For two months and a half I was kept in prison, with the object of seeing if anyone would buy me out. During the time in question, I should have had a good deal to put up with if at the end of four or five days the curé of the district had not come to see me. He did his best to console me, and said that it was very unfortunate that a gentleman of Rosnai's neighbourhood had not been upon the spot where the catastrophe had taken place, for had he been there he would have taken care that the legal proceedings should have been conducted in quite another manner to that in which they had been; but that as now it was too late to mend matters, all he could do for me was to proffer such help as he was able; that at any rate he would send me some shirts and money, and that if he did not himself come to see me, the reason was that he had had a difference with my enemy, in which he had treated him

rather roughly, and consequently had been forbidden by the Marshals of France, under penalty of imprisonment, ever to espouse any cause opposed to his.

This assistance could not have arrived at a more opportune moment. What was left of my ten crowns had been taken from me when I had been thrown into prison. I had besides but one shirt, which must before long have rotted on my back, for I had no change; all the same, possessing a good store of what the Bearnais are usually said not to lack—"pride," I deemed it an affront to be offered charity of such a sort.

I replied to the curé, therefore, that while extremely beholden to the gentleman who had sent him, yet I did not possess the honour of his acquaintance; that I, like himself, was a gentleman, and consequently would never do anything unworthy of my birth, which bade me never to accept anything but from the King, that I claimed adherence to this rule, and preferred the most miserable death in the world to breaking it.

The gentleman, who had heard all about my method of procedure, had expected this answer, having discerned too much independence in my actions for it to be wanting in my present condition. Consequently, he had given instructions as to what was to be done should matters turn out as he thought they would. "I was to be assured that he did not propose to give me either the money or the shirts which he proffered, but only to lend them to me until such time as I could return them both to him, and was to have it pointed out to me that a gentleman might, like a common individual, fall into straits where there could be no objection to his having recourse to a friend to help him out of his difficulty."

This reasoning seemed to me to save my honour. I gave the curé a note of hand amounting to forty-five livres, in consideration of the money and shirts. The money, which I was observed to spend, caused the incarceration of two months and a half, which I have spoken of, and would even have prolonged it further, on account of the hope which Justice nourished that whoever had supplied it would give more to rescue me from its claws; but happily the curé took care to make it known that it was with funds entrusted to him for charitable purposes that he had helped me. Consequently the wretches, at the end of the time I mentioned, thinking nothing was to be gained by keeping me longer a prisoner, put me outside the prison walls.

Directly I was free I repaired to the house of the curé to thank him for his kindness and all the trouble he had taken about me. For, besides what I have told, he had solicited my liberation, and for certain had, by so doing, not retarded it. I asked him if I could go and see my creditor, to show him my gratitude, and assure him that directly I could acquit the debt I owed him I would faithfully do so. He answered that he was instructed to beg me to do nothing of the sort, for fear that my visit should arouse the spite of the joint enemy of the gentleman and myself; but that as the former desired to see me, he would the next day repair to Orleans *incognito;* that I should take a lodging there at the "Crown of France," where I should find him, or, at least, he would arrive there at the same time as myself; he would lend me his horse to go there at my convenience, and that, as he was well aware that of the money he had given me none could be left, the gentleman in question would

lend me some more to finish my journey. As he had said, I sadly wanted it; so, not displeased to find such help, I set out the next day for Orleans, firmly resolved to return to the district as soon as I could, to repay the money I had borrowed and revenge the insult I had received. In truth, I would not have departed without gratifying my just resentment, had not the curé told me that the gentleman with whom I had concern, aware that I was to be liberated from durance vile, had mounted his horse to betake himself to a property he owned fifty or sixty leagues away. I found this action of his worthy of him, and saying nothing of my thoughts to the curé, for I knew well that those who threaten the most are not always the most dangerous, the next day, before daybreak, I left for Orleans.

As the curé had instructed me, I put up at the "Crown of France," and the gentleman who had so willingly helped me, whose name was Montigré, having reached that town the same day, made himself known to me, just as the curé said he would do, directly he arrived. I thanked him in the most grateful way I could, and when he had replied that his kind action was of so little importance that it did not even deserve mention, I turned the conversation to the subject of Rosnai. He told me, seeing that I was itching to have an explanation with him, that many difficulties would be in my way, and that if I wanted to succeed in the matter I must exercise a good deal of caution, for the individual in question would treat me in the same way as he had treated him—that is, so badly that I should never obtain satisfaction; and that if by any chance he should suspect that I bore him a grudge, he would immediately have me arraigned before

the Marshals of France, which would upset any schemes I might contemplate. In consequence, if I wished to bring him to book, I must make use of great dissimulation.

This gentleman wished me very much to take a carriage and go away from the district. He lent me further ten Spanish pistoles, although I was unwilling to take them, for altogether by the time I arrived at Paris, I should be his debtor to the extent of nearly two hundred francs—a sum, indeed, as great as I could ever hope to possess, for as I have said, I was not rich; however, keeping up my spirits, I went my way, having agreed with Montigré that he would give me news of himself, and I would keep him informed of my own doings.

No sooner had I arrived in Paris than I went to find M. de Treville, who lived close to the Luxembourg.

I had brought, when I set out from my father's, a letter of recommendation to him. Unfortunately, at St. Dié, it had been taken from me, and the robbery I had sustained had greatly increased my rage against Rosnai, who, for his part, had become more disturbed about the fracas, for the letter had shown him that I was a gentleman, and that I should obtain the protection of M. de Treville. My only course was to tell the story of the misfortunes which had happened to me, although it was humiliating to me to do so, for I feared that M. de Treville would not form too good an opinion of me when he learnt that I had left the scene of my misadventure without obtaining satisfaction for the affront I had received.

I took a lodging in his neighbourhood, so as to be closer to his house. I hired a little room in the Rue

des Fossoyeurs, near St. Sulpice; the sign of the house was the Gaillard-Bois; bowls were played there, as I think they are still; a door of the house opened on the Rue Ferou, which is behind the Rue des Fossoyeurs. On the morrow of my arrival I attended the levee of M. de Treville, whose antechamber I found full of Musketeers, most of them from my native district: this I quickly perceived from their manner of speaking; in consequence, I felt myself half as strong again as I did before, at being, as it were, in my own country, and proceeded to address the first man I came across. Part of Montigré's money I had expended in smartening myself up, and thus I had not forgotten the usage of my country, which is, when one has not a penny in one's pocket, to always wear a plume above one's ear and a coloured ribbon in one's cravat! The man I spoke to was called Porthos, and had lived two or three leagues from my father's house. Besides himself, two of his brothers belonged to the company of Musketeers; one was named Athos and the other Aramis. M. de Treville had made all three come up from the country, because they had been concerned in some combats which had given them a great reputation in the province.

He had good reason to choose his men in this way, for such was the jealousy between the company of Musketeers and that of the Guard of Cardinal de Richelieu, that they came to blows every day.

Not that there was much in that, for it happens every day that private individuals fall out with one another, more often when there is a question of rivalry between them. But what was astonishing enough was that the masters should be the first to pride

themselves on having men in their service whose courage should eclipse that of everybody else's!

There was not a day passed when the Cardinal did not boast of the bravery of his guards, and when the King did not try to hold it of small account; for well he knew that in so doing his Eminence sought to place his company above his own, and so true was it that this was the minister's intention, that he had agents expressly posted in the provinces to pick up for him men who might have gained for themselves a name for bravery in any private encounters which they had been engaged in.

Thus, at a time when rigorous ordinances existed against duels, and when even some individuals of the first rank, who had fought despite the decrees issued, had been punished with death, he extended not only shelter, but more often a great deal of favour, to the kind of persons I have spoken of.

When Porthos had ascertained who I was, he enquired of me how long it was since I had arrived and my intention in coming to Paris.

I satisfied his curiosity, and, telling me that my name was not unknown to him, and that he had often heard his father declare that there had been brave people in my family, he went on to say that it would be well for me to be like them or else return at once to the country.

The lecture which my parents had given me before I set out had made me so ticklish about everything which concerned "the point of honour" that I began not only to stare at him, but proceeded to ask him, roughly enough, why he should address me in such words, adding that if he should

doubt my courage, it would not be long before I should make him realise it, and that if he would come down with me to the street matters would soon be settled.

He burst into a laugh when he heard me speak in this way, and told me "that although if one went quickly, one usually covered a good deal of ground, perhaps I was unaware as yet that when one desired to go too quickly, one very often injured one's foot; that if it was necessary to be brave it was unnecessary to be quarrelsome, and that to be annoyed at the wrong time was a fault as much to be condemned as the lack of courage which he had wished me to avoid." He told me also that as I not only came from his district, but was his neighbour, he wished, far from desiring to fight with me, to be of use to me as a tutor; although, if I desired to engage in a fight, he would see that my wish was gratified before long.

When I heard him talk in this way, I thought that, after having pretended to be unwilling, he was now accepting my challenge. In consequence, taking him at his word, I believed that we were about to draw our swords directly we had gone down into the street. When we had reached the door, he instructed me to follow him at the distance of nine or ten paces, without approaching any closer. I did not understand what all this might mean, but confident that before long I should be enlightened, I kept my patience until I should see what should come of it.

He proceeded to descend the Rue de Vaugirard, on the side which goes to the "Carmes déchaux." At the Hôtel d'Aiguillon he stopped, and remained quite the half of a quarter of an hour talking to one Jussac, who was at the door.

1 The Carmelites.

The Jussac in question is the same man whom we have seen since at M. de Vendome's and at M. le Duc de Maine's. At first I thought, by the embraces which the two indulged in when they first met, that they were the best friends in the world, and I was only disabused of this idea when I had passed them and looked back to see if Porthos was following me. I then observed that, instead of continuing these caresses, Jussac was apostrophising him with warmth and in the manner of a man who was not pleased. I stationed myself at the Porte du Calvaire, a religious house which is quite close by, and awaited my man, whom I observed answering with much the same heat as the other, both having placed themselves in the middle of the street, so that the porter of the Hôtel d'Aiguillon should not hear what they were saying. From the situation which I occupied, I observed that Porthos, who had caught sight of me, pointed me out, a circumstance which made me more uneasy than ever, for I did not understand what all this might mean.

Eventually Porthos, after this lengthy discussion, left the man, and, coming up to me, said that he had just been engaged in a dispute for love of me, that a fight had been arranged in an hour, three against three, at the Pré-aux-Clercs, which is at the end of the Faubourg St. Germain, and that, being resolved without letting me know that I should take part in it, he had just told the man that he must find a fourth, so that I might be pitted against him; that he had replied that at that time of day he did not know where to find a man, for everybody was out of doors, and this had been the subject of their conversation. He added that I would gather, from what he had told me, the reason

why it was out of his power to have accepted my challenge, for it was impossible "to course two hares at the same time," and that by making me a witness of the circumstances which had forced him to decline it, he had thought to show that lack of courage was not the reason.

This made me understand all which I had not been able to divine before, and having asked him the man's name, and if it was he who was the originator of the feud, he enlightened me about the whole matter. His name was, he said, Jussac, and he held a command at Havre de Grace, under the Duc de Richelieu, who held the reversion of the governorship from the Cardinal, his uncle. It was he who was the chief personage in the quarrel which was to be so shortly settled; the dispute was with his elder brother, and had arisen merely because the one had declared that the Musketeers would beat the Cardinal's guards each time that they should meet, while the other maintained the contrary.

I thanked him in the best way I could, saying, that after having left home with the intention of applying to M. de Treville to be my patron, I was naturally under an obligation to take sides with his friends in any dispute concerning the honour of the company.

Besides, knowing that he had always gloried in being on the side of the King, in spite of the advantageous offers which his Eminence had made him, with a view to persuading him to embrace his own interests, I was extremely happy to be called upon to fight for a cause which was not less to my liking than to his own, and that I could not do better by way

of a beginning. I added that I would try not to falsify the good opinion which by his action he seemed to entertain of my courage.

Talking in this manner, we walked beyond the Carmelites, where we turned up the Rue Cassette, which we descended, and having reached the corner of the Rue du Colombier, we next entered the Rue St. Père and afterwards the Rue de l'Université, at the end of which was the spot appointed for our combat.

There we found Athos and his brother Aramis, who did not know what it might mean when they saw me with my companion. They took him on one side to ask him the reason, and when he had answered them that he could not have acted in any other way than he had done to escape from the embarrassing position into which the challenge which I had placed in his hands had plunged him, they retorted that he was very wrong to have acted in such a manner, for I was but a child, and that Jussac as the result of the arrangement would gain an advantage which could not fail to be highly prejudicial to them, for he would pit some man against me who would soon despatch me and afterwards attack them, whence it would result that there would only be three against four, which could only end in their confusion.

Had I known what they were saying about me, I should have been in a great rage. In truth, to deem me capable of being vanquished with such ease showed but a very poor opinion of my prowess. However, as what Porthos had done was done, and there was no remedy for it, they thought themselves obliged to put, as the term is, a good face on the matter and conceal their annoyance.

So, pretending to be the most contented people in the world that I should risk my life for their dispute (I, who did not even know them!), they paid me a flowery compliment, but one which was merely forced.

Jussac had chosen as seconds Biscarat and Cahusac, who were brothers, and the creatures of his Eminence the Cardinal. They had another brother, a third one, Rotondis by name, and although he was on the eve of obtaining a benefice, when he saw that Jussac and his brothers were in a quandary to know whom they should find to fight against me, he declared that his cassock was only fastened by one button, and he would take it off to get them out of their difficulty. Not that any of them wanted for friends, but as it was already past ten o'clock, and indeed was near eleven, they began to become alarmed lest we should be impatient, the more so as they had already been to five or six places without finding anyone at home, so they were quite ready to take Rotondis at his word, when, happily for them and for him, there appeared upon the scene a captain of the regiment of Navarre, who was one of the friends of Biscarat. Biscarat, without much formality, took him aside and explained that he had need of him in the matter of a dispute which was shortly to be settled, that no one could have arrived at a more opportune moment to extricate them from the dilemma they were in, which was a serious one, that if he had not made his appearance, Rotondis would have had to have taken up a sword, although it was not his profession to use one.

The captain in question, whose name was Bernajoux, and who was a gentleman of rank from the Comté de Foix, thought himself honoured

by Biscarat's having cast his eyes upon him to render this service to his friends; he offered his arm and sword, and all four having got up into Jussac's carriage, they alighted at the entry to the Pré-aux-Clercs, as if to take a walk. At this spot they left their coachman and servants. Directly we espied them from afar, we were delighted, for as it was already late, we now scarcely expected their arrival. We advanced from the side of the Isle Maquerelle, instead of going in front of them, so as to get further away from the people who were walking on their side, and so reached a little hollow where we saw no one, and there awaited our antagonists with a stout heart.

They were not long in joining us, and Bernajoux, who, according to the custom of the time, wore an enormous moustache, seeing that Jussac, Biscarat and Cahusac chose the three brothers to take in hand, while they only left me for his amusement, asked them if they meant to make sport of him by making him encounter a child. I was annoyed by these words, and having replied to him that children of my age and courage knew a good deal more than those who scorned them because they were half their own age, I drew my sword, to show him that I knew how to join the deed to the word.

He was forced to draw his own sword to defend himself, perceiving from my manner that I had no desire for parleying. He even made several vigorous enough lunges, as if it would be an easy matter to settle me. But I, having with great luck parried them, got home with a thrust under his arm, which I pierced right through. He fell some four paces away, and,

thinking him dead, I went to him to give him some help if it was not too late; he, however, deeming me fool enough to impale myself, presented the point of his sword at me, which I took note of. I felt sure, by his so doing, that there was time enough to help him; so, as I had been brought up in a Christian way, and knew that the loss of his soul was the most terrible thing which could happen, I called out from a distance "that he should think of God, that I did not approach to rob him of what remained of life, but rather to save it for him; that I was even very distressed at the condition to which I had reduced him, but that he must be aware that I had been obliged to act as I had done by the barbarous mania which decreed that a gentleman's honour should consist in depriving of life a man whom often one had hardly seen, and who sometimes was one's best friend."

He answered me that as I spoke so rightly he would make no bones about yielding his sword to me; he entreated me to bind up his wound with a piece cut off the front of his shirt, by which he said I should stop him from losing the rest of his blood, and afterwards begged me to give him my hand to help him up so that he might reach the carriage in which he had come, unless to crown my charity I would go and get it myself for fear he should fall in a faint on the way.

At the same time he threw his sword four paces away, to show me that he had no design of using it against me when I should approach him. I did what he had asked, and having cut his shirt with scissors and bandaged his wound in front, I gave him my hand to raise him to a sitting position so as to bandage the other side of it. As I held the bandage (which I had

made as well as possible of two strips) ready, I soon finished the operation. All the same, the time which I had thus employed (I will not say lost, for it was a good work I had been engaged in) was near costing the life of Athos, and mayhap of his two brothers at the same time. Jussac, against whom he was fighting, had given him a sword-thrust in the arm, and, having thrown himself upon him to make him beg his life, was trying to stick the point of his sword in his body because he would not do so, when I perceived the peril he was in, and running towards him, I cried out to Jussac to turn and face me, not wishing to attack him from behind. The latter thus found himself with another fight on his hands without, as he had thought, having finished the one he was engaged in. This new combat could not fail to be very disadvantageous to him, for Athos being thus delivered from danger, was not the man to remain with his arms crossed while Jussac and I measured our swords, and seeing that he might thus be attacked from the rear as well as in front, the latter attempted to move nearer Biscarat his brother, so as at least to be two against three, whereas at present he was alone against two; I, however, divined his plan and stopped its execution. Thus he found himself, in his turn, obliged to beg his life, after having wished to make others beg theirs from him, and surrendered his sword to Athos, to whom I accorded the honour of the defeat, although in reality it was brought about by me as much as by him. We then betook ourselves towards Porthos and Aramis to assure their victory over their enemies. This did not turn out a difficult task, as our friends, having already enough courage and skill to embarrass their opponents

without needing our help, were further encouraged when they saw the assistance we could afford them. It became impossible for the other side to make much further show of fighting, as they were but two against four, so, being obliged to yield up their swords, the fight terminated. We all then went towards Bernajoux, who had again laid himself on the ground, owing to a fit of weakness by which he had been seized. As I was more active than the others, and had the best legs of them all, I ran to get the coach of Jussac, in which we placed the wounded man. In this way he was taken home, where he remained six weeks on his bed before he was cured. But, all the same, his wound, although serious, not proving a mortal one, he escaped with merely the pain, and no other after-effects. He and I have since been good friends, and when I became sub-lieutenant of Musketeers (as I shall presently tell) he confided to me one of his brothers to place in my company. It was not my fault that he did nothing, for certainly, aided by me, he might have succeeded had he not preferred his pleasures to a position which was assured to him, and consented to make some effort himself.

The King heard of our "duel," and we were afraid of something happening to us in consequence, because he was, as a rule, strict in enforcing his edicts. M. de Treville, however, represented to him that it was by chance that we met at the Pré-aux-Clercs, thinking of nothing less than fighting, but that Athos, Porthos, and Aramis could not endure the Cardinal's company of guards being praised by Jussac and his friends to the detriment of his own Musketeers without rage, as was but natural; consequently, words had arisen between

the two parties, which had quickly resulted in blows. Therefore, the affair could only be regarded as a chance encounter, and not as a duel. "Besides," he said, "the Cardinal would be much mortified by it, for he esteemed Biscarat and Cahusac as prodigies of valour, and looked on them, as it were, as his right hand. In truth, he had raised them far beyond any position they could have hoped for on account of their birth, and perhaps their own qualities. The best trait they possessed was that of being devoted to him, if it could be considered a merit, since it led them every day to being in opposition to the King's interests, for they took his Eminence's part, right or wrong, without considering his Majesty in any way. For instance, to support his disputes, they quarrelled from one moment to another with his Majesty's best servants, and even fought every day against them because they thought more of the minister than the master."

What M. de Treville said was the speech of a clever courtier. He knew the King's dislike for the two brothers by reason of their attachment to the Cardinal. He also knew that he could not please his Majesty more than by announcing to him the victory of his Musketeers over the minions of the minister; in consequence the King, without enquiring if our fight had been a chance one or not, ordered M. de Treville to present to him in his closet Athos, Porthos and Aramis, bringing them up by the little hidden staircase. He appointed an hour when he would be quite alone, and M. de Treville having duly presented the three brothers, they told him, as they were all three good fellows, the true account of the affair. All the same, they concealed from him anything which might show the fight to have

been a duel. They spoke of me, and the King expressed curiosity to see me. He commanded M. de Treville to present me to him in his closet the next day, at the same hour; and M. de Treville having ordered the three brothers to give me the message from the King and from himself, I begged them to take me the same day to the levee of that commander. I was enchanted at Fortune's having thus so happily assisted me at such an early part of my career in gaining the notice of the King, my master. I smartened myself up that day to the best of my power, and as I was fairly tall, of a good expression, and even handsome in face, I hoped my appearance would not produce the same effect upon his Majesty as did that some time ago of M. de Fabert.

The gentleman in question had bought a company in an old regiment, but the King had declined to sanction the appointment because his appearance, far from being pleasing, had proved extremely disagreeable to him.

After this command from the King, I had no further need to regret the loss of the letter of recommendation which I had had to M. de Treville. What I had done was about to introduce me under better auspices than all the letters in the world, and would even be the means of procuring me the honour of paying my respects to my master. The joy I felt made me find that night the longest I had ever passed in my life. Morning having come at last, I rose and dressed in the interval before Athos, Porthos and Aramis had come to fetch me to present me to their commandant.

They soon arrived, and as my lodging was not far from M. de Treville's house, we were quickly there.

He had given orders to his valet that directly we reached his ante-chamber we were to be admitted to his closet. To all others it was closed, and when we had arrived, M. de Treville had no sooner cast his eyes upon me than he told the three brothers that they had not spoken the truth (as they should have done) when they said I was a young man, for I was but a child, and indeed I was little else.

At any other time I should have been very vexed to hear him speak in this way, for the word "child" might seem to show that I ought to be precluded from serving until I was older; but at that moment, what I had done speaking in my favour much more than a few more years would have done, I calculated that the younger I appeared the greater credit there would be due to me. All the same, as I knew that doing one's duty was not everything if one did not possess in addition the wisdom of spicing one's deeds with an honest assurance, I answered very respectfully "that it was true I was young, but young as I was, I would easily kill a Spaniard, as I had already proved my courage by placing a captain of an old regiment *hors de combat*." He very politely rejoined "that in so saying I gave myself but the least portion of the glory which was due to me; that I might also boast of having disarmed two 'commandants de places' and one commandant of gendarmes, who were at least worth a captain of an old regiment." He added "that Athos, Porthos and Aramis had described the affair exactly as it happened, and had assured him in good faith that without me they would perhaps not have gained the victory they did over their enemies. Athos in particular had even declared that without my help he

would have had trouble in extricating himself from the hands of Jussac." M. de Treville said further "that he had not as yet spoken of this to his Majesty, because he did not know all these details when he had the honour of describing to him our encounter, but that now he knew all, he would not fail to tell him, and would even do so in my presence, so that I might hear from his own mouth the praises which were due to me."

I bore myself in a modest manner while this speech was being made, although at bottom there was nothing which could have been more pleasing to me. M. de Treville, at the same time, ordered horses to be put to his carriage and went to see Bernajoux, whom he knew well. He wished to know his account of the way in which our combat had happened, not that he had any doubts about what the three brothers had told him, but he was desirous of being able to assure the King that he knew the facts from a quarter which could not be doubtful, coming, as they did, from the very mouth of those with whom we had had to do. In the meanwhile he invited us to come to dinner with him.

While awaiting his return from his visit to the invalid, we went to a tennis-court which was quite close to the stables of the Luxembourg. There we only played at ball, a sport in which I was not too clever, or rather was very ignorant, for I had never attempted it but that time, so fearing a blow in the face, which would stop my keeping the appointment for the audience which the King had given me, I put down my racquet and placed myself in the gallery near the line.

There were there four or five swordsmen whom I

did not know, and among them a guard of M. le Cardinal's, whom Athos, Porthos and Aramis knew no more than I did. As for the man in question, he knew them well as Musketeers, and there being a certain antipathy between these two companies, on account of the protection which his Eminence accorded to his guards rendering them insolent, hardly had I placed myself under the gallery, when I heard the individual say to those who were there, "that it was not to be wondered at that I was afraid, for by my appearance I was only an 'apprentice Musketeer.'" As he did not seem to care if I heard his remarks, for he spoke close to me quite loud enough for me to hear them, I made a sign to him a moment after that I wanted to speak a word with him, without letting the people with whom he was see anything of it. At the same time I left the gallery, and when Athos and Aramis, who were on the side of the building which I had to pass to reach the street, asked me where I was going, I replied that I was going where they could not go for me. In consequence, they thought that it was some necessity which made me go out, and continued their game.

The guardsman, who thought he had an easy business in hand, seeing that I was but a youngster, followed me a moment after without giving any alarm. His comrades who had not noticed the sign I had made to him, asked him where he was going, and he answered, in fear lest they should suspect something, that his destination was the Hôtel de la Tremouille, which was close to the tennis-court, adding that his absence would not be a long one. He had already, it appears, been there with them before

coming to the court, and as he had a cousin who was écuyer to M. le Duc de la Tremouille, whom he had gone to find when he was there before, his comrades thought that, not having found him at home then, he was now going to see if by any chance he might have returned.

I awaited my man at the door, determined to make him repent his insolent speech, sword in hand; so, wishing to enlighten him as to the subject of dispute immediately he joined me, I told him, while drawing my sword from its scabbard, that he was very lucky to only have to deal with an "apprentice Musketeer," for if he should chance to encounter a full-grown one, I did not believe him capable of holding his own. What his answer was I do not know. I paid less attention to it than to the revenge I longed for in return for his insolence, which I hoped to take before someone came to separate us. I succeeded none too badly, giving him two sword-thrusts, one in the arm and another in the body, before anyone came to perform the good offices I had feared. In short, if we had been left undisturbed, matters looked like my giving a good account of myself, when a rumour arising in the tennis-court as to what was going on at the door, the friends of my opponent immediately appeared upon the scene.

Athos, Porthos and Aramis seized their swords, and were not long in following, fearing that something might have happened to me as I did not return. The first to reach the spot, however, were the guardsman's friends, which was lucky for him, for I was pressing him hard, and as I had just given him a sword-thrust in the thigh, he was contemplating a retreat to the

Hôtel de la Tremouille when their arrival gave him a respite.

Besides, his friends seeing him in this condition, immediately drew their swords to prevent me from finishing him off, and perhaps would not have stopped there, but would have from a defensive assumed an offensive attitude, had it not been for the arrival of Athos, Porthos and Aramis.

The whole household of the Hôtel de la Tremouille, at the same moment recognising the wounded man as a relative of their écuyer, rose in a ferment against us, and without doubt we should have been overwhelmed if Aramis had not begun to shout, "Help, Musketeers!" At this cry of "Musketeers," the people willingly ran up, for the feud with the Cardinal's guards, who were hated by the populace, as are most ministers' (without anyone knowing exactly why), caused nearly all the men who wore swords and other soldiers to willingly take their side when there was a chance of so doing. One individual particularly, who was cleverer than the others, happening to pass at the moment, rightly judged that he would be rendering us a far greater service by promptly running to inform M. de Treville of what was going on than if he stopped to amuse himself by drawing his sword to help us. Happily for us, there chanced just then to be about twenty Musketeers in the courtyard awaiting M. de Treville's return from his drive, the porter having told them that he would not be long away. They immediately hastened to the scene of disturbance, and the friends of my opponent, seeing the household of M. de la Tremouille in the hotel, were only too glad to retire to it without

even casting a glance behind them. As for the wounded man, he had already managed to retire to the house some little time before, not in too good condition either, for the wound he had received in the body was a very dangerous one, a wound which he had brought upon himself by his own temerity. The insolence of the servants of the Hôtel de la Tremouille in daring to make an attack upon us, as they had done, made some of the Musketeers who had come to our assistance think of setting fire to the door of the house, to teach them to mind their own business another time; but Athos, Porthos and Aramis, with some others wiser than the rest, having pointed out that, everything which had occurred having contributed to the glory of the company, it would only be giving occasion to the King to censure the Musketeers should such an unworthy deed be perpetrated, they followed their advice, which was much more sensible than their own intention. All of us had occasion to be content, except the Cardinal's guardsman, whom I had reduced to the condition I have spoken of, and two other of his friends who were wounded. Athos and Aramis had given each of the two a good sword-thrust, and all three had sufficient punishment to make them keep their beds for more than a month, always supposing that the guardsman did not die of his wounds.

After this affair we returned to M. de Treville's, who had not yet returned. We awaited him in his hall, everybody coming to compliment me upon what I had done. Such a beginning was too propitious not to altogether charm me. Already I was promising myself a great fortune, when I could not but perceive that there were many things to be taken into con-

sideration first. How this came about I will explain shortly; but, to begin with, I must finish my account of this day, so as to do everything in its turn.

M. de Treville having soon afterwards come in, Athos, Porthos and Aramis begged him to be so good as to give them a short private audience, as they had some important things to tell him. Even if they had not requested this mysterious interview, he would have known by their faces that they had something on their minds more pressing than usual. He made them enter his closet directly, with a view to hearing what they had to say; and they, in their turn, having asked him permission to allow me to enter with them, because what they had to say concerned me in particular, had no sooner obtained it than I followed them into the room. There they told him what had happened to me, and how I had upheld the honour of the company, which one of the Cardinal's guards had insolently dared to attack without any provocation. M. de Treville was enchanted at the man's being punished by me; and learning that two of those who had wished to take the man's part were wounded, sent to beg M. le Duc de la Tremouille not to give shelter to such people, who had by their behaviour shown themselves so unworthy of it. He even asked of him reparation for the sally his people had made upon us. M. de la Tremouille, who had heard of the affair from his écuyer, in his turn sent him word that it was he who had cause for complaint, and not the Musketeers; for that after having assassinated a guard of M. le Cardinal's before his door (a man who was a relative of one of his principal servants), they had even tried to set fire to it, and had also wounded two other persons

who had tried to separate the combatants—in short, if the originators of this disturbance were not punished nobody would be safe in his own house. M. de Treville, when he heard the écuyer talking in this way, told him that his master ought not to believe him about the matter, as he was too interested a witness, that he knew very well how the affair happened, for people just as credible as he, who had been eye-witnesses, had told him the story. At the same time, he set out to visit the duc, and took me with him. He was afraid if he allowed him to be further deceived he would prejudice the King by giving him a version of the brawl quite contrary to what was the real truth. He feared besides, that the King being thus prejudiced, the Cardinal would again come to him about it, and so would effectually prevent any other version being given him later. For his Majesty had this failing, that when once he contracted a prejudice, nothing was more difficult than to disabuse him of it. What he could have done, which would have been better than going to see the duc, was to have gone and seen the King himself, and be the first to gain his ear. That would have been a good move; but the King had unfortunately gone out hunting that morning, and he did not know which direction he had taken. Although the day before his Majesty had declared that he would hunt at Versailles, it appeared that he had changed his mind and had set out by the Porte St. Martin.

M. le Duc de la Tremouille received M. de Treville rather coldly, and said to him, in my presence, "that he advised him once again, as a friend, to punish such of his Musketeers who might be found guilty of the assassination which had taken place; that the matter

would not rest where it was now; that the Cardinal knew of it already, and that Cavois, captain-lieutenant of his foot-musketers, had just left his house, having come to ask him from the Cardinal to ally himself with his Eminence to obtain satisfaction for an injury done to both; Cavois had also pointed out (he added) that while a guardsman of the Cardinal's had been wounded, an incendiary attempt had nearly set on fire his (M. de la Tremouille's) house, and that both occurrences were at least equally offensive, for whereas people frequently became engaged in a brawl with an individual without thinking who his master was, yet no one could attempt to burn down a house without being aware that the owner of it would be greatly offended, even though no damage should result from the attempt."

M. de Treville, who was a man of sense, heard him out, so as to learn all his grievances; but when he saw that he had done speaking, asked him, with an air of having reflected on his words, if the wounded man was in a dangerous condition. M. de la Tremouille answered that he was so seriously hurt that there was much less hope of his surviving than there was danger of his death; the thrust he had received in his body had pierced his lungs, and in consequence the first thing he had been advised to do was to examine his conscience, for he lay between life and death. M. de Treville then asked him if it was the man himself who had told him it was in this way that he had sustained his wound, and the duc having replied that on his word it was not he, but one of those who had gone to his assistance, he begged him to be taken to his room, so that he might, while the wounded man was still in a condition to speak the truth, hear an account

of the affair from his own mouth. He declared that by so doing it would ensure prompt and true justice being done the guardsman, should he turn out to have been insulted ; but if, on the other hand, it was proved that he had been the aggressor, as he had heard from the Musketeers, his confession would free from blame the unfortunate individuals who had but acted as they had done to resent an insult which they could not have borne without the loss of their honour.

The duc, who was a good fellow enough, and who had no idea of paying court to the Cardinal, whom he saw very seldom, any more than to the King, saw nothing to object to in this request. He proceeded with M. de Treville to the room where the wounded man lay. I did not care to follow, not wishing to give pain to the sufferer by my appearance, as I was the cause of the pitiable state in which he was. No sooner had the duc enquired who was in the wrong, he himself or the person who had given him his wounds, than he made a complete confession of the affair exactly as it had happened. The duc was very astonished when he heard his version, and sending directly for the man who had given him the garbled account, ordered him, as he had been capable of imposing upon him, to leave his house on the instant and never to show his face to him again. He had, it appeared, only entered the Hôtel de la Tremouille with a view to nursing the wounded man, who was his relative as well as his écuyer. However, the relationship of this servant did him no good in the way of allaying the duc's resentment, and he was obliged to obey the order to leave that very moment without even obtaining permission to see his wounded connection again.

M. de Treville having returned to his house, extremely pleased with the result of his visit, Athos, Porthos, Aramis and myself dined with him in accordance with the invitation he had given us the evening before. There was a very pleasant assemblage at table, to which eighteen people sat down, and hardly anything was discussed by the party but my two encounters. Nobody present failed to extol my prowess, a proceeding only liable to make a young man who already had a good opinion of himself really believe that he was worth something. After dinner we began to play at lansquenet; my fingers were itching to do as the others did, but my purse was not as full as I could have wished. My parents, moreover, among other pieces of advice which they had given me at my departure, had bidden me avoid play as I would a sharp rock which had wrecked the career of many young men. So well did I control my own inclination, not only on that occasion, but on all the other ones when the same desire seized me, that whatever temptation I received, I only let myself yield to it when I had a good chance of winning. In this way the interval after dinner slipped by, that is to say, some having gambled and some looked on, Athos, Porthos, Aramis and myself, it being now nightfall, set out for the Louvre.

The King had not as yet returned from hunting, but as he could not be much longer in arriving, we remained in his ante-chamber, where M. de Treville, who had come in his carriage, had told us he would call so as to conduct us into the King's closet.

A short time after our arrival his Majesty returned and the three brothers, who had the honour of being personally known to him and even enjoying his esteem,

having placed themselves near where he passed so as to obtain a glance, instead of receiving the kind for which they hoped, were only favoured with a glance of rage and indignation. They came back to a window near which I was standing in a state of depression, not having dared to show me to the King before I had been formally presented to him and paid my homage. So mortified were they by what had happened, that it was not difficult to perceive their grief.

Seeing them in this state, I enquired what had happened in the moment which had just passed. They rejoined that, unless they were mistaken, our interests were not going well, but that we must await the arrival of M. de Treville, so as to estimate what had taken place in a sober manner; that he would ask his Majesty what was the matter, but from what they knew of that monarch's character, he had not worn the expression he did for nothing. If, said they, it was an absolute essential, as a certain politician maintained, that a ruler should know how to dissimulate, there had never existed a prince less fitted to reign than the King, who was in everything extremely natural. At these words I felt very depressed. Without having an idea of what had happened, I feared lest the ill-humour of the King should extend to me, and became more impatient than ever for the arrival of M. de Treville, in order to learn my fate. At last he came, and added further to my uneasiness by his explanation of the cause of the King's anger. We learnt from him "that M. le Cardinal, after having sent Cavois to M. de la Tremouille, had in his indignation, the moment that that messenger returned, despatched him to the King, to let him know what had happened at the door of the

tennis-court; that his Eminence had even written a long letter about the matter, warning his Majesty that if the Musketeers went unpunished, 'a thousand murders, a thousand insolences' would occur every day without anyone's ever daring to undertake to check them."

M. de Treville left us, after having said that he did not think the opportunity for seeing his Majesty favourable that day; that he was now going into his private apartments, and if he did not return in a moment we could each of us go back to our homes, and he would let us know what was to be done without losing a minute. He immediately quitted us, and having entered the King's room, his Majesty remained some time without saying anything to him, even assuming the same look which he had given the three brothers. M. de Treville, who was not much upset by this, because he knew that he would soon disabuse the King of the impressions which the Cardinal had given him, for his part said nothing, perceiving that it was best to put off our justification until another occasion. The King, who, as I have just said, was very natural, seeing that he made no mention of what had happened, an account of which he thought his duty should have prompted him to give, broke the silence all of a sudden, and asked him "if this was the way people should perform their duty"? His Musketeers had, his Majesty declared, managed to assassinate a man and create much disorder, and not a word had their commander said about the matter! He demanded what had been the cause of their not being thrown into prison so that they might be punished in due time? His conduct, his Majesty declared, had not been that of the good

officer he had always thought him to be, and he was the more astounded at it insomuch as he knew him as the enemy of all violence and every kind of injustice.

M. de Treville, who was only too glad to allow the King to speak in this way and work off his anger, answered that he knew all about what his Majesty had spoken of, and, while asking pardon for the boldness of his speech, expressed his regret that his Majesty should know so little of the affair, only begging (as he himself was thoroughly informed about the matter, having gone into it so far as to have himself proceeded to M. le Duc de Tremouille's mansion) that it might not be considered an impertinence if he should request permission to send for that nobleman before any more reproaches were heaped upon him.

In his house was a man who could give a more truthful account of the affair than anybody, for he was the very individual who had been represented to his Majesty as the victim of assassination. He himself, he continued, had interrogated him in M. le Duc's presence, and he had owned that, far from the King's Musketeers being to blame, it was entirely his own insolence which had been the cause of his misfortune; besides, it was not the Musketeers who had wounded him, but the same young man who had taken part in the encounter the story of which he had had the honour of recounting the day before.

The King was surprised at hearing this speech. All the same, as was only prudent after his outburst of temper, he did not place entire faith in M. de Treville's words, although feeling very curious to know if they were true, and so sent to tell the Duc de la Tremouille not to miss presenting himself at his levee the next day.

The Cardinal, who had spies in the King's apartments who informed him of all that happened, had already heard of the unfavourable reception which had been accorded to Treville. This had given him hopes that it would finally prejudice him in his Majesty's opinion. For a long time he had kept his eye upon him, not that he had not a great esteem for him, but in spite of the promises he held out, he had never been able to gain him over to his side.

However, when he heard what had been said by M. de Treville, not only in his own justification, but also in defence of those whom he (the Cardinal) had accused of assassination, he became very uneasy lest he should only be disappointed. He sent immediately to enquire at M. le Duc de la Tremouille's house to know if that nobleman had changed his mind since he had communicated with him. The duc was not at home, having gone out to supper, and as his servants could not say when he would come in, Cavois decided to go home and await the next morning to carry out the orders of his Eminence. He did no harm by this decision, for the duc only returned at two hours after midnight, and his porter having handed him a letter, written by M. Bontemps to him, in which he conveyed the King's order that he should attend the levee, he rose earlier than usual, so as to be punctual in arriving at the prescribed time.

Consequently, when Cavois called again, he did not find him at home, the porter telling him that his master had gone to the Louvre, a statement which he could hardly credit, for as I have before said, the Duc de la Tremouille usually took but little care to go

and pay his respects at the Court of his Majesty. It was even his custom to declare "that one of the things which made him think himself happier than others was his always having preferred his mansion at Thouars to the Louvre, so much so that he was thirty-five years old before ever he had seen the King." The Protestant religion, to which he belonged, was the cause of his hatred of the duties of a courtier. He was well aware that his Majesty disliked the Protestants, and knew (I repeat) that he contented himself with being afraid of them.

So true is this, that our present King, speaking one day to some adherents of the faith in question who had had the boldness to point out to him that the severity of his edicts did not correspond with their hopes, exclaimed: "That is because you have always looked upon me in the same light as the King my father and the King my grandfather, believing, no doubt, that I liked you as the one did or feared you as did the other. I would," he added, "have you learn that I neither love nor fear you."

The Duc de la Tremouille had already spoken to his Majesty when Cavois arrived, and had confirmed everything which Treville had said. The King's rage against the Musketeers had abated; the Cardinal, however, was very much incensed against Cavois for having carried out his orders so badly. He told him that he ought to have waited for the duc at his house all night instead of having missed him, as he had done, for together they would have taken measures to ruin the little lordling, who had such a good opinion of himself as to be always in opposition to him. He declared that he would never pardon this carelessness, and bade him

get out of his sight and never show himself again unless ordered to do so.

Cavois, who understood his master's temper, made no answer, fearing lest, innocent as he was, he might, while pointing out the injustice of his condemnation, make himself appear guilty. Sad at heart, he returned home, but his wife, who was much cleverer than her husband, had no sooner heard what had happened than she declared that he was allowing himself to be chagrined about a very small matter; that there was a remedy for everything except death, and that before three days were over she would place him on better terms with his Eminence than he had ever been before.

He rejoined in answer to this that she did not know the Cardinal, who was as stubborn as a mule, and that when once he took a dislike to anyone there were no means, whatever one might do, of making him change his mind. Madame de Cavois, in reply, told her husband that she knew what the minister was capable of just as well as he did, and that, therefore, he need not worry as to what method she would employ to bring him to reason; she never, she said, undertook any task beyond her powers, therefore his best course was to sleep in peace. It was quite true that this lady did much as she liked at Court, and frequently made the minister laugh when he was not in a risible mood. Nor was it by womanish tricks or insipid banter (which one sees so often in the mouths of courtiers) that she accomplished these wonders. Everything she said was seasoned with a certain salt which pleased even the most exacting people, while producing a kind of liking for her which resulted in one's not being able to do without her company.

Her husband, who owed part of his fortune to her cleverness, threw himself into her arms to forget the depression under which he was labouring, and she having successfully got him into the state of mind she desired, told him he had now only to follow exactly the course she was about to recommend, which was to go to bed and feign illness, letting everybody know who might come to see him or to enquire news of his health for others, that it could not be in a worse state than it was, taking care at the same time to talk to everyone as little as possible, and when obliged to speak, to do so in a laboured voice, like that of a man suffering from oppression on the chest.

This plan being carried into operation, Cavois' wife remained all day just as she had left her bed, dressed in a style as if the feigned illness of her husband had thrown her into such a state as not to care about her own appearance. Having no lack of friends, as is the way with those who enjoy a minister's favour, for he had always been on very good terms with him, directly the report of his illness had spread through the town, visitors were not long in making their appearance. All the same, what the Cardinal had said to him was common property, a circumstance which was more than likely, according to the ways of courtiers, to lose him their friendship. But as the world hoped that his disgrace would not last, especially as he had in reality done nothing to ruin him in the Cardinal's estimation, it continued to frequent his society as had previously been its custom.

The Cardinal, just having swallowed the abuse

of the King, who had reproached him with the fact that it was not any fault of his, by reason of his false reports, that Treville and his company of Musketeers had escaped ruin, continued in a greater rage than ever against Cavois. In consequence, when he heard that the house of the latter was never without visitors, he said out loud before a thousand people "that he was extremely astonished that anybody should have such little consideration for him as to go and see a man whom he considered a just subject for his resentment."

These words sufficed to cause the house of the sham invalid to become just as deserted as before it had been crowded, much to the delight of Madame de Cavois, who was afraid of someone finding out the deception and giving an account of it to the Cardinal. Nevertheless, the relatives of the pretended sick man, not deeming that the Cardinal's remarks applied to them as much as to others, although they did not dare go to his house themselves any more, yet sent their servants. These domestics reported to them all that Madame de Cavois told them, sometimes what she in person said when they went upstairs into the ante-chamber, and sometimes what they were told at the door, when they did not trouble themselves to go up.

Meanwhile, all the news continued to be just as sad as was possible; the invalid, it was reported, was growing worse and worse from one minute to another, and in order that this might be more seriously believed by the world, Madame de Cavois called in the King's first physician so that he might give his opinion of the case. In doing this she risked but little, for never had there existed a physician more ignorant than this one,

a fact which was eventually so well understood at Court that he was expelled from it with ignominy. Besides, to more easily deceive him, she had brought into her husband's room the blood of a servant who was ill with pleurisy, and made the doctor believe it to be his. It did not require much wisdom to know that the blood in question proved nothing.

When the physician, however, saw it, he shook his head as if to indicate in a mysterious way that there was a good deal of danger. Madame de Cavois at the same time simulated an attack of weeping, an accomplishment at which she was naturally proficient, as are most women. She had studied it with a quite unusual care so as to be able to make use of it in due time and place.

Bouvard (this was the name of the physician) very nearly cried himself when he saw these tears and the accompaniment of a thousand sobs which attended the recital of the malady. He tried to feel the pulse of the invalid, and thought he was in a sweat, for there was in the bed a small vessel filled with lukewarm water with which the hand of De Cavois had been sprinkled just above the wrist, so as to convey the impression of moisture to whoever had the curiosity to feel his pulse. Some drops had even been sprinkled upon a cloth, which was supposed to have enveloped the sick man, and as it had been allowed to dry in the bed, it was just sufficiently damp to make the physician fall into the trap set for him. He smelt the cloth, and found, so he declared, that what caused the moisture was of an extremely disagreeable odour. From this he drew the conclusion that the illness was a very dangerous one, and, leaving the house, spread the rumour all over the Court.

M. le Cardinal, among others, heard of it without appearing in anywise affected, although being so in reality. He deemed that it was necessary to sustain the reputation of a great minister, such as he was, and would not alter his mind so soon, for if the man should die it would be useless, while if he recovered he could always find means to make his peace with him. While this was going on, the King, who the instant he had been disabused had taken M. de Treville again into favour, repeated his order that the three brothers and myself should be brought into his closet as he had before commanded, my latest exploit having given him a greater desire than ever to see me.

M. de Treville conducted us to his Majesty the same day on which the Duc de la Tremouille had confirmed his statement. The King found me very young to have done what I had, and, speaking to me with much kindness, desired M. de Treville to appoint me as a cadet in the company of his brother-in-law, who was a captain of the guards. His name was Des Essarts, and it was under him that I served my apprenticeship in the career of arms. At that time the regiment in question was quite different from what it is to-day; all the officers were men of position, and there were no lawyers or sons of contractors in it as there are now, of which indeed at the present time it is entirely composed. Not that I mean to say that the first-named are to be despised: they have their good points as much as the best people, and if they had been debarred from bearing arms we should not have had two Marshals of France which the Parlement of Paris has already given us. The Maréchal de

Marillac, although he perished miserably, is not the less esteemed by a thousand good people who know how his misfortune happened. The Maréchal Foucaut came also from a family of lawyers, in spite of his having assumed a coat of arms different from that which the descendants of the family of the name bear, which was in consequence of Henri IV. having changed it on account of an important service which one of his ancestors had rendered him.

The King, before sending me away, insisted upon my describing not only my two combats, but everything that I had done since I had reached years of discretion. I satisfied his curiosity, with the exception of telling him what had occurred to me at St. Dié, which I took care to keep to myself. I thought I had come off too badly on that occasion, indeed, nothing made me support with patience the insult I had then received but the hope of soon taking revenge for it. I relied in particular upon the promise which Montigré had made to let me know when Rosnai no longer suspected anything, and had returned to his house. I also reflected that he had given me no bad safeguard of his keeping his word when he lent me his money in the generous way he had. Meanwhile, I was entertaining some misgivings as to how I was to repay him, when happily the King relieved me of them. Before I left his presence he ordered the usher of his closet to send him his head valet, and, when the man arrived, bade him take fifty louis from his coffer and bring them to him. I suspected, when I heard this order, that the fifty louis were to be mine, and, sure enough, no sooner had his Majesty received them, than he immediately presented them to me. His only injunction in making me this

gift was, to take care to be an honest man, and he would not allow me to want for anything. On hearing him speak in this way, I thought that my fortune was made, and as I had no desire to stray from the path he had prescribed for me, I regarded the words which came from the mouth of such a great king as unquestionable. But, alas! I learnt soon enough that I was wrong in trusting to this speech, and if I had studied those words of Scripture which teach us never to place our confidence in princes, but only in God, who never deceives and never can be deceived, I should have done much better than to have counted so much upon the words which the King uttered. This I will presently explain, but at present must tell how the deception which Madame de Cavois had planned resulted.

She kept her husband in the condition I have told of for four days, and Bouvard, the better "to affect the great man," continuing to declare that it was impossible, except by a miracle, for him to recover in the state he was now in, she, on the morrow, repaired to the palace of the Cardinal, attired in the deepest mourning a woman can wear. The Cardinal's retinue, who knew her as well as they did their master, no sooner saw her in this attire than they concluded that she had lost her husband. They therefore overwhelmed her with condolences, which she received in as sad a manner as if what they supposed had really been true. They wished to let his Eminence know the news, but this she would not permit, saying "that she would await him when he went to Mass, and that it would be sufficient for her to show herself to him for the Cardinal to judge in what need she stood of his

help." The minister was, nevertheless, informed that Cavois was dead, and that his widow awaited him on his way to chapel in order to recommend her children to his benevolence. When the Cardinal heard this he did not dare leave his room, for he thought that it was rather to accuse him of having killed her husband than to ask him any favour that the widow had arrived, so, electing to receive a lecture in his closet in preference to one before his courtiers, he immediately ordered that she should be admitted. He was beforehand with her. The instant he saw her he embraced her, and declared "that he was much grieved at her loss; the deceased," he said, "had been wrong to take matters to heart so seriously as he had done, for he ought to have known what his temper was, having been so long in his service. He should have understood that, however violent his rage might be, yet against faithful servants it was never of long duration." In conclusion the Cardinal pointed out "that if she had sustained a great loss in losing De Cavois, his own loss was not a lesser one than hers, for now he realised more than ever what a devoted friend the man must have been who could not even support a harsh word from his lips without dying of grief." No sooner did Madame de Cavois hear him speaking in this way than she declared that there was no longer any reason for her tears or her dress, which she had only assumed as a sign of mourning for the loss which her husband and herself had sustained of the good graces of the Cardinal; but now that he deigned to once more accord them, she had nothing further to do with mourning and weeping. It was true, she added, that her husband was very ill, but as he was not yet dead, he

would soon recover when he heard the good news. The Cardinal, seeing her leaving him so soon, was extremely astonished. He had great suspicions that the whole thing had been arranged to make him speak as he had done, and was sorry at having been so hasty, for he perceived that he would not escape without being chaffed about the matter in society. Nevertheless, as what was done could not be helped, he took the part of being the first to laugh at it. Consequently, he told the lady "that he knew of no better actress than she," and added to please her, "that he would like to ask the King to be gracious enough to create in her favour an office of 'Superintendent of Comedy,' after the model of the 'Superintendent of Buildings,' so as to reward her; although it was not usual to give the smallest office to a woman, yet he would not cease attempting to obtain the one he spoke of for her, and would point out her aptitude to the King, and, as the latter only asked to be well served, he had," he said, "no doubt but that it would be given her in preference to anyone else, since she was more capable than anybody of filling the position in question." M. le Cardinal, having thus amused himself jesting with the lady, caused his chief officers to come into his closet, and told them "that they had not much to laugh at each other about, as they had all been equally caught, for they had thought that Cavois was dead, whereas now he did not even believe that he was ill; it was true (he added) that Bouvard, who had been to see him, had declared him to be unwell, and even dangerously so, but as he was only an ignoramus, he was convinced that one might disbelieve him without any risk of passing for a heretic." His officers, who were not too prejudiced in favour of this physician, seeing

the Cardinal in such a good temper, replied that he was right to be of such an opinion, for if that was the only thing which made him think so, he might easily be deceived, for Bouvard, as he had so rightly said, was a great donkey in medical matters; on that subject the whole of Paris was agreed, just as much as that Madame de Cavois had taken everybody in.

This lady having thus made her husband's peace with the Cardinal, somebody told the King the trick she had played his Eminence, and made his Majesty laugh a good deal about it. Treville, who had a grudge against the Cardinal for not being well disposed towards himself, was not one of the last to joke over the matter with the King. He said that it was thus that great men had a ridiculous side as well as anyone else, and taking occasion to tell all he knew of the affair, made himself merry at the Cardinal's expense for I hardly know how great a length of time.

Directly I received the fifty louis from the King, I dreamt only of returning to Montigré the money which he had so generously lent me. An inhabitant of Orleans, who lived in the same lodging as myself, and who was well known there, perceiving that I was in a difficulty whom to address with a view to doing what I wanted in safety, told me that if I would trust to him, he would render me the small service I required; he said that he knew M. de Montigré, and would have the money sent him by a trustworthy person who was never a week without paying him a visit. I was delighted at this piece of luck, which extricated me from my difficulty. At the same time I gave the sum of money I owed the gentleman to the man, and having expressed a wish to add something for the expenses of the bearer, the individual to

whom I was entrusting it declared that I was insulting him in even daring to speak of such a thing, for he was not the kind of man to ask for a recompense for such a trifling service, the pleasure of obliging me being all that he wished for. I would not have acted as I did if anyone else had been concerned, but as the man kept a hostelry at Orleans and did not seem to me too well off, I did not wish to have to reproach myself with having made him spend his own money for love of me.

My money was faithfully delivered to Montigré as soon as the person I confided it to had written to his friend. He did not expect to receive it so soon, and mayhap never expected to see it again at all. He knew how rarely "lettres de change" were received by anyone from the part of the country I came from, and especially by a poor gentleman like me. Richard (such was the name of the man who rendered me the service in question) had begged his friend to bring me back the acknowledgment of the debt which I had made out to Montigré. He duly returned it as a proof that he had taken care to do what I had asked him. I thanked him for the trouble he had taken, although I had not wished him particularly to undertake the commission, and had desired to reimburse him for any inconvenience it might have occasioned. The acknowledgment I put in my pocket, instead of tearing it up as I ought to have done, and the same day I did so (or the next) I lost it, probably in taking out my handkerchief or something else; unfortunately, I did not become aware of my loss till two or three days later. I spoke of this to Richard, who blamed my carelessness, and, seeing that I was uneasy about it

(a presentiment of what was to result from my loss in the future), he attempted to console me. If even, he declared, anyone should find it, nothing could happen to me in consequence; in the first place, I was not of sufficient age to draw a bill, and, in the second, as it was drawn to Montigré, there could be no roguery practised with the document unless he should go halves in it. Besides, he said, I knew, after the way he had behaved to me, that he at least was an honest man, and if there ever should be any need of a surety to come forward in the matter, he would be at my disposal at any time and place, although he was well aware that he would be but an unworthy one. This last reason affected me more than the first, to which I myself had objected from an excess of delicacy, for since he knew as well as the innkeeper that I was not of age to legally bind myself, I had, in the bill I had drawn, only engaged to pay the amount due upon my word of honour, so there was no question of alleging minority as a reason for non-payment, especially as the "Maréchaux de France," before whom such cases came, condemned young and old alike when they showed such bad faith as not to meet their obligations of this kind. This I knew because of a suit my father had brought before them, he being the bearer of a similar bill. I had, as I were, utilised my knowledge against myself, for I thought that when one really intended to pay, it mattered little if one bound oneself to do so in a legal manner or not at all. For some days this mishap kept worrying me, but as there is nothing which one does not eventually forget, after some time it passed out of my mind. In the meantime I tried to do my duty as a soldier as well as I could.

II

IN the same company as myself I found Besmaux. He was a man of quite a different disposition from my own, and we resembled each other in little except that both of us were Gascons. Nothing indeed could have been more different than our separate ways of proceeding. In his case vanity surpassed imagination. He would have liked us to have believed him sprung from the blood of St. Louis, to such an extent did he gasconnade. All this, however, arose from the fact that he was more vain than others, although in reality no better than they. The name of Besmaux which he bore belonged to a small "métairie," which was taxed beyond what it brought in in revenue; but, according to the rule that when anybody is once determined to appear a bigger man than he really is, age has no power to decrease his defect, he dubbed his hovel a "marquisate" directly Fortune smiled upon him.

As for myself, I always went my way without wishing to appear otherwise than I was. I knew that I was but a poor gentleman, and in consequence lived as was right, not wishing to raise myself above my

station, or abase myself below those who were nothing more than I was. All the more, therefore, did it annoy me to tolerate Besmaux's airs when he boasted of the name of "Montlesun," which he had assumed. This name was, it is quite true, a noble one; but everybody being not quite agreed as to whether he had any right to it, I thought myself obliged to tell him, both as his comrade and his friend, that all this absurd vanity was doing him more harm than good. He took this remonstrance of mine in bad part, evidently thinking it to be actuated less by a wish to render him a service than by a jealousy of his pretensions to belong to a superior class, which he conceived me to share with the other cadets; and far from my words inspiring confidence in him, he regarded me as a man to be looked upon with suspicion. Another ridiculous trick of his was that, without considering his resources, which could not have been smaller than they were, he always wished to imitate those who had "wings wherewith to fly." If he noticed a new fashion he immediately copied some part of it without calculating that there was more extravagance in so doing than either reason or good sense, and would always support his action in the matter without noticing that he was making himself an object of ridicule to everyone. In connection with this habit of his, I remember something he did which furnished not only our company, but the whole regiment with a good laugh. At that time we were at Fontainebleau, where Besmaux was lodging with a hostess who rather liked him; this liking he took advantage of to the best of his abilities, but as she was not rich he did not gain much by it. However, not only did he amuse himself by filling his stomach

through the landlady's indulgence (as many nations do who had rather have that part of their bodies well filled than the magnificence of the universe upon their backs), but, in common with all Gascons, possessed the idea of verifying the proverb which says "a bellyful of bran and a dress of velvet." So, without paying attention to anything else, he utilised everything which he could extract from the woman I have spoken of to clothe himself with. He made himself a present of a suit of which he was sufficiently in need, for although like the others he possessed a soldier's uniform, it was the custom among the cadets to have a dress different from the ordinary one. This, for my part, I had not omitted to procure, and had purchased a rather fine costume with the money which the King had given me, part of which sum I had expended in this way, although I took good care of what remained, for I knew that it was a wise thing to "keep a pear for the time when one might be thirsty."

About this period the fashion was to wear a shoulder-belt embroidered in gold, costing from eight to ten pistoles: the finances of M. de Besmaux did not quite extend to that figure, so he adopted the plan of having a shoulder-belt which was made of this kind of stuff in front, while behind it was quite plain. Nevertheless, alleging some pretended infirmity as an excuse, he always wore a cloak so as the defect should not be noticed, and consequently, as only the front part was visible, everyone believed for two or three days that he, like most people, had indulged in the new fashion. However, when the turn of our company came to mount guard, Besmaux, who could not wear a cloak when on duty, appeared with a different belt from the one

he usually wore, and one of my comrades, Mainvilliers by name, who disliked his vanity as much as myself, told me that he would wager his head that there was no back part to Besmaux's gold-embroidered shoulder-belt. I answered that such a thing was incredible, for surely he must be too knowing to expose himself to the chaff which could not fail to result should it ever be discovered. Mainvilliers rejoined that of course I was at liberty to think whatever I liked, but that he himself should continue to be of the opinion he had stated until such time as proof of the contrary were forthcoming. The truth could not be long, he added, in becoming known, and then we should see which of us, he or I, was in the right.

The time of our mounting guard having expired, Besmaux began again to make some excuse for wearing his cloak. He lost no opportunity of showing his belt, and as this was the only time when he could wear it, he was delighted to prove to the world that he was not an ordinary mortal, fearing lest, owing to that fickleness which is the very nature of our nation, the fashion might change. He knew that the inconstancy in question was very great, and that our enemies, having nothing else to reproach us with, never failed to make that particular weakness a subject for which to express their contempt. Mainvilliers, who was very wide awake, and who loved nothing better than to laugh himself or make others laugh, noticing Besmaux's re-sumption of the cloak, was confirmed in his suspicions thereby, and imparted his ideas as to the reason to five or six of his comrades, who, like himself, were in the habit of making game of Besmaux. Up to that time they would not have dreamt of such a thing, nor

I either, had he not continued to harp upon the subject; but eventually his arguments causing us to agree with him, somebody enquired how we could find out if what he had stated were really the case? Mainvilliers replied that if he were really curious about the matter, he had only to take care to get into the company of the swaggerer after dinner and he would arrange to take him and me for a stroll in the forest. There the only thing he would have to do would be to walk behind him, when he would see with his own eyes if he (Mainvilliers) were deceived in what he had stated or not.

I, as well as the others, was informed of what was going to be done, and directly after dinner, having repaired to the place where Besmaux was, we found him with the cloak over his shoulders all ready to come out and pass the evening with us. We suggested to him the promenade which had been agreed upon, and when he had in due course started, five or six of us made a pretext of examining a bird's-nest at the top of a tree, so as to remain behind at the entry of the wood we had taken him to. Meanwhile Mainvilliers engaged our victim in conversation, with the idea of averting all suspicion of what was going to happen. In accordance with the instructions previously given us by Mainvilliers, we followed, and when the latter perceived that we were only fifteen or twenty paces behind, he stepped in front of Besmaux, without giving him any warning of what he was going to do. He then suddenly enveloped himself in one of the corners of the cloak which had been such a subject of interest to us, and rapidly turning round, without giving the wearer time to recover himself, told him that the cloak

in question made him appear a coxcomb, which was not a good thing for a young man to be, especially for one who was a cadet in the Guards. At the same time he pulled the cloak over his shoulders, and all of us who were following immediately perceived the sham part of the shoulder-belt, and burst into a laugh which might have been heard a quarter of a league away. Besmaux, who was a true Gascon, and indeed as much a Gascon as it was possible to be, having been put out of countenance in the manner described, was jeered at by everybody on account of the pretext he had made for wearing the mantle ; and as this jeering was in reality directed at his belt, he concluded that nothing could save him from the affronts which he must now receive from the whole regiment but a duel with Mainvilliers, and accordingly sent him that very day a challenge by a bully of Paris who was a friend of his. Mainvilliers, who was brave enough, took him at his word, and, having come to tell me what had happened, and mentioned his need of a second, I proffered my services, for I knew that he had only told me with the desire of my acting in that capacity.

The rendezvous was arranged for the next morning at a hundred paces from the Hermitage of St. Louis, which is beyond Fontainebleau, in the very centre of the forest ; but before we reached that spot we encountered a squadron of our company who were seeking us in order to prevent our combat. Our captain, it appears, had been informed about the duel the previous evening by a note from the Parisian bully, who, thinking himself a better man on the pavement of Paris than in the country, did not wish to run the risk of never again seeing the ladies he had left there.

Besmaux showed much irritation at being prevented from satisfying his resentment, while Mainvilliers and myself were not much put out. It was enough for us that the failure to fight did not arise from any fault of ours. As for the bully, he was the person most pleased of all. He had played the part of a brave man at little risk, and maintained that Besmaux owed him as much thanks as if he had killed his opponent, and that he had thereby assisted him to be victor in the fight. The squadron took us to our quarters, where M. des Essarts had all four of us put in prison for having dared to disobey the King's orders. He spoke even of taking legal proceedings against the bully on account of his having carried the challenge to Mainvilliers. The individual in question soon heard of this through a woman of his acquaintance, who, hearing he had been put in prison, came to see him there. M. des Essarts, who was no foe to gaiety, sometimes went to Paris to see this woman, who was of an accommodating disposition, and in whose house there was always a merry company. Chancing to meet her leaving the château into which he was entering with the object of begging the King to make an example of the bully, he happened to ask her if she knew the man. She replied to his query in Gascon (a *patois* which she imitated a little in a way which was very pleasing to Des Essarts), "Yes, I know Cadedis, he is my best friend." Des Essarts, who knew his name, had told it her, and it was for this reason that she answered him as she did, but when the captain said in a serious way that it was no joking matter, and that the more friendly she might be with him, the more sorry she ought to be, since he was just

on his way to get him hanged, she entreated Des Essarts not to speak to the King on the subject before she had seen him; by a kind of presentiment she said that perhaps the poor man might have something to say in his own defence, and that she would on the instant go and see him and bring him back an answer in an hour at most.

Des Essarts answered that he was obliged to inform the King of all that went on in the company, but as it was as yet early in the morning, he would, owing to their friendship, not refuse her the time she asked for; he was, he continued, now going to the levee of M. de Cinqmars, Grand Écuyer of France, and from thence would return home, where he would, he assured the woman, await her, provided that she was no longer away than she had promised. She knew, he added, where his lodging was, and he would order his servants to allow her to have an interview with him, no matter who there might happen to be in his room. After this, M. des Essarts proceeded to pay his visit, and the woman on her side having gone to pay hers, extremely astonished the bully by the news which she brought him.

It was his impression that by the note which he had written he had got out of the business very cleverly, and at the same time taken good care both of his life and honour. He knew that his handwriting was unknown to M. des Essarts, and that there was no chance of his showing the note to anyone who would recognise it, but on hearing the woman's account, he perceived the necessity of acknowledging what he had done, unless he wished to run a very serious risk; so having pondered a little over the matter, he told the woman

that M. des Essarts must be mad to want to punish him for what he should in reality be rewarded for; that he had never entertained any idea of fighting for such a bad cause as that of Besmaux, and was not the kind of man to indulge his vanity at the expense of his life. Had he known the true state of affairs, he would have jeered as much as anyone else. Besides, he had announced to M. des Essarts that four people were about to risk having their throats cut in consequence of the "nihil au dos" of Besmaux. It would be a good thing, he added, as that individual obtained the front part of his shoulder-belt by the sweat of his body, if he had got the back part also in the same way, and then there would have been no trouble for anybody. It was all very well for him to swagger as a Gascon, but he was just as much a beggar as any dauber of pictures. Thus did the bully try and make the woman laugh while recounting the reason of the dispute, for he thought that she would be so amused by his account of it as not to notice the great care he himself had taken of his life. She, for her part, did not tell him her own opinion of his behaviour, for had she heaped any reproaches upon him there were some other matters about which he might have upbraided her, so she contented herself with a declaration of delight at his good defence. She pointed out that Des Essarts, being a Gascon, would not be satisfied with words alone—it was necessary that he should be informed of all he had just explained in another note which he should send him. This proposal displeased the bully, because it did not seem to him a very creditable thing to be himself obliged to explain the extraordinary solicitude he had displayed for

his own skin. However, the same reason which had prompted the solicitude in question spurred him once again to follow the woman's advice; so, overcoming his scruples, he wrote just as she directed. He even gave the note to her, and when Des Essarts received it from her hands, and had read and compared it with the first one, he immediately liberated the man from prison, taking as a pretext his lack of jurisdiction over him, a jurisdiction which he possessed only over us. Nevertheless, he told the King of the matter, but in a kindly way. His Majesty replied that he left him to deal with it, but that he did not think he would be doing any harm in leaving us in prison a few days, so as we might learn not to forget our duty another time. Five days did we remain there, a long time for youth, which longs always to be at liberty!

When we were released our captain made Mainvilliers and myself embrace Besmaux, and in the King's name forbade any acts of violence. He went so far as to forbid us ever to mention the story of the shoulder-belt to anyone; but had his Majesty himself given us this order with his own lips, I doubt if it would have been in our power to obey him. Anyhow, far from our hushing up the affair, Besmaux soon had no other name in the regiment but "Shoulder-belt Besmaux," just as a certain lieutenant-colonel of a regiment of Fontenoy was called "Sword-thrust," and as even to-day a councillor of the Parlement goes by the name of "Dagger-dig Warrant."

Besmaux bore me little good-will for having been ready to act as second to his antagonist. He deemed it an act of bad taste on the part of one who was almost a compatriot of his to have espoused the cause

of a Bausseron in opposition to him. For Mainvilliers came from the country near Étampes if I remember rightly, somewhere between that town and Pluviers. The King, who was fond of his regiment of guards, and who knew all the cadets so well as to often speak to them, even in a familiar manner, told me the day I left prison that I could not remain in the corps unless I changed my way of behaving. It was, said his Majesty, but three weeks since I arrived from my native place, and during that period I had already had two encounters, and would have fought a third had I not been prevented. If I wished to please him, I must be better behaved in future, otherwise things would not go very well with me. Had his Majesty known my adventure on my journey from home, he would have probably spoken more severely still.

The insult I had then sustained I felt as much as ever, and I was puzzled at Montigré, who had shown himself to be such an honest man, leaving me for so long a time without any news of the individual who had affronted me.

I had written him a letter on my returning his money, and my letter had been as gentlemanly as was possible under the circumstances, considering the obligations I had been under and those which I still felt were his due in the matter. Nevertheless, I had received no answer, which would almost have made me doubt his having received the money, if I had not had the bill which I had given him returned to me.

As soon as we came back from Fontainebleau, our regiment was reviewed before the King, who commanded us to be ready to proceed to Amiens, whither his Majesty was going immediately. He was pro-

ceeding there to aid in the siege of Arras, which the Maréchaux de Chaulnes de Châtillon and de la Meilleraye had undertaken by his orders. It had been going on for some time, and the "Cardinal Infant," who raided around the camp with an army not much weaker than that of the besiegers, was trying to raise the siege without risking a serious battle. In this, as yet, he had not succeeded too badly; our army already began to want for everything, and, as nothing could reach it except by means of convoys, all his efforts were directed towards preventing their safe arrival. This was an easy matter, owing to the great number of people with him. As a rule, half of the convoys were captured, while the rest of those which escaped were soon exhausted in consequence of our forces being so numerous that a much larger supply would have been necessary to alleviate their situation. These unfortunate successes rendered the people who were besieged insolent. On the walls of the town they placed rats made of cardboard encountering cats of the same material. The besiegers could not understand this, and, having in a sally captured two or three prisoners, asked them what was its meaning. These prisoners were true natives of Spain, a nation which has much cleverness, that is to say, the soldiery have, who are usually cleverer than the officers, because the greater part of these latter (anyhow, it was so then) have either been merchants or something of the kind, and have adopted the profession of arms only on account of bankruptcy in their own country or because their affairs are in a bad way, reasons which are the cause of their purchasing their positions. As these always retain a certain flavour of their previ-

ous profession, they can hardly be said to be inspired with the same ardour as others. In any case, when the prisoners, who were neither stupid nor ashamed of themselves, were conducted to the quarters of the Maréchal de Châtillon and he had put the question to them of which I have just spoken, they answered him boldly, saying, "that they could easily conceive anyone else asking such a question, but that a man like him should do so they could not understand, for he must have appeared to them cleverer than he was, if he did not divine the solution, which was this, that only when rats should devour cats would the French capture Arras." The maréchal did not dare to make sport of this "conundrum"; perhaps had the siege been proceeding more satisfactorily, he might have done so. He even pretended not to have heard their words, as if contempt was the best way of rewarding such a speech.

The King, meanwhile, set out from Paris, and having reached Amiens, a portion of our regiment was ordered to march to Dourlens, where a big convoy for the relief of the besiegers was being prepared. The other part remained at Amiens, partly as a guard for his Majesty and partly to act as escort to another convoy which was to join the first one. Not that much danger appeared to exist between Amiens and Dourlens, which are only a distance of seven leagues apart, but as it was possible for a body of troops to cross the river beyond that town and attempt to set it on fire when no one was on the watch, we were anxious to take precautions so as to be on the safe side. The King, whose principal amusement was to see his troops defile before him, caused some other

regiments from Champagne to augment his forces, wishing to strengthen the army of the Maréchaux of whom I have spoken. One of these regiments in particular was commanded by a colonel who was very youthful, for at that time, as is the case also to-day, the rank of an individual contributed far more to his obtaining such a position than any record of service; and indeed it is not without reason that the one has always been more esteemed than the other, since one of the most essential qualities for a colonel who wishes to have a smart regiment is to keep a good table. This is a very good thing for his officers, and in consequence they think more highly of him on that score than on account of anything else.

The young colonel in question, who was no fool, but who thought himself perhaps even cleverer than he really was, was not over popular with his subordinates, mayhap because he did not acquit himself too well of his gastronomic duties, or perchance because he laboured under the misfortune which most people do who are cleverer than others—the misfortune of knowing how to make many more enemies than friends. As they all learn in time, the habit of not pardoning the slips which others make eventually causes them to be regarded as "irritating pedagogues," a class more hated than loved. The youthful commander, who, unhappily for himself, was one of this sort (for personally I think it is better to have a little less cleverness and to be more popular), having arrived within a quarter of a league from Amiens with his regiment, the belfry immediately announced his approach. No sooner did the King hear the bells than he sent to find out what was in sight. It was reported to him that a regiment

was approaching, massed in a body, and consisting of one battalion. His Majesty, who wished to see it defile before proceeding to its quarters in camp, sent orders that it should pass along the side of the ramparts of the town on which he posted himself. The major whom this colonel had sent to receive the King's orders met at the entrance of the town the man entrusted with the command I have mentioned, and, sending him back, undertook to convey the King's wishes to his colonel. Nevertheless, as he was disposed to inflict some mortification upon his superior, so as to teach him, once for all, that, clever as he thought himself, there were yet a good many things which he would do well to consult his old officers about, the major sent back a captain whom he had with him to let the lieutenant-colonel know of the review which the King wished to hold, and did not tell the colonel a word about it. The lieutenant-colonel passed round the order to all the captains, without communicating it to his chief, and they all made their preparations, while each held his peace. Consequently, such of them as were booted took off their boots and put on shoes, as is the rule for infantry in review order. Finally, when the regiment was only a pistol's shot distant from the town, the major came out to inform the colonel that the King was posted a hundred paces away, ready to see the regiment march past. The colonel, who had no idea of the plot of his lieutenant-colonel and captains, dismounted and passed the word for everyone else to do the same. He thought only of seizing a pike, and forgot about his boots. When he passed before his Majesty, booted as he was, M. du Hallier, Maréchal de Camp, who was to

be entrusted with the command of the convoy, and who was a relative of this young commander, said to the King, by whom he was standing, "that he wished, for the good of his service, that all those who bore arms were as clever as the young officer in question."

At these words his Majesty turned his eyes from the regiment on which they had before been fixed and without uttering a word looked hard at the maréchal. The latter, who was astonished at the King's silence, asked his Majesty what he meant. "I do not like," replied Louis XIII., "to explain my meaning from fear of hurting your feelings, for if I allowed myself to tell you my thoughts, I should say, speaking frankly, that if you really declare that that young colonel possesses great intelligence, you yourself must be devoid of such a quality." M. du Hallier, when he heard the King speak thus, was extremely surprised and begged him to explain himself, as he was not sufficiently wise to understand his error. "If," replied his Majesty, "you had made such a mistake before becoming a general officer I could have forgiven it; I then might have believed that, having always served in my foot-guards or gendarmes, you would be so accustomed to seeing boots that even the sight of monkeys in them would have caused you no astonishment; but I can, I must confess, hardly credit that a maréchal de camp should not perceive what a great fault has been committed when he sees a colonel marching by, pike in hand, with boots on."

M. du Hallier was very much ashamed when he heard these reproaches, and would have given a good deal to recall the words which had brought them upon him; but as it was too late for that, he imme-

diately sent to warn his relative of the tremendous lecture he was about to receive from his Majesty. Sure enough the colonel, after his regiment had paraded, came to pay his respects, upon which the King addressed him thus: "Monsieur, M. du Hallier has just told me that you are very intelligent. I have replied to him that I willingly believed it, but that he, in turn, must agree with me that either you have served a very short time or made little use of whatever time it may be. Have you never yet learnt that a colonel who parades before me must do so without wearing boots?" "Sire," answered the culprit, "I only learnt that your Majesty wished to review the regiment when it was too late for me to take my boots off. When I received the order I was already at the gates of the town, so the only thing I could do was to seize my pike. Besides, who could have dreamt on a hot and dusty day such as this is that your Majesty would have wished to give yourself so much trouble as you have done?" "Believe me," retorted the King, "however clever you may be, you are only making matters worse; you had much better hold your tongue than speak as foolishly as you are doing now—that is the best advice I can give you." The colonel, who was a great talker, answered the King that he would no longer try and exculpate himself, since his Majesty did not approve of his defence, but yet he could not help saying that, however heinous his fault, yet it had at least enabled him to be the first to admire a sight which the whole world ought also to have witnessed—"the spectacle of the greatest King in Christendom on horseback, in weather when everyone else's only care was to gain shelter from the intense heat and the other disagreeable consequences of the

time of year." These flatteries, however, were all to no purpose, any more than was his anger against his major, who he knew had played him this trick. His attempts to ruin him and some other officers of his regiment whom he suspected of being concerned in his discomfiture were unavailing. Not but that colonels at that time had great authority over their captains, but when these officers were known as brave men, and had friends who all banded themselves together against any colonel who might wish to do them an injury, in the end the latter usually got the worst of it; for the Court did not think it good policy to expel from their places people who did their duty well, in order to gratify the vengeance of one individual.

The King also reviewed all the other troops who arrived in the camp, which had been formed a quarter of a league from Amiens. Fifteen or sixteen thousand men passed before him in this way, including "La Maison du Roi" itself. When they had all arrived, we set out on our march towards Dourlens with the convoy we were to escort there. Owing to the quantity of carts which we had to take with us, we only got there in two days, for, no matter how much order is maintained on a march such as this, they cannot fail to be an encumbrance. We then took in hand the other convoy, which had been some time in preparation, and traversing the woods which belong to the Comte de St. Paul, only managed to cover two leagues the first day. Although on the morrow we set out at an even earlier hour, we did not succeed in accomplishing any greater distance. The reason was that the enemy, who had resolved to give us a false alarm in order to conceal their design of breaking through the besieging

lines, had disposed their infantry in the woods which were on our right and left. The soldiers appeared in different places, as if about to accomplish great things, and we, for our part, were satisfied to repulse them with small columns whenever encountered, without otherwise making any attempt to drive them out, M. du Hallier being of opinion that that was not his business, and that all that the Court expected of him was the safe conduct of his convoy.

We pitched that day our camp between two woods and lighted big fires. Our encampment extended for at least a league, for the plain being in this place very much hemmed in by woods on each side, we were naturally obliged to do as we did by the conformation of the ground. The enemy, in order to make us more and more believe that they would not let the convoy pass without striking a decisive blow, had sent to the place where we were several small field pieces. They bombarded us with them all night, but on our left only, because their supports were less dangerously placed on that side than on our right, where we might have been able to cut off their retreat. We, for our part, stacked all our carts together in such a way, that even had the enemy been stronger than they were, it would have been no easy matter for them to have overpowered us. Their little field pieces killed a few horses, but these being replaced the next day by others which the sutlers supplied, we eventually arrived in sight of our lines. The opposing force had divided itself into two portions ready to dispute our passage, so that we were obliged to retreat for fear lest they should fall upon us all of a sudden. They even went so far as to send out reconnoitring parties,

with a view to making believe that it was against us that their efforts were directed, but having for two days kept us occupied in this fashion, they finally "showed their hand" by an attack which they made upon a fort which the Comte de Rantzau, subsequently Maréchal de France, had erected for the protection of our lines.

The comte in question was a good military man, and perhaps would not have had an equal in many things, had he been less addicted to wine than he was. But just as he was active and vigilant in cold blood, so was he effete and incapable of anything when once he had ten or twelve bottles of champagne within his belt, for that was the amount necessary to overcome him, and half that quantity had about as much effect as a drop of water falling into the sea. The Cardinal Infant, who had expert spies by whom he knew the good and bad sides of all our generals, knowing this failing of his, had since the beginning of the siege, which had now lasted nearly two months, always chosen to attack in this quarter in preference to any other, although perhaps it was the strongest; but the slight resistance which he hoped one day to encounter, should he only wait long enough, having buoyed him up in spite of all obstacles, he had always up to that time continued this course of action without anything having been able to shake him in it. Rantzau, who saw through his plan, had always abstained from any orgies while he thought there was danger, and had kept on horseback day and night to shatter any hopes of success. He had even perfected the fortifications, so that it seemed to be undertaking an impossible thing to capture them,

taking into consideration the army of the three Maréchaux. Eventually, however, Rantzau, who had always up to that time been so much on his guard that the whole army was delighted at his vigilance, began to think that any further precautions were useless, as the Cardinal Infant's only idea appeared to be to attack our convoy, and at once returned to his vomit. He organised a debauch to which he invited the principal officers of the two regiments under his orders, one of infantry and the other of cavalry. They were both encamped close to him, and were composed of people of his nation. For the Court had not at that time adopted the policy (which I have noticed since) which consists in no longer leaving the command to strangers when they chance to be general officers of troops belonging to them, for fear of their taking advantage of it or becoming too powerful. True enough is it that the command of their regiments has always been left to brigadiers, as was done in the case of Königsmark, the first year of the war with Holland, but when they have been lieutenant-generals or maréchaux de camp they have either been obliged to relinquish their command or their regiments have been sent to serve elsewhere than where they themselves were serving, so as to take every precaution possible.

Anyhow, Rantzau was no sooner at table than the spies of the Cardinal Infant, who knew that he would not rise for some time, went to inform that prince. There was no great distance between the two camps, so, as but a short time was necessary to reach the fort which he had resolved to attack, he did not mount his horse until more than two hours later. He wished to give the count plenty of time, not only to digest his meal,

but also for the enjoyment of it to such an extent as not to be any longer in a condition to defend himself. No measures could have been planned better. He only arrived at the fort more than four hours after Rantzau had sat down to table; nevertheless, as, unless he was completely overcome by wine, he acted with such vigour as to seem to be imbued with more than his ordinary courage, that officer at once flew to the defence of the position, and made the capture of it a more difficult affair than the Cardinal Infant had bargained for. The Maréchal de Châtillon also very quickly arrived upon the scene, knowing the extreme importance of so doing, having just been told that Rantzau had been surprised while at table. It was then more than two hours after midnight, and as he knew that Rantzau had sat down to supper at ten o'clock in the evening, he supposed that so many bottles had been drunk by him during that time that he would not be in a very good state to just at that moment do what was wanted. On the Maréchal de Châtillon's arrival, he found Rantzau on horseback (a circumstance which occasioned the death of part of the people who had been at the banquet). How he himself had not been killed was a miracle, for being mounted while all the rest who were going towards the enemy were on foot, many shots were aimed at him, as they would be at a man having the appearance of a general officer. At the first words which were exchanged the Maréchal de Châtillon felt sure that Rantzau had drunk more than was good for him, but the moment appearing an unpropitious one for reproaches, and there being other things to be done, he only advised him to dismount, or at least to retire a little distance behind the others, for

any minute might bring with it the fate which he had up to now so luckily escaped. This he would never have done had he been able to retain the fort any longer; but the Cardinal Infant having captured it after a fairly lengthy and stubborn struggle, began then to direct against him some pieces of cannon which he found in the fort. The Maréchal de Châtillon, who had brought some soldiers with him when he arrived upon the spot, ordered them to retake the fort, which on the side nearest to him was unprotected. He himself was the first to lead them to the assault, so as to encourage them by his example. In consequence, these troops, who would have been ashamed not to do their duty in the presence of their general, bore themselves so valiantly that the fort was not allowed to remain in the enemy's hands. In this first assault we lost a good four hundred men and the enemy two hundred and fifty. Among our losses were sixty-four officers, amongst them twenty-nine of the two regiments of Rantzau. The Cardinal Infant, who was far from expecting this reverse of fortune, was more eager than ever to recommence the struggle. He ordered fresh men up to the position in the place of those who, after being victors, had found themselves in turn in the position of being the vanquished. He told them briefly "that the safety or loss of Arras depended only upon their courage, and had they any love for their King and country, now, if ever, was the time to show it, for perhaps a more crucial moment might never occur." Certainly this town was of great consequence to his Catholic Majesty, and its capture by the King not only covered his frontier, but gave him a fine entrance to his own dominions. Besides, it was the capital of

Artois, a conquest which was to give lustre to the arms of France while detracting from the glory of Spain.

The little speech of the Cardinal Infant was of some service to him; the troops which he had just brought up marched gallantly against the men who had recaptured the fort. They, in their turn, were eager to defend it, not wishing to be robbed so soon of the glory which they had just gained; but, in spite of a very vigorous defence, they were in the end obliged to yield. Most of them were either killed on the spot or placed *hors de combat*. The Maréchal de Châtillon, who had brought up reinforcements to the position as a support in case of need, seeing the defenders not only giving way but retiring quickly enough to afford the appearance of a rout rather than a retreat, placed himself at the head of the supporting troops and led them to the charge.

He and they together did wonders, so much so, that the enemy having had no time to establish themselves in the fort, were for the second time dislodged. The arrival of M. du Hallier (who during this time had reached the camp with eight or nine thousand men, among them our regiment) frightened the Cardinal Infant. He was aware that he brought with him the Maison du Roi, comprising some of his Majesty's best troops. So as he abandoned all idea of again taking the fort, we had time to make our convoy pass. Its appearance in the camp was followed by abundance, and the besieged, who up till then had defended themselves with great vigour, losing courage in consequence, within no longer time than two days from then overtures were made for capitulation.

The King, who had remained at Amiens without

other guards than the watch of the gardes du corps, the brigade of gendarmes, the light horse, and the company of those Musketeers who performed the same functions for him as our regiment was accustomed to do, was no sooner informed than he set out to inspect his new conquest. But before this departure from Amiens, three Musketeers and three of the guards of the Cardinal fought against one another without any agreement being arrived at as to with whom the advantage rested. Their dispute had arisen in a billiard-room, where, according to the habit of these two companies, they had no sooner recognised one another than they eyed each other askance. The players having finished their game, and not being desirous of playing any more, one of these Musketeers took up a cue and one of the guards did the same. They had no intention of having a game, not liking each other well enough for that; but as when one dislikes a person any excuse serves, the Musketeer, whose name was Danneveu (a gentleman of Picardy), aimed at the ball which lay in front of the guard, and, being an expert at that sort of thing, made it jump off the table. Unfortunately, it struck the guard in the face, who, either thinking it had been done to insult him, or desirous of making it a pretext, winked at Danneveu to make him understand that he must come outside and prove whether he was as clever with a sword as with a billiard-ball.

The guardsman's two comrades followed him, and, the two Musketeers doing the same, Danneveu killed his man, while one of the Musketeers was also slain. The other four were separated by citizens, who had to raise the alarm to oblige them to desist from their

combat. They were even forced to throw stones at them before they succeeded. At the same time a squad of Musketeers was ordered to the spot to see what was the reason of the alarm having been given. Directly the two guards perceived it they fled. They thought the Musketeers had come to play them a trick, and so, having abandoned the field of battle, the two Musketeers against whom they had fought, and who had remained on the ground, claimed a victory. This pretension of theirs was founded, besides, on the fact of the two fugitives being wounded, while they themselves were unhurt. The guards in turn retorted that their wounds were nothing, and that they would have brought their enemies to reason had they been left alone. As to their retreat, that they declared to have been dictated by prudence and not by fear. It was no extraordinary thing, they maintained, for two men to retreat before a dozen, especially when the dozen in question appeared armed with good muskets, while they had only their swords wherewith to defend themselves. And, truly, although I have always had the "soul of a Musketeer," which is excusable enough, since it was among them that I was, as it were, brought up (but of this I will speak in its proper place), I cannot help saying that these two guards were not very much in error when they maintained that they were in the right. Nevertheless, the King, who from time to time was seized with a kind of itching to annoy the Cardinal, no sooner heard the story than, without troubling as to whether the combat should be considered as a duel or merely as an encounter, began to banter him about it. He told him "that every day he noticed the difference there was between his own Musketeers and

the company of his guards, and that even if up till now he should not have done so, this combat alone would have enlightened him on the subject." The Cardinal (who, great in mind as he was, yet often had moments having little affinity with the high reputation his many great deeds had won in the world) became upset by these words, and forgot that, even had it pleased his Majesty to have continued in the same strain, the respect which he should have had for him ought to prevent his being so sensitive. In a brutal enough manner (if that expression may be used of a minister) he replied that it was true his Musketeers were brave, but only when they found themselves twelve to one. The King was nettled at these words, and answered him that that was the sort of thing to suit his (the Cardinal's) guards, who were only the scum of all the bullies of Paris; anyhow, Danneveu had killed one of them and his companions wounded the others, and that, despite the fact of one Musketeer being killed, the remainder of them had put their enemies to flight. Nor was there, he concluded by saying, any Musketeer who would have done otherwise than Danneveu, assuring the Cardinal that none of his guards could hope for better treatment under similar circumstances. These words of the King were the cause of the minister's (who forgot, more and more, that he was dealing with his master, to whom he owed every sort of respect) uttering others in reply. One might almost have thought, from the behaviour of his Eminence, that even at that time he had begun to suffer from the attacks of dizziness which were afterwards so frequent. Never had he behaved in such an extraordinary manner as he did upon this occasion,

when all of a sudden the Comte de Nogent appeared upon the scene. Directly he saw the faces of his Majesty and his Eminence, he perceived that something out of the common was happening, and being in consequence vexed at having chosen such a time for his entry, he made as if to leave immediately, when the Cardinal, who began to see he had made a mistake, told him not to go away, as he was in need of him to say if he was in error or not, since a third person would be a more capable judge than himself.

The comte in question was of recent creation, and from being originally of very little account, had risen to great riches. For some time he had passed for a buffoon at Court, but eventually the wisest people admitted that he possessed more intelligence than his fellow-men, for he had succeeded in amassing a fortune of more than three millions, in spite of people thinking that he only talked nonsense. Play he loved more than anyone could express—he had even lost money at it! When such a thing chanced to happen he was not good-tempered, for he was extremely selfish. He cursed and swore as one might say by all the sacraments—a habit which, one day, so much astonished one of the brothers of the Duc de Luynes, who was playing high against him, that he returned to him more than fifty thousand crowns which he had won in order not to hear him blaspheme any more. Shuffling up together the counters which were before them (each being worth fifty pistoles), he told him that he valued his friendship more than his money; that it must be impossible for him to get into such a dreadful rage without hurting his health, and that from fear of making him ill, he had rather

never play with him than run the risk of such a thing happening. Nevertheless, this great blasphemer became, at the end of his days, a pious man, and, owing to him, the Capuchins sometimes fared none too badly. For as he lived near to one of their convents, whenever he saw a good dish on his table, he would, as a penance, have it removed without touching it, and sending it straight to them, intimate that his wish was that they should eat it for his sake. His wife and children, who were not so religious as he, would have liked to have eaten it themselves, and were often very angry, but in spite of that, they had to be patient, for no matter however great their disgust, they were obliged to obey him.

This individual, whose portrait in a few words I have just sketched, understood very well, from the way that the Cardinal spoke, that he had need of him to get him out of some mess. What it might be, however, he could not imagine, for he did not believe him so foolish and impolitic as to be lacking in respect to his Majesty. However, when the matter was explained to him, he realised very clearly that the greatest men were just as likely as others to make serious mistakes. He did not fail to say his Eminence was wrong, because he could not have declared reason to have been on his side without showing him that he himself was lacking in that quality; far from imitating his indiscretion, he was so much of a diplomatist and flatterer, that even had he perceived the King to have been in error, he would yet have blamed his opponent, knowing that the only way to appease his Majesty (whose rage was depicted on his countenance, and who had been justly annoyed at the words of his

Eminence) was to agree that the Cardinal was in the wrong.

The King's delight at Nogent's decision was unbounded, and, thinking he had a right to give his Eminence a good lesson, he told him that he was so blinded by his own interests as to be incapable of listening to reason, and would, unless a third party had decided against him, have continued to argue till the day of judgment. The Cardinal, who now understood from this speech that his Majesty was really angry, was shrewd enough to make reparation for what he had done by a humble confession of his fault. He even went so far as to ask pardon for it in the presence of Nogent, and told that individual privately (that is to say, the first time they found themselves alone together) "that he had done him so great a service in extricating him from this nasty predicament that he should feel under an obligation to him all his life."

The King gave the government of Arras to an officer named St. Preuil, who had been a captain in the Guards. He was at that time Governor of Dourlens, and as it was from there that the greater part of the convoy which had served to support the army, and consequently to capture the place, had been taken, his Majesty deemed that the services he had thus rendered well deserved such a reward. He was a very brave man and highly skilled in his profession, besides being untiring, so much so that from four in the morning, his customary hour for rising, till eleven at night, when he usually went to bed, his only thought was how to defeat any plans of the enemy. Even at such times as the garrison believed him to be fast asleep, it

was his habit to go the rounds and suddenly appear upon the ramparts. Sometimes he would go so far as to do this two or three times in the same night, so much so that even when the soldiers had just seen him they were never certain of his not appearing again at any minute. In consequence, they were kept more on the alert than in other places, for a number of governors were under the impression that, when given a governorship, it was only as a means of recompensing them for the labour and trouble which was now over, and from which in future they ought to be exempt. St. Preuil was not married, and had never been so. Not that he had had no chances of making advantageous matches, and often too, but it had always been his opinion that marriage was a bad thing for a man of his profession. Nevertheless, as he was yet in the flower of his age, and possessed strong passions, instead of a wife, he always had some mistress. In any case, having some days after his appointment to his governorship gone on a tour of inspection of the country for two leagues around, he discovered in a mill a miller's wife who was of such beauty as to make him wish to possess her at all hazards.

The woman in question, who knew what was what just as well as if she had been born in a different rank of life, perceived in a minute the distinction which was to be drawn between the governor and her husband. Neither the time nor the circumstances allowed either of the two to tell each other what they thought, but as habit had taught St. Preuil that in cases of this kind one succeeded better through a third person than through oneself, he set at her heels his valet, who for two or three years had acted as his maître d'hôtel.

This man, in company with the baker of St. Preuil, set out to find the woman's husband, under a pretence of arranging for a supply of flour for his master's bread. But while the baker kept the husband occupied, the maître d'hôtel had a conversation with the wife, and declared that his master had fallen so violently in love at sight of her charms, that he would never rest till he possessed her. Nor was his, he added, a passing fancy; his desire was to make her his mistress, for he could not endure the thought of her husband dividing her embraces with himself. The miller's wife, to whom the maître d'hôtel had at the same time tendered as a present a diamond worth at least fifty pistoles, felt her love awakening at such a manifest token of St. Preuil's affection. She was wise enough, common woman though she was, to know that, once overtures for making presents were commenced, it was a proof that the giver was really in earnest; consequently, she would have made her bargain at that very moment, had she not considered that if she showed herself so complacent, it might, instead of setting alight his passion, extinguish it. Mayhap she had gleaned this experience from the embraces of some other lover, or at least from those of her husband; in any case, she sent back the maître d'hôtel without consenting to accept the gift, and they separated without any arrangement having been come to. However, her way of dismissing him had all the same been that of a woman who was only restrained by shame, and this the man reported to his master, who was in no way displeased that his inamorata had not yielded to the very first propositions which were made to her. He gave orders that she should be watched when she came into the town, so as to be able

to talk to her again, and, the woman having gone there at the next "Notre Dame de Septembre," the maître d'hôtel invited her and two other women with whom she was, to come and lunch at the house of the governor. He only spoke, however, for himself, taking care not to use his master's name before the two witnesses, to whom he had no wish to confide his secret.

The miller's wife was very glad to accept this invitation, and the two women were even more eager than herself, for they looked forward to being made to drink some good wine (to which the women of Flanders are no less devoted than their husbands), and all three together proceeded to the house. The maître d'hôtel entertained them in a magnificent fashion, and having made the two women drink, while making signals to the other one to be cautious, he had soon got them into such a state that they lost consciousness. A bed was prepared for each of them, in which they were laid without having the least idea what was being done, to such an extent had the fumes of the wine they had drunk got into their heads. There they slept the whole night without awakening, while the maître d'hôtel delivered the wife of the miller into the arms of his master. She made some fuss before consenting to his embraces, pretending as a reason her fear of being discarded as soon as his desire should cool; but St. Preuil swore to her that, so little was that his intention, that he had already purchased some stuff for her to array herself in, not wishing that she should always be dressed in her present attire, and sent to fetch the stuff at that very hour, so that he might show it to her.

His words all the same were not true; the stuff

had not been originally purchased for her, but for a previous mistress. This girl, having been suspected of infidelity by St. Preuil, had not been able to satisfy the doubts he entertained—she was of a proud nature, and either being innocent, would give no explanation of her conduct, or being guilty, refused to concoct useless excuses. She had in consequence become an object of detestation to her former lover, and was naturally only too glad to be allowed, as matters stood, to take away what he had before given her without making any fuss about the present she had been promised. However, the sight of the stuff having caused the miller's wife to believe that everything which the maître d'hôtel had told her about his master's intentions was true, she began to feel confidence in St. Preuil, and did not require very much more pressing to remain with him. The miller was very much distressed when his wife did not return, and knowing that she had gone to the town in the company of the two women I have spoken of, he went to each of their houses in turn with a view of finding out what had become of her. He found the husbands of the women just as much disturbed about their wives as he was about his own, and the hour being too late a one to go and search for them in a fortified town (the gates of which would be already closed), they had to await the opening of the gates to institute their search.

St. Preuil, who suspected what would happen, had instructed his maître d'hôtel to precede them. The latter knew by which of the gates they would enter, and posted himself in the avenue leading to it under the pretence of having business to transact in a grocer's

shop there. He kept a good look-out, so that the miller should not escape him, and when he perceived him passing called him by his name, and enquired, in the presence of the grocer and his family, if he was not an acquaintance of two women who had come to the town the day before with his wife. They were, the maître d'hôtel continued, pleasant gossips who had partaken very freely of wine in his pantry, where they had gone with him, so much so, indeed, that he had been obliged to have them put to bed, and he believed them to be still asleep there at that moment. The maître d'hôtel had already told the grocer and his wife this story, so as to prepare them. When the two husbands of the women heard this story they did not trouble to look for their wives any more, knowing that they were in a good berth; but the miller, who had got no information at all from all this about what his wife was doing, was more upset than ever. In reply to a question he put to the maître d'hôtel as to whether his wife was not in bed with the others, the latter told him that he was astonished at such an idea; she had probably, he added, gone home to bed—at all events, she had started with that intention at an early hour. This answer increased the miller's uneasiness.

Proceeding on his way, he searched for her in all directions where he thought he might obtain some news, but as nobody was able to tell him anything about his spouse, for St. Preuil kept her locked up, the last resource of the poor man was to go and ask her two companions what had become of her. By this time they had got over their slumbers, but they remembered nothing about anything, so the poor miller, obtaining but small comfort from them, began to fear

that some misfortune had happened to her, while yet entertaining no suspicion whatever of the real state of affairs. He spent several days looking for his wife everywhere, for as she was very pretty, he felt that the labour he was expending could not be better employed. Meanwhile the maître d'hôtel visited him often by his master's orders, and every now and then would suggest (with the object of ascertaining how he would bear his misfortune) that probably some officer had taken a fancy to his wife and abducted her. In answer to this the miller replied that if such was the case he would take the trouble of going expressly to Paris and throwing himself at the King's feet, for it was not in vain that his Majesty bore the name of "the Just." He would, he declared, ask him that justice might be done for such a crime, and he had no doubt but that it would be.

When St. Preuil heard what the miller said, he thought it would be prudent not to make his seduction of the woman public for some time. For at least a month or two he kept her hidden away, the while he tried to do the miller all sorts of good turns, with a view to appeasing his rage. All this he did in a very clever way, so as he should suspect nothing. One fine night he sent to have a stable near his mill, which had only cows in it, set on fire. The miller, who had had a dispute with a neighbour, thought that it was his doing, and took proceedings against him. But as he could not fail to lose his suit, as he was accusing the man unjustly, and would be non-suited, owing to lack of proofs, he had recourse to imploring the protection of the governor. St. Preuil at once accorded it to him, and, to soothe him, not

only paid all the costs, but had the stable rebuilt at his own expense, and gave him as well twice as many cows as had been burnt. Eventually, thinking by this and many other generous actions to have soothed him down, he deemed that it would no longer be dangerous to let him know what had happened. So, sending for him one fine morning, he enquired if the report which had come to his ears about his wife was true. People said, he continued, that she was kept by a personage of great distinction; that she was very well treated, and had, in order that her husband might have some share in her good fortune, sent him a sum of two thousand francs. The miller, who knew very well that a part at least of this speech was untrue, whatever the other might be, replied that it was the first time he had heard anything about such a thing. Whether his wife had fallen into the hands of someone who had taken care of her or not, he could not say, but of one thing he was sure, and that was that she had taken no care whatever of him, for he had never heard a word from her since the time when she had been lost! She had never taken any trouble to make him such a present as St. Preuil spoke of, and if she chanced to be in such a prosperous position, she was content to occupy it without bothering if others were as fortunate as herself or not! As this answer seemed to savour more of personal interest than of love, St. Preuil made no more bones about speaking openly. He told the miller that what he had mentioned to him as a rumour was in reality an assured fact, and that the personage who had abducted his wife had even gone so far as to have confided to his care the two thousand francs he had spoken of, which he had undertaken to offer him if

he would accept them. These words of St. Preuil reopened the wounds of the poor man, which time had not yet cicatrised, and he could not refrain from sighing over his misfortune.

Nevertheless, as he had only to accept the offer of the two thousand francs to receive them, and a request to see his wife again would not, in all probability, produce her restoration to his arms, for the time being at least, he determined to ask for them. He knew well that money was very useful in these days, and that there was no more certain consolation. St. Preuil, who was not a stupid man, and knew that he had powerful enemies, acted very cleverly in paying him the money, but in the end, nevertheless, it did him no great good. He took a receipt for the amount, and bound the miller over to secrecy as to what had passed between them. His idea was that if ever the man should think of complaining of the abduction of his wife, he would be able to show that it was her husband himself who had sold her, reckoning that whatever the poor cuckold might do, no other interpretation would be put upon the matter, and that thus the man would always get the worst of it.

When this receipt had been signed and the man had taken his money, he thought that there would be no great danger in showing him that it was he who was basking in the smiles of his wife. Accordingly, he had him conducted into a room where she was. The woman was magnificently dressed, and to look at her ornaments one would have taken her more for the wife of the governor than of the miller. The poor husband, to whom St. Preuil had said nothing before his entry, was so much overcome at the sight of his wife that he

fell down in a fit at the feet of both of them. They had great trouble in bringing him round, but having at last succeeded, St. Preuil gave him an additional thousand francs wherewith to moderate his affliction. He went so far as to promise him further favours when opportunity offered, should he behave like a wise man and abstain from gossiping about the matter. The miller took the additional thousand francs without daring to address his wife, and having returned to his mill, was not so unhappy about her fate as he had before been. As St. Preuil and he had parted in a friendly manner, or at least with an outward semblance of tacit agreement to matters as they stood on the part of the unfortunate miller, the governor in question thought it was no longer necessary to keep his mistress shut up. He let her do what she liked, and as he possessed the gift of making himself loved as well as feared, one saw all of a sudden the garrison paying as much respect to the woman as if, instead of the miller's wife, she had been the governor's lady.

The Court having been to Abbeville before returning to Arras, our regiment reached Paris towards the middle of the month of September. There I found a letter from Montigré, in which he informed me that Rosnai had returned to his house, but he added that he only slept there a single night, which was probably caused by the fear of myself, whom he dreaded like death, especially since he had heard of my two encounters, from which he inferred that I might give him an unpleasant time if I ever caught him. Montigré advised me further to be on my guard, for Rosnai, being rich, was not the man to stint money wherewith to ward off the danger of

which he went in fear. This was a short way of telling me that he was the kind of man to get me assassinated, which, indeed, I could hardly believe, having by nature a good opinion of my neighbours. Never, indeed, could I imagine that anyone could force himself to such an iniquity, which is unworthy not only of an honest man, but even of any man who has but the pretension of being one. Besides, I knew that, far from my having done him any harm, it was he on the contrary who had so cruelly insulted me; consequently, if ever matters should come to such an extremity, it was for me, if for anyone, to take such measures, and not for him.

Be this as it may, being lulled into security by the repose of my conscience, I felt sure that what Montigré reported to me was but the usual outcome of that mutual dislike which subsists between two persons who are at feud, and so did not give myself a moment's uneasiness about it. All the same, I answered his letter and thanked him for the advice, just as if, instead of placing no faith whatever in it, I had really believed it. In the letter in question I begged him to let me know if he should think that Rosnai was in Paris, so that whether he wished me ill or not, I could at least warn him in the style of a brave man and not as an assassin, in order that he might realise that when once one had received an insult such as he had put upon me, it could never be forgotten before an opportunity of taking one's revenge for it had occurred.

In reply to this, Montigré wrote that Rosnai had set out on a journey, and that nobody could tell me where he was to be found better than one M. Gillot

by name, who had been a conseiller-clerc in the Parlement of Paris. His abode was, he added, somewhere in the neighbourhood of La Charité, and if by any chance the people of that district should not be able to tell me his exact address, I should at any rate be able to discover it from M. le Bouts, Conseiller, or M. Encellin, Officier de la Chambre des Comptes, who were his nephews. M. Gillot had formerly, he said, been an intimate friend of my enemy, but at the present time, having had some dispute together about a trifle, their hatred for one another was much greater than their friendship had ever been. This information made me think that I should be risking nothing in going to see this M. Gillot, as we appeared to be both sharers of a hatred for Rosnai. Accordingly, I searched for him in the neighbourhood which had been designated in my letter, and very soon found him, for he did indeed live there, and by so doing nearly brought about my own destruction instead of hastening the accomplishment of my revenge, which was the object I had in view.

One of the footmen of this old councillor having ushered me into his room, I found myself obliged, in order to inform him of what had brought me to his house, to speak through an ear-trumpet which he placed to his ear. The footman, who remained in the room, turned out to be a spy of Rosnai's, and, as he had received a description of me, he did not fail that very day to furnish the latter with a report of all that I had said to his master. M. Gillot told me where my enemy lived, and had it not been for what I have just spoken of, I should certainly have found him and consequently revenged myself. However, the account which this

footman had given made Rosnai quite certain that the individual described as being on the look-out for him was none other than myself; he therefore immediately changed his place of abode, and by so doing upset all my arrangements. Further, this was not all he did; but, seeking out some soldiers of the Guard, he suborned them to pay me out without taking into consideration that being a comrade of theirs, as I was, they might perhaps be unwilling to bathe their hands in my blood, although in the case of a stranger they might not have been of the humour to be particular. He reckoned that as money makes a thousand sorts of people do everything, they would prove no exception to the rule, especially if care were taken to have them selected of that disposition which he desired.

For the accomplishment of this plot he applied to the drum-major of the Guards, who was a compatriot of his, and who had formerly been drummer in another company commanded by his brother. Nevertheless, he did not at once explain his scheme to him, for although he relied very much upon their old acquaintance and the respect which a man of that sort should naturally have for him, yet he did not feel quite sure but that, having attained to a post which to him was important enough, the drum-major might not be afraid of wrecking his career should he mix himself up in any shady undertaking.

The drum-major did indeed refuse to do anything in the matter, and pretty roughly too. He said that although he was acquainted with all the good fellows of the regiment, and sometimes even found them useful when there was a question of obliging a friend, yet when so much mystery was made about the "particular

service" to be rendered, he did not care to be in any way mixed up in the affair. After the refusal of the drum-major, Rosnai applied to a sergeant, who was not so particular (though his rank should have made him doubly so), and who the next morning brought him four soldiers, followers in Paris of much the same profession as those persons in Italy to whom the name of "bravo" has been given. This appellation, however, in no way suits them, as the only bravery they possess consists in killing a man in cold blood, especially when they are six to one, and can do it without danger. I for my part had not the slightest idea of what was brewing against me, and tried only to go and look out for Rosnai at the place where M. Gillot had told me he lodged. I found, however, when I got there, that he had moved away the very day I had been to see the councillor. I enquired of the landlady, who was a very pretty woman, and worth making love to, where he had gone to live. She replied that she had no idea, but that all she could tell me was that something must have happened which had very much upset him. The reason she thought so was that, although it was late, he had taken away his things in a great hurry; further, she told me that his departure had not been spoken of a moment before it took place, but had ensued after a conversation with a footman in a green livery who came to see him. He had, after seeing this man, suddenly entered her room, asked for a settlement of his accounts, and then taken his departure as quickly as he could. I soon perceived from her story that the footman whom she spoke of and whose livery she had mentioned was the same man who at M. Gillot's had ushered me into the

room, for the colour of his dress was identical. So, being very desirous of either confirming my suspicions or dispelling them, I begged the woman to give me his description. She duly did so, and the picture she drew was exactly like the original whom I had seen; consequently, I felt sure I had hit the right nail on the head when I first began to suspect that the individual in question had been the cause of my enemy's hurried and precipitate flight.

My questions and the answers the landlady returned to them did not take long, but the short time they did occupy sufficed to make me fall in love, and perhaps to render her not altogether averse to me. I remarked that she had just lost a guest in the person of Rosnai, but that if she was desirous of receiving another one, I would find him for her; it was true, I said, that his purse might not be so well filled as his had been, but at any rate I could assure her that whatever her new lodger promised would be faithfully paid, and that he would look as well after her interests as anyone in the world. For that I would be surety. She understood well by this speech of mine that it was myself whom I was proposing as her guest, and as she had already taken a fancy to me (as she subsequently confessed), answered me at once that she did not care if her lodgers were rich or not as long as they paid her regularly, for she esteemed honesty above wealth, adding that if I wished to do her the honour of coming to reside in her house, I had only to take the rooms Rosnai had just vacated, where there was a good enough wardrobe, and which were very well furnished. When installed in them, she said in conclusion, I might reckon that there would be a thousand others in Paris not as well off as myself.

Although I came from Gascony, a country whose people do not willingly admit their poverty, yet I did not fail to tell her that what she had just said to me was a very good reason for my not accepting her offer, for everybody should suit his expenses to his purse, and the rooms were evidently too fine for me, who only needed one of the common sort for which I should be able to pay. What had I, a poor gentleman of Bearn, to do with wardrobe, ante-chamber, and stables, having neither horses nor servant? Any other woman than she in such a position would perhaps have been disgusted with a declaration as ingenuous as mine, but as she was more generous than many others, she replied that, however poor I might be, she yet wished me to occupy the rooms in question or else not come to lodge in her house at all. I might, she added, for the present give her what I liked, or even nothing, for she would be quite content as long as I did not forget her when I made my fortune, which, unless she was very much mistaken, must some time occur. I was pleased both with her generosity and her prophecy, and declared that the instant I saw her I had resolved to hire a garret in her house rather than not have her as landlady; consequently, she might imagine my feelings now that she so generously offered me her finest rooms; I would, I said, do my best to put her to as little expense as possible, and should the horoscope which she had just cast for me prove a true one, I should, unless my feelings underwent a marvellous alteration, be delighted to divide my fortune with her.

It was not after all astonishing that this woman's ideas were so different from those usual with persons of her profession; she was something more than she

appeared, being a lady by birth and of Norman family of ancient race. The bad behaviour of her mother had been the ruin of her house; she had become enamoured of a gentleman of her neighbourhood and he of her. The gallant in question, however, coming to visit her one day, was slain by the husband, who was believed to be far away, and who was much incensed at the intrigue. This murder had ruined the two families, who before were very well off. One of them had exhausted all its means in trying to compass the death of the assassin, while the other had done the same for his protection. Eventually the murderer was pardoned, but had his wife shut up without ever consenting to forgive her. He himself undertook the education of his children, of whom there were many—there being eight of them—three boys and five girls. The boys he found no encumbrance, as he intended (which he afterwards succeeded in doing) to devote them to a career of arms. It was his intention to place the girls in convents, but whether from taking after their mother, that is to say, loving libertinage better than was right, or from not being able to make up their minds to immure themselves for the whole of their lives, there was not one who would even make experiment of it. Consequently, he found himself forced to marry them to the first comer, for when one is devoid of means as he was, far from being in a position to choose one's sons-in-law, one is only too happy to take them as they come. One of the girls married a poor gentleman who fasted half the year and made his wife do the same, not from piety or any injunction of the Church, but because he had generally nothing to eat. Another one had married a master-pettifogger who

followed the profession of lawyer and proctor in a district not very far from her birthplace. She indeed was not the most miserable of the five, for that sort of folk always finds means to live at other people's expense. Two others had espoused men of much the same sort, and got on somehow, even if they did not live in a splendid manner. Finally, there was the one with whom I was about to lodge. Her husband was a man who had been away for five or six months, and who, from being a lieutenant of infantry, had changed his profession to letting furnished rooms, thinking that if that calling was perhaps not as respectable as his former one, yet, at all events, it would enable him to live in a more comfortable manner.

I do not know whether his wife, who had always retained some flavour of her origin, did not, when she saw me, get the idea into her head that the fact of her being at least five or six years older than myself would not prevent her finding me only too happy to do for her what the individual whom her father had killed had done for her mother. Her husband had gone to Burgundy to look after an inheritance he laid claim to; this had entailed a lawsuit before the Parlement of Dijon; nor was she grieved at his absence, for she did not care for him at all. Directly I was settled in her house, and had been made, in spite of myself, to occupy the apartments of Rosnai, my landlady refused to allow me to eat in my own room or outside as I had expected to do, but insisted on my taking my meals with her. Noticing, however, my reluctance to agree to this (for I feared the expense of such a proceeding), she told me that I belied my nationality by

being so ceremonious, for no Gascon in my place would not have thought himself lucky, especially if he had been told by her, as I had been, that everything would some day be settled up when I should have made my fortune.

At that time I was so young and inexperienced with women that I made no further demur about the matter All the same, having a very good notion of what all this was about to lead to, I made a resolve to have a satisfactory understanding established, when of a sudden a far graver matter forced itself upon my attention. The four soldiers whom the sergeant I have mentioned introduced to Rosnai, having, in consideration of forty pistoles, promised to assassinate me, only awaited a favourable opportunity to carry their plan into execution. Since my first encounter Athos, Porthos and Aramis had taken me up to such an extent that not only had these three brothers become my intimate friends, but most of their own friends were mine as well. Consequently, it was seldom I went out alone, and usually I nearly always returned home with someone. Perhaps the good looks of my landlady contributed to this as much as the friendship which everybody professed for myself. My lodging was in the Rue du Vieux Colombier in the Faubourg St. Germain, and as the street in question is not far from the barracks of the Musketeers, and the path of the three brothers to and from the town passed close by me, some days elapsed before the four soldiers had any chance of carrying out their promise.

While the plot was hatching, it chanced that another soldier of the company to which I belonged, who was a friend of one of these four murderers, found himself lacking the money necessary for the expenses

of the confinement of a girl with whom he had had to do, and applied to his friend for a loan. He begged for four or five pistoles, telling him the urgent cause of his request so that he should not refuse them. The man to whom he had had recourse replied that he was in despair at disappointing him, but that it was impossible to lend money when one had none oneself. If, said he, it had been wanted for any other purpose than the one he had just heard, he would have told him to have patience for four or five days, as there might be a possibility of his obtaining some within that time. However, as the matter was a pressing one, which might claim his immediate attention at any moment, his advice as a good friend was that he should apply to someone else. The borrower, however, who knew this soldier's way of life, and thought that one who risked his life every day as he did could not be without such a small sum as he had asked for, accused him of not granting him the loan more from lack of goodwill than from necessity. To prove his mistake, the man bade him accompany him, for that he was one of four who had undertaken to kill someone, and if their attempt should be successful, they would immediately obtain forty pistoles. He, for his part, he said, was quite willing to divide with him the ten which would be his share. The money, he added, was deposited in the hands of a mutual friend, and the only thing necessary to obtain it was to earn it.

The desire, or rather the need, which the soldier had of getting the sum he had asked for decided him in joining the four assassins. His friend appointed an ambuscade about a hundred paces from my house, and having kept him there with him more than

two hours, at the end of that time I chanced to pass the spot. As it happened, on the day in question Porthos and Aramis, with two of their comrades, had come to my lodgings to take me off to the theatre. So, as the carrying out of my assassination appeared more difficult of realisation than ever, the man who had been applied to for the loan told the would-be borrower (while informing him that I was the person to be attacked) that he was sure I suspected something, as I never went out unaccompanied. Of all four assassins, not one man as yet recognised me as belonging to the regiment, for being soldiers in the first battalion and I only in the second, we had never yet met. At the time of the fighting before Arras, one of the battalions had been at Dourlens whilst the other remained at Amiens, and since then, if ever they had seen me, it had only been in another dress than that of the regiment. I had had made for me a suit of a simple kind, but still a very decent one. Anyhow, the borrower, who was, as I have said, of the same company as myself, and who would not have failed to recognise me in any guise, no sooner let his eyes fall upon me than he determined to give me warning of the plot. He reckoned that if he performed this service I should never refuse him the money he had asked of his companion, for even did I chance not to have any myself, there were a thousand purses I could borrow from; besides, already he knew me as a man of good heart who had regaled him and three of his comrades in the guard-room. He took care to say nothing of what he contemplated to the others, and being a clever enough man for

a soldier, he knew very well that to make his information seem important to me, he must know all particulars about the originator of the plot. In order therefore to do this, he made enquiries of his friend in a clever way as to who his employer was. The latter made no difficulty about telling him all he knew. Rosnai was the individual, he said, who was only acting as he did from fear of my revenging an affront which I had received from him. His sole object in coming to Paris was this plot, and directly it should have succeeded, he was going away.

The next day, when I was yet in bed, the man who had obtained this information came to see me. I was already on good terms with my landlady; she conducted the man herself to my bedside, for when she had told him that it was too early to wake me up, and he had replied that all the same he must see me immediately about an affair of great importance, her interest being aroused by his words on account of the affection she was beginning to bear me, she would not allow the man to enter without her, and determined to hear everything which he might tell me. To this the soldier objected, alleging as a reason that the matter about to be discussed had nothing to do with women, but, being as obstinate as a mule, she absolutely refused to go away. In vain did I make signals to her that such behaviour would do her no good, for it was not the only thing which might make this soldier conjecture a good deal about the relations between her and myself; she paid no more attention to me than she had to him. This obstinacy was only caused by her fears that the man had come to challenge me to a duel, which she thought was "the matter of great

importance" for which he had made her, in spite of herself, open the door. As for myself, I had no idea of the kind, for I knew that I was hated by nobody, and, therefore, need fear no enemy. What I did think was that the man had come to borrow a few crowns, and that his embarrassment prevented him speaking about it before her. Becoming every moment strengthened in this conviction, on account of all the fuss he made, I asked him frankly if what I had spoken of was not the cause of his visit, adding that it was always a pleasure to me to oblige my friends when I could, and in his case, as I knew him for a good fellow, it would be doubly agreeable. I thought that these advances of mine would only cost me a crown or a half-pistole at the most—a sum which I esteemed as nothing beside the distress of my landlady. Seeing that I had given him such a good opportunity of speaking out, the soldier answered that he had always known me for one who was generous enough in helping any friends in distress; it was true he was at present in need of my assistance, and it was partly that which had brought him, but, if I was about to render him a great service by acceding to his request, he could at least boast that he was at the same time giving me a good return for my kindness by furnishing me with some information which concerned nothing less important than my life—some information which chance and his own good luck had led him to discover. Hence his visit, in order that I might take all necessary precautions.

As I did not believe that I had any enemy who was likely to dream of plotting against me, I must admit that at first I regarded his story as being a fabrication,

concocted for the purpose of glossing over the request which the man was making. My landlady, however, who was more solicitous than can be believed about everything which concerned me, did not take this view, but asked him with much precipitation, and with the little judgment which women have (for what she said alone was enough to show that she took more interest in me than was right), not to keep me longer in suspense, for words like those he had uttered could not fail to greatly upset me, and were quite enough to make me ill, adding that, for her part, she should be obliged to him if he would make clear the mysterious piece of wickedness of which he had spoken. I was grieved at the temerity of the woman, much more on her account than on my own, for what she had said did me no harm; on the contrary, I myself would gain in reputation if it became known that I had received her favours. Nevertheless, I still continued in my opinion about the soldier, when the first word he uttered suddenly changed it. He asked me if I knew Rosnai, and on my answering that I did, and only too well, for I had yet to avenge an affront he had put upon me, he went on to say that without very great care my design would be thwarted, for he had promised four soldiers forty pistoles to assassinate me, and that if I had escaped the danger, it was merely because of my not having been abroad for some days except in good company. For a good many days the assassins had watched me night and morning, determined to make their attack sooner or later, confident that I should not always take my precautions. He added that, if I liked, he would help me to capture the four soldiers, since blackguards such as they deserved no mercy from him.

He described to me at the same time how, when he had gone to one of them to ask for a loan, he had alleged the absence of money as an excuse for his refusal, and also told me of all that had subsequently occurred up to the time when he had come to see me. While describing all this he attempted to conceal the part which he had played himself (having, as I have said, joined with them to assassinate me). I believed, or appeared to believe, everything, and when he had ended his story by asking for the loan he wished, without even concealing its reason, the presence of my landlady being powerless to make him discreet, I duly lent, or rather gave him the four pistoles of which he declared himself so much in need. Before giving him the money, however, I made him swear that he would at the right time give evidence of what he had just told me. I then immediately told him to go away, giving as a pretext that he ought to go and inform his mistress without losing an instant that he was in possession of the wherewithal to assist her. This done, I proceeded to discuss with my landlady what course I was to pursue in a situation of such a delicate kind.

Her advice was that I should at once send for a commissaire to take down my deposition before again venturing out, since there was danger lest the four soldiers, perceiving the difficulty of catching me, should suborn four more, with a view to making an easy job of it. The commissaire would grant me a warrant which I could at once put in force, not only against the men, but against Rosnai himself. This suggestion of hers I did not deem entirely satisfactory, being aware that to obtain a warrant two witnesses were necessary, whereas I had but one. As regards

laying an information, I determined to follow her advice, thinking that it might do me no harm to have done so in the proceedings which were sure to result from this business.

My landlady offered to go herself and fetch the commissaire, who was one of her neighbours and friends. I took her at her word, and bade her bring him in a short mantle for fear of startling the "quarry," which might by chance be in the vicinity watching for me, as seemed very likely. While awaiting her return, I dressed, and, as I was doing so, a Musketeer, who was a friend of my own as well as of Athos, Porthos and Aramis, arrived. He found me very disturbed, as he proceeded to tell me, and in reply to his enquiry as to the reason, I recounted to him what had just happened, and the measures which I was in consequence taking. As he was but a youth, and possessed no more sense than was good for him, he told me that I was wrong to think of having recourse to the law, which was always slow and sometimes uncertain, declaring there were other and safer ways of obtaining vengeance, which, if I would but take his advice, I should follow. A brigade of Musketeers should be summoned to slaughter these scoundrels, and afterwards penetrate into the house of Rosnai, who should be served the same way. Thus it would only take half or three-quarters of an hour at the most to rid me of my enemies. At the same time, he wished to go out to put into execution the plan he had suggested, but I seized him by the arm and pointed out to him that one must not act too quickly in such a grave affair as this was, and that a plan so precipitately adopted as his very frequently led to

after regrets. To act properly, one must reflect over everything, for then one could have nothing to reproach oneself about. He still endeavoured to prove that he was right, and talked a great deal while attempting to persuade me. I, however, would not let myself go over to his opinion, and holding to my own, kept unshaken in my determination, and, holding to it, kept him from going out against his will. A minute later the commissaire appeared, and we took our measures for the capture of the rogues. Here is what each of us proceeded to do.

The commissaire sent to fetch an exempt (an officer), and ordered him to post thirty archers in the place which the soldier had designated as where I had been watched. Before proceeding there, the exempt disguised his men, and caused them to proceed to the spot one after the other. I was informed directly they had arrived there, and having set out quite alone, so as to set a bait for my murderers, I kept well on the look-out, for fear of being surprised. Immediately the rascals saw that they could attack me with safety, they made their sally, but the archers at the same moment appearing upon the scene, they were all four captured before they had had time to do me any hurt. At the same time the commissaire, who only awaited this capture to go and seize Rosnai, whose house my informant had described to me, set off there. As luck would have it, he had already gone out before the commissaire arrived, so he found only "the nest." As usually happens on these sort of occasions, a great crowd of people collected before the door. What caused the commissaire to permit this folly, which prevented Rosnai from returning to his house, was that

he was uncertain whether he was at home or not, for a servant who had missed seeing him leave the house had declared to him that he was still in his room, where he was reposing in bed, in which comfortable berth she had but a minute before seen him. Rosnai had not gone far away, and returning while all this was going on, he descried this crowd of people assembled before his door, and judged it would be more prudent not to enter the house. He began to suspect that something might have happened to his "bravos," and to fear lest, having denounced him, he was about to be taken to prison in order that the truth as to his implication might be ascertained; so turning off of a sudden into a street which led into his own, and by so doing gaining comparative safety, he did not take any rest until he had arrived at the house of one of his brothers-in-law in Normandy, of which province he was a gentleman. From there his brother-in-law wrote to Paris to one of his friends to enquire if his relative's alarm was well founded, or if he had been frightened without reason. The friend in question sent him an answer that, in taking to flight, he had behaved like a wise man, for the matter had created a great stir, for the prisoners, after having attempted to deny the plot they were engaged in, thinking there were no witnesses of it, had in the end confessed on being confronted with a witness and threatened with torture. As for Rosnai, his arrest had been ordered and his prosecution resolved on, and would be carried out by default. Rosnai, a man who used bravos when he hated anyone, needed more resolution than by nature he possessed to bear such news as this. Already he imagined that all the "archers of Paris"

were at his heels, and thinking himself no longer in safety at the house of his brother-in-law, although nobody knew him to have gone in that direction, he crossed over to England, where he was well aware the French law would not dare to go and get its decrees enforced.

My landlady, who knew that he had property, and thought nothing was to be lost by bringing an action against him, was foolish enough to plunge herself into this lawsuit right up to the neck. I allowed her to do what she liked, being still too young to know the results of going to law. All her cases were conducted in my name, and cost her at least two thousand francs before she obtained a definitive judgment against my assassins. Rosnai was condemned to lose his head, and the four soldiers to be sent to the galleys. Against these last the sentence was actually enforced, without their captain, Du Boudet by name, being able to obtain its commutation, although he did his best to do so; but M. de Treville, who did me a thousand kindnesses, as much because we were compatriots as because I was the friend of Athos, Porthos and Aramis, whom he greatly respected, privately opposed any mercy being shown to the miscreants. Consequently the King, who gloried in showing himself worthy of his appellation of "the Just," which had been bestowed upon him, remained firm about the matter, and insisted on the four soldiers being sent to the galleys. As for Rosnai, the sentence was only executed upon his effigy; but my landlady had all his goods seized, and put him to an incredible amount of expense.

III

AS my landlady's purse was not long enough to carry on this lawsuit without borrowing, her husband, on his return from Dijon, found her greatly involved in debt. He, for his part, had won his suit, and had brought back with him some good wine as well, incidents which would have put him into a good temper if on the morrow of his arrival he had not found himself under the necessity of paying eight hundred louis which his wife owed to one man alone. She had borrowed the money from an inconvenient creditor by means of a letter of attorney which her husband had, before going away, left her. In reply to his enquiry as to how the money had been expended, the woman took good care not to tell him the true way it had gone, for had she done so, he might possibly have perceived that during his absence he had lost something else beside his money. She therefore gave such unsatisfactory excuses that from that very day they quarrelled. The ruin with which I saw this household threatened on my account threw me into a great state of uneasiness, and not knowing what to do to prevent the sale of their furniture, which must take place eight days after the

execution which had been put in, I adopted the plan of going to see the creditor with a view to asking for mercy. The man was inexorable, so much so that, being more grieved than ever, I tried various threats of what I would do should he dare to proceed to extremities. He answered that what I had just said would cause him not to give even a moment's grace to his debtors. He advised me to leave the house with all speed, for if he should have to send for a commissaire I should be shown that we were living in a reign when nobody was allowed to come and threaten a man who had lent his money in all good faith.

What I had done was a regular piece of youthful folly, much more likely to injure my landlord and landlady than to do any good. When the eight days, at the end of which the furniture was to be sold, were near expiring, I offered my landlady fifteen louis d'or, all that remained of the fifty the King had given me. At first she had the delicacy to refuse them, but eventually, having pressed her to do so a good deal and pointed out that could she but procure eight or ten more and take them to the creditor, he might perhaps abandon his action, she consented to take me at my word. She went to find him with the sum with which I had helped her and fifteen louis besides, and as the total amount came to nearly half of the debt, we imagined that the man would not be brute enough to refuse her request for mercy. Unfortunately, what I had done had so soured his temper that he bade her go away, otherwise he would kick her down the stairs of his house. The man declared that she had sent a bully who had presumed to threaten him in his own house. He would, he said, make her remember this business

all her life, and with the hold he had over her of being able to sell her furniture, should proceed to do so the instant the time of grace allowed in such cases had expired.

The poor woman returned home in a most unhappy state, and wished me to take back my money, as it could no longer be of any use. I did all I could not to do so, but on her imperatively ordering me to take it, I reluctantly replaced the fifteen louis d'or in my purse, feeling quite as miserable as she, poor woman! This happened on a Thursday afternoon, and the following Saturday her furniture was to be sold. Inspired by a wish, as it were, to accomplish the impossible, so that she might not undergo the ignominy which lay ahead, I betook myself to the ante-chamber of the King, where I had frequently observed high play proceeding, dice being the game indulged in. At this I was no adept, for, far from being a gambler, I had, on the contrary, resolved never to play at all. All that I understood about it was how to stake and to see whether one won or lost. Accordingly, wishing to hazard my fifteen louis at the game as a last resource, I went up to a table where fairly high play was going on, so as to take a place at it as soon as anyone should leave. I was an hour and a half before I obtained one, for a far greater crowd was present than the sermon of the cleverest preacher in all Paris would ever have attracted. All the time I was trembling at the idea of losing my money, and thus increasing my unhappiness. At last, having with much trouble obtained a place, I reconnoitred as it were the field of battle before uttering the words on which hung my chances of happiness. I observed that the play was frightfully high, the

smallest stakes being of twelve or fifteen pistoles, and people doubled, trebled, and quadrupled, as if playing for pins. All this made me tremble more than ever, as I reflected that it needed but one of these coups to extricate myself and my poor landlady from our trouble, or else to send us to the workhouse.

After having looked on in this way for about ten minutes, I eventually plucked up courage to risk a stake of five louis. M. le Duc de St. Simon had the dice-box in hand, and looked at my stake as if it was not even worth being angry about. While he held the box he said nothing to me, and it passed in due course to the Chevalier de Montchevreuil, a gentleman of French Vexin, who was attached to M. de Longueville. Either because he wished to enlist me in the confraternity of gamblers, among whom he played a great part, or because he had not at the time much money, which indeed was the case, he did not despise my stake as the Duc de St. Simon had done, but found it more suited to his resources than many others which were on the table. He threw a low hazard, and as I chanced to win, I doubled my stake as boldly as if I had had a hundred pistoles in my pocket. Taking ten for his hazard, he threw four or five coups running of fifteen, by which he increased his money a good deal, for the right hand was only twelve. A man named Phisica, who at that time was captain under Turenne, and who, though an adventurer, outstaked even the highest players at dice, seeing that the chevalier had thrown four lucky coups, declared he would stake all the money he had left, which was at least sixty pistoles, against him. The chevalier, who

only wanted money to make him as high a player as the other, cried "done with you!" just as if he was sure to win. He won the right hand side, and thus gained Phisica's stake, while he lost mine, which I had doubled. After this the game became more heated; the chevalier, who felt he was in luck, cried "done!" to everybody, and won twelve or thirteen hundred pistoles in a minute. During this period I was wise enough, young as I was, not to play against him. However, the chevalier would not yet be content with his winnings, which he deemed too small in comparison with his appetite for gain, which was extraordinary, and continued to play. Soon, however, his luck began to change. I seized the opportunity to make a fresh stake, and won another "paroli" from him, which was bigger than the other. Having staked eight pistoles, I won twenty-four, which was already more than half of the sum of money necessary to my happiness; so confidence had replaced the fear I had been seized with on my arrival. I began to hope that I should not return to my lodging without bearing with me what I wanted. These expectations were not falsified. I won ninety-six louis, or Spanish pistoles, worth at that time but ten francs each. This sum was even a little bigger than the one I had hoped for. However, when I had returned home, happier than even the King, I found on my arrival that several things had happened which were enough to diminish a good deal of my satisfaction.

When the landlord had perceived that there were only twenty-four hours to elapse in which to make an effort to save his furniture from being sold, he had gone to seek the creditor without telling his wife anything about it, and in ignorance of my having

previously gone. The creditor, who was not only a brute, but a wicked man as well, did not content himself with outrageously abusing him, but told him further that the best thing he could do would be to look after his wife another time, for in his opinion it was with me that she had wasted the money which she now owed. This speech threw the husband into a rage, and when he returned home he used his wife very roughly. Accordingly, I found her in tears, so that instead of attempting to make her happy by the recital of my good luck, the only thing I did was to try and find out what had happened to her. She told me without any fuss, and, having tried to console her, I made her acquainted with what had happened to me in the ante-chamber, for I thought it might have some effect in assisting me to soothe her. She did appear to regain strength at my words, and said that as matters stood now, it was best that the furniture should be knocked down to me, for she did not wish her husband ever to see it again, and so I should be wrong if I stopped the sale. I knew by what she said that she wished to leave him, being very indignant at the blows she had received. I showed her, however, that I did not approve of a divorce of this kind, to which the only reply she made was that she was not used to being beaten, and that it was best to raise the mask at once, lest her husband might proceed further on the same path in the future; besides (said she) it was clear he wished to prevent our seeing one another, and this she would never consent to, at least, as long as she was not compelled.

I was very fond of this woman, and was right to be

so, for, besides her good looks, she had always behaved to me, from the first to the last day I had seen her, in such an honest manner that I must have been a very ungrateful individual had I not felt under obligations to her: I therefore murmured all the soft sayings in her ear which gratitude and friendship could put into my mouth. I assured her that I was more alive to this fresh proof of affection than to any other which up to that time she had given me; but having prepared her so as she might place greater faith in what I wanted to express, I pointed out that she could not leave her husband in this way without providing material for everyone to chatter about. I cherished her reputation, I said, no less than my own, and. . . . here she interrupted me, saying that the human tongue was a fine instrument, which could be made to say whatever anyone wished; when, she declared, a man really loved a woman, it was impossible to persuade him not to be so delicate as to be disinclined to divide her favours with her husband; for her part, she could never love a man who had a wife, unless he resolved to leave her for love of herself. I allowed her to say what she liked, and tried to reassure her by my caresses, so as to get her into the state I wished. In the end, after she had manifested much repugnance at having to live with him, we agreed together that I should the next day announce, without seeming to be aware of their misunderstanding, that I had found a man who would lend her husband and herself the money to pay their creditor; he would give them three months to repay it in, and would require their bond. The landlady hoped by this arrangement to keep her husband in strict order,

reckoning that the fear he would have of being prosecuted on account of the repayment of this sum would oblige him to show me a good deal of consideration. I did what we had agreed on the next day, and as her husband did not wish to see his furniture sold, he soon took me at my word. I begged Athos to lend me his name for this business, and, having got a receipt, the husband, the wife, and myself lived all the winter together in an agreeable enough way, and I always took my meals with them.

The three months having expired and the repayment of the money coming due, the husband begged me to ask my friend for further time, as he was not yet in a condition to discharge his debt. His wife wished me to tell him that Athos was in need of his money, so as to frighten him and thus keep him in a greater state of dependency than ever. I, however, did not think it right to keep him in this way with a foot on his throat, for he was badly enough used already, without any additional ill-usage. The campaign which was about to commence would have given me a fine pretext to do what his wife suggested. Nevertheless, having brought him to reason, the husband and I became the best friends in the world, for I told him that, at my request, Athos would willingly wait for repayment till he returned from the army.

The Spaniards, who had seen the capture of Arras under the very nose of their general, had also lost in the same province some other towns of great importance, which made them fear that those which were left to them would not be long in sharing the same fate. So, as they estimated that the conquest that the King had made of Aire would only tend to bring

him nearer to the maritime part of Flanders, they attempted not only to stir up jealousy in England and Holland, but also to get themselves into a condition to recapture it. With regard to the English, it would not have been difficult to succeed in their design, for that nation has from all time been hostile to us (and the mutual aversion between us both seems to me to have increased of late); but the Cardinal de Richelieu, who was not in the habit of waiting for things to happen before taking his precautions, had arranged matters so well, that far from the nation in question being able to meddle with the affairs of anyone else, she was in a sufficient difficulty as to how to disentangle her own. England had become uneasy at the secret protection which her King was according to the Catholics of his kingdom, and suspicious at the close friendship which appeared to exist between that prince and "Louis the Just," whose sister he had married. The princess in question was beautiful and of exceedingly charming manners. She attracted many people to the Court of the King her husband, contrary to the custom of the English, who usually are of opinion that there is a sort of slavery and despicableness in paying assiduous court to one's sovereign. In consequence, all this became a matter of suspicion to such Englishmen who retained in their hearts that independence and liberty on which their nation prides itself above all the other countries of the world.

The particular obstacle which Cardinal Richelieu had opposed to the Spaniards in this quarter was his fanning of the flame instead of putting it out. Policy, which must rule the actions of ministers, forced him to act thus to the prejudice of charitable motives which

should have deterred him. Nevertheless, as charity is a virtue which is unknown not only in every court, but is even often regarded as a chimera by courtiers and politicians, far from his being blamed by anybody, everyone on the contrary made what he had done a reason for belauding him up to the third heaven. The Spaniards also, not being long in discovering that they were gravely deluding themselves if they expected any help from England, and having made the same discovery regarding the Dutch, where the interests of Frederick Henry, Prince of Orange, Stadtholder, and Admiral-General of the State, were in conflict with their intentions, relied instead only upon the bravery of their own forces. The almost absolute power which the Cardinal de Richelieu had acquired for himself at Court had always produced a great many jealous people; those in high places hated him especially, for, in order to raise himself above them, he had cleverly involved the King and State in his quarrel. This prince, who was well-disposed but narrow-minded, had noticed with pleasure that, under pretence of consolidating the sovereign power in the kingdom, the Cardinal had imperceptibly ruined all those who might by their influence or their prudence have risen in opposition to it. I use the word "prudence," for although it may be a kind of paradox to say that one can be prudent and oppose the wishes of one's prince, it is nevertheless unquestionable that when the supreme will only tends to upset the laws of a state, a greater service can be rendered to the sovereign by opposing it in a respectful manner than by giving way from baseness and slavishness of disposition. On this principle the Parlement de Paris has often remonstrated with his Majesty in

delicate situations, and its remonstrances have sometimes been successful, while on the other hand there have been occasions where they have been rejected, because, as frequently happens, those who brought them forward, or at least a considerable number, instead of doing so in a respectful and decent manner, allowed themselves to be carried away either by their passions or their interests.

Anyhow, the Spaniards not having so much confidence in their own powers as not to be well pleased to foment the jealousy which prevailed in our country, sent at that time to the Court, under pretext of making propositions for an arrangement, a confidential man, —— by name. The Cardinal de Richelieu, who was governing the State with a power which was almost as absolute as if he had been the King himself, would have liked to have refused him the passport which was necessary for his entrance into the realm, had he not feared arousing the enmity of the people by so doing. He knew well that the populace soon tires of war, for while it is going on taxation bears upon it more heavily than usual; consequently, should he appear to wish to carry on hostilities, it would be sure to be rumoured that he did so rather for his own private interests than for those of the nation in general. Nevertheless, had this been said, it would have been an untruth, as in reality the affairs of France had not for a long time been in such a prosperous state as they were then. In the direction of Germany, French arms had triumphed, even as far as the other side of the Rhine, where Brissac and the whole of Alsace had been captured. In Italy, Pignerol had been taken,

and in Flanders, Arras. Nor in another kind of warfare had French intrigues done less in Portugal and Catalonia, or rather one ought perhaps to say that what had happened there was of far greater consequence than anything which had happened elsewhere. This kingdom and the province had revolted against the Spanish, the one having placed itself under the domination of the Dukes of Braganza, who claimed to be the legitimate heirs; the other under the protection of France, which had sent garrisons into it. The Cardinal, in causing these States to revolt against their ancient masters, had shown them what path to take, even had they not already known it themselves.

On the arrival at Court of the individual of whom I have spoken, he almost immediately arranged a secret interview with the Duc de Bouillon. This prince was always carrying on secret negotiations with Spain, although a Frenchman by birth and under obligations to the Crown of France as to the rank he occupied. This he had inherited from his father, to whom it had been given by Henri IV., who had been the means of his marrying the heiress of "De la Mark," to whom the Duchy of Bouillon and the Principality of Sedan belonged. Besides this, he had received other favours from him. The princess in question had died some time afterwards without having any children. His Majesty had maintained his possession of the principality by extending to him his protection, to the prejudice of MM. de la Boulaye, to whom it should by rights have passed, for one of them had married a sister of the dead princess, to whom legally the inheritance ought to have fallen. But as one is

obliged, when thus exchanging the position of a private individual for that of sovereign, to change one's course of conduct as well, all the great obligations he was under had disappeared on account of the uneasiness which the situation of his possessions inspired. He was afraid that, being so conveniently situated in regard to France (for his territory was as it were the key of the kingdom), a time might come when he would be asked to make restitution of that which did not belong to him, and so was really obliged to look upon himself as a man who had had a trust confided to him which some day he would be made to account for, whether he liked it or not. The cause of the secret engagements which M. de Bouillon had made with the Spaniards was this. He hoped by their means to be able to maintain himself in his new position, and receive garrisons, if necessary, into his châteaux of Bouillon and of Sedan. Of these strongholds, the first passed for being impregnable in those days (when the art of laying siege to any fortress was not well understood, and when war was waged in a totally different way from that of to-day). The second one was very strong, at least it had that reputation, although to speak the truth, there is a great difference between what "is" and what the world says "is." The King had great suspicions of M. de Bouillon's fidelity, but, as he had something on hand on all sides, he was persuaded that his best course was to act as if he was paying no attention to what he was doing, the more so as he suspected that M. de Bouillon acted as he did by way of precaution, for all the agreements he had made up to that time were only in case of his being attacked, and, as the King had no intention of making any attack upon him

just then, he thought it best to let him go his way until such time as circumstances should permit him to allow any resentment he might nourish at his behaviour to burst out.

The Spaniard who had come to Paris well understood the interests of the duc, which indeed was not difficult, as they were clear to everybody. He was well received by him, for having come by order of the King, his master, it could not have been otherwise. On his arrival at Court, he learnt that Louis de Bourbon, Comte de Soissons, was displeased with the Cardinal, a piece of information which made him tell the Duc de Bouillon that his position as a prince of the blood was alone enough to draw a great many people of high rank to his side, and that thus, if he would give himself the trouble to move in the matter, with his help it would be possible to return to France what she had lent to Spain, provided the provinces were stirred up. The Cardinal, he continued, had many enemies, who, if they saw a foreign army entering the kingdom, would seize the opportunity of revolting against him; besides, he was undertaking so much, that a very little would bring about his fall. He was sending troops into Portugal and Catalonia, and consequently the frontiers of France were denuded of soldiers; consequently it would not at the moment be difficult to break through them if careful measures were taken to do so. The Duc de Bouillon had for a long time been longing to set up a barrier for his territory in the direction of Champagne, and to this end had striven by every possible means to make the Court give him Danvilliers. He had even gone so far one day as to throw out hints of his desires to Cardinal de Richelieu, who, more

diplomatic than it is possible to conceive, had actually held out some slight hopes to him of obtaining his wish, so as to make him commit some mistake which might cause him to lose what he had already got instead of gaining what belonged to others. The Spaniard, who knew of this particular fancy of his, spoke of it as of something which could easily be arranged, declaring that France would be only too happy to cede the territory he needed to put an end to the war which he was to kindle on her frontier. These flatteries overcame the duc, and having had a secret interview with the Comte de Soissons, he found little difficulty in gaining him over.

This prince was very sore at the Cardinal's having in the first place caused him to lose a lawsuit he had undertaken against Henri de Bourbon, Prince de Condé, with the object of getting him declared illegitimate, and then having actually married his niece to the Duc d'Anguien, his eldest son. He knew well, therefore, that while the minister was alive he could not expect to be very successful with the appeal he had lodged against the decision which had been given. He had also other personal reasons for his dislike. The Cardinal tried as much as he could to lessen the prerogatives of his office of Grand Master of the King's Household, and had besides caused a great number of favours which he had asked of his Majesty to be refused. The reason of the Cardinal's opposition to him in everything was that he was prouder than the Prince de Condé. He had refused the propositions which his Eminence had made through Sennetere for an alliance. Sennetere, who was the Comte de Soissons' sword-bearer, had not come too well out of this, for his

master, who was displeased to observe that one of his servants should have taken in hand such a commission, where, as one may say, the word he was offering was not beyond reproach, not only abused him, but even had him turned out of his house. The Comte de Soissons, who since this time had become more and more embittered against the Cardinal, willingly listened to all the propositions against the State which M. de Bouillon made. He imagined that the more matters went awry in France the more disgusted with the Cardinal the King would be. He knew that already he was not too fond of him, and that a very little would ruin him altogether. As all these schemes against the minister, however well laid they might be, must fail without the support of the Spaniards, M. de Bouillon sent to Brussels a gentleman who was an old servant of his, Campagnac by name. He thought that his journey could arouse no suspicions at Court, because the gentleman's nephew had been captured near Courtrai by the Spaniards, who had taken him off to the capital of Brabant. The nephew had been wounded in this affair, and this formed a good excuse for his uncle's journey, which nobody could find any fault with. The Spaniards received Campagnac well, and the Cardinal Infant would have willingly delivered his nephew up to him at the moment, had he not feared awakening suspicion. The prince in question was delighted at the Comte de Soissons' having been persuaded by the Duc de Bouillon to attempt to kindle disorder in France. He promised the gentleman that he could make the King of Spain give the Comte de Soissons a pension of fifty thousand crowns directly he withdrew from Court; as for the Duc de Bouillon,

he declared he should receive one hundred thousand francs and an army of twelve thousand men, who should act under his orders, not to mention the conquests which might be made by those troops. Campagnac having made this treaty in writing with the Cardinal Infant, returned to Paris without taking his nephew, who was under the impression that this journey had been solely undertaken on his account.

He gave the particulars of his negotiations to the two princes, and finding them satisfactory, the Duc de Bouillon after a few days set out for Sedan, alleging that the duchess, his wife, was unwell. Without letting it be known, he sent orders to the officers of his garrison whose companies were not of their full strength, to have them ready to take the field by the end of the month of March, which was not far off. He gave this order under pain of disobedience causing his displeasure, and everyone took care to carry it out. At the same time he filled his storehouses full of munitions of war and food supplies which might prove useful, and so that the Cardinal de Richelieu might not imagine that he had any idea of declaring against the King, he made him believe not only that the Emperor was sending an army into Luxembourg to execute some manœuvre on the Meuse in concert with the Spaniards, but even that he had been informed that an attack was contemplated on Luxembourg itself. The march of this army he spoke of was no fiction, as might be thought from what I have just said; the only fiction about it, if I may use that word, was that the duc had declared that the army in question was about to attack himself, whereas in reality it was coming to his assistance. In

addition to what he had told the Cardinal, he bamboozled him with a marriage of his brother the "Vicomte de Turenne" with one of his relatives, the vicomte playing the lover, being even more desirous than his brother of getting back to Sedan. Although the duc in his old age may have been regarded as a modest man, devoid of all ambition, it can have been only by those who never knew him really well. If ever a man was eaten up with pride it was he; for everyone who ever saw much of him knows that to refuse him the title of your Highness was to incur his enmity, while if it was accorded him, he became as happy as a king. The duc having been so well seconded by his brother the vicomte, the Comte de Soissons left Paris one fine day, declaring his intention of going to his house at Blandy, but having taken a turning to the left before reaching Melun, he crossed the Marne at a ford he had discovered this side of Château Thierri and went to Sedan, taking the post-horses which M. de Bouillon had sent to meet him.

Directly the Cardinal became aware of the road this prince had taken, he understood that he had allowed himself to be duped, and sent out couriers to find him as soon as was possible. These made propositions from the King for his return, and every kind of offer to satisfy him. But as the Comte de Soissons felt sure that, no matter what fine promises were made him, no trust could be reposed in them as long as the Cardinal remained in power, the couriers, in spite of their frequent journeys to and from Paris, were never able to influence him in any way whatever. Meanwhile the army the Emperor was to send into

Luxembourg had set out under the command of Lamboi, to meet whom the Comte de Soissons sent one of his gentlemen, who was to ascertain when he would reach the Meuse. The march of these troops alarmed the Court, who feared lest the Comte de Soissons' example might be followed by the defection of many of the notables, who had no more reason than he to love the Cardinal de Richelieu. Great apprehensions were entertained as to the Duc d'Orléans, whose mind was a very variable one, and who had himself done more harm to the State by the insurrections he had from time to time kindled than all its other enemies had been able to effect during a long course of years. Guards were therefore posted at all the routes he might be likely to take so as to put a stop to any hostile designs he might be cherishing. Notwithstanding these measures, many other malcontents joined the Comte de Soissons with the object of associating themselves with him in the enterprise he was about to undertake, hoping that if he should vanquish his opponents they might share in his good fortune.

In consequence of these events, the army which the King was about to send into Flanders under the leadership of the Maréchal de Bresé was not able to be of such strength as was intended. Part of it had to be withdrawn to be sent to where the fresh hostilities were likely to occur. It was under the command of the Maréchal de Châtillon, while the Maréchal de la Meilleraye at the same time organised a flying column wherewith to cover such places against which the enemy might be likely to undertake an attack. The qualities of these three maréchals were entirely

different. The first of them owed his position only to his close connection with the Cardinal de Richelieu, whose sister he had married, and by whom he had had two children, the Duc de Bresé and Madame la Duchesse d'Anguien. Never was a man devoid of merit prouder than he. His pride even reached the pitch of insolence and tyranny, for in his governments of Anjou and Saumurois (both of which were his) he acted more cruelly than any of the most horrible and detestable tyrants have ever dared to do. For instance, not content with ill-treating the nobility to such a point that at last they were obliged to revolt against him, he even abducted a wife from her husband, and, not content with this, had the reputation of having had him killed in order to enjoy her favours at his ease, but being the brother-in-law of his Eminence was enough to give him the power of doing everything with impunity.

Just as the Maréchal de Bresé was brutal, so was the Maréchal de Châtillon the contrary. Besides possessing a share of the bravery which his ancestors (of whom our history makes honourable mention) have always possessed, he was also a man of much experience and regularity of life; unfortunately these good qualities were somewhat spoilt by his love of repose and tranquillity. Did he find himself in a comfortable camp, it was very hard for him to leave it, fearing lest the next might not prove to be so agreeable to him. The Cardinal knew his character well, a fact which caused much astonishment at his bestowal upon him of this command, in which he would have to encounter a prince who was just as alert and vigilant as he was lethargic and sleepy. As to the Maréchal de la

Meilleraye, although owing his promotion just as much as the Maréchal de Bresé to his connection with the Cardinal, his wife being the daughter of his father's sister, he was far from being devoid of personal merit. Courageous and well-skilled in his profession, he might have had hopes of making his way even had he not been so closely related to the minister. In spite of his capacity, he, in common with the Maréchal de Bresé, often took advantage of his position, for instead of behaving with that kindliness which becomes everyone so well, and especially those who find themselves raised above others, either by birth, merit or fortune, he was haughty to the point of being contemptuous of men who from a small beginning had, like himself, attained a position of dignity or were about to do so. He was afraid of his own reputation being obscured, and thus striving for the fictitious, lost the real, and made himself many enemies instead of the friends he might have had. In this way he had quarrelled with St. Preuil without any reason but his own jealousy, which had been the cause of his doing him many bad turns.

St. Preuil had not supported these in silence, as is usual when the aggressor is closely related to a minister whom many would fear to offend by showing a bold front to his relative. On the contrary, he had stood up for himself like a brave man, who saw nothing to fear but the sullying of his reputation by some act of cowardice. The marshal in question had even behaved worse to M. de Fabert, to whom the King had eventually given a company of guards after having refused him a commission in a company of an old regiment which he wished to purchase. He had been of the

opinion that he could trample upon him as he liked, because that officer chanced to be of very mediocre birth, and it seemed unlikely that the baton of a Maréchal de France would ever come to his help and wash away his plebeian blood. M. de Fabert had always defended himself, and had obtained the protection of the Cardinal, who had been the first to blame his relative's conduct. It must be admitted that Fabert had been clever enough to always speak very respectfully to the maréchal, so that when he complained to his Eminence he might be the more disposed to listen to his appeal.

Well would it have been for St. Preuil had he behaved as wisely, not only in respect to him but the Duc de Bresé also, with whom he had recently had a kind of dispute! Having by the King's orders come to the Court to confer with him as to what was doing on the frontier and as to the date of the next campaign, he remained nearly fifteen days at Paris before the council of his Majesty had decided anything about the matter. M. Desnoyers, Secretary of State for War, who disliked him for never having consented to pay him any attention, advised that Douai, which is five leagues the other side of Arras, should be besieged, so that the latter town, after the capture of Douai, would no longer be the frontier, and St. Preuil would find himself stripped of any chance of glory, another governor being closer to the enemy than himself. St. Preuil, on the other hand, desired that before advancing in this way the country in his rear should be cleared of the enemy. Bapaume interrupted his communications with the fortresses of the Somme, and it was but four leagues from his governorship. Besides that, there was

Cambrai, which, although further away, seemed a more important place to conquer than a large town such as Douai, which could never be held but by a powerful garrison. To this Desnoyers rejoined that it might be made a *place d'armes* for part of the cavalry to winter in, and a policy of spreading terror and consternation right into the heart of "Walloon Flanders" would render the conquest of that province possible at the right time. The opinion of the Maréchal de Meilleraye was identical with that of M. Desnoyers, more from love of contradicting St. Preuil than because he believed he was right. Finally, the council being in a difficulty as to coming to a decision (for the force of St. Preuil's reasoning outweighed in his Majesty's mind all the plots of his opponents), the governor spent his time in amusing himself when he was not obliged to be at the Louvre.

Tennis was his hobby, and as everyone who was anybody repaired at that time to the Tripot de la Sphère, which is in the Marais, he happened one morning to go there to have a game with the marker and a rubbing down after. There he found the Duc de Bresé, who had but left the Academy three or four months before. Although his father was very proud, even to such a pitch that everyone deemed him brutal, the son was even worse than the father. In his case it was more pardonable, for he was too youthful to possess the judgment requisite to see that he was taking a wrong path. When St. Preuil arrived under the gallery, he was already playing with one of the markers, whom he had bidden take up a racquet. A great number of pages and lackeys were present with uncovered heads, and St. Preuil, who knew his father's

livery, guessed who was playing, although he had never seen the son. The duc paid little attention to him, as he was only accompanied by one footman, and, never having seen him, did not know who he was, so continued playing with the marker without paying any attention to his entrance. St. Preuil entered the hall of the building, and, observing that the keeper of the court was not there, went back to the tennis-court, and, while awaiting the man's return, asked the marker for his racquet. He was about equally matched with the duc, and the marker, seeing them playing, that is to say, knocking the ball about, told them that they had much better get their shoes and play a regular game instead of trifling as they were: to this proposition they both agreed. The first dressed was the duc, and St. Preuil joining him in the court a minute later, their game began. A chase having soon been made, as happens at tennis, the duc (for whom two of his lackeys raised the net when he had to cross over to the other side) began to try and play the "little king," that is to say, to be unwilling that the same should be done for St. Preuil. As he did not know him, and, even had he done so, would still have continued to believe (so vain was he) that there was a great difference between them, he was annoyed not only at his having the net lifted, but also at his not crossing over by the gallery, as is the custom when one has the honour of playing with the King. Consequently, he began to abuse the markers, declaring that they would do much better to collect the balls, of which he declared he had none, than to amuse themselves by lifting the net. St. Preuil was not long in discerning his annoyance, and laughed inwardly at his vanity and

youth. The marker near the "dedans" ran immediately to the box, really thinking that there were no balls there, but finding it more than half-full, could not help saying so out loud. This alone would have been more than enough for St. Preuil to know that what he thought was true, even had he had any doubts on the subject. Nevertheless, as he too was proud (but his pride was a manly one, justified by many fine deeds), he began to take pleasure in diverting himself by further mortifying the duc and checking his conceit. Accordingly, he took care the next time to be the first to pass under the net, upon which one of the duc's gentlemen, who was as much upset as his master, said (showing himself as big a fool) that perhaps he might be unaware who his antagonist was, since he was no less a personage than the Duc de Bresé. St. Preuil immediately retorted that it was he, apparently, who was ignorant of whom his master was playing against, and that his name was St. Preuil. The duc, who before hearing his name had had a good mind to abuse him, curled up in his shell the moment he heard it. His gentleman, for his part, did the same. Both of them had heard of St. Preuil, and knew that it was not safe to meddle with him. The duc's wish now was to finish the set, so as not to be again exposed to any more mortification.

That very day the Maréchal de Meilleraye came to dine with the Maréchal de Bresé, and happening to mention St. Preuil in terms which showed the duc, who was at table, that he was not too well pleased with him, the latter did not fail to speak out, and told the maréchal that what he said did not particularly astonish him, for the man he spoke of was very

conceited, so much so that, even were he "connétable," he could not be more so.

The maréchal, who never forgave when once he disliked anyone, was delighted at these words, and enquired where he had made his acquaintance. The duc gave him an account of what had occurred that morning at "La Sphère," and as all three men present were equally vain, one as the other, they mutually agreed to ruin him there and then. They even went so far as to tell the Cardinal what had happened, and tried to make him share their resentment as if he himself had been insulted by the refusal of St. Preuil to give in to him. The minister, like others, had his weaknesses, and was not entirely devoid of vanity; but when St. Preuil came to pay his respects to his Eminence that evening, and found him surly, he was not much disturbed, for he believed that while he continued to do his duty as he had always done, he would find a firm protector in the person of his Majesty. The matters which had kept him in Paris being satisfactorily arranged, he returned to his governorship, where he recommenced to harass the enemy, who during his absence had enjoyed some respite.

Meanwhile, the campaign began, and the regiment of guards being ordered to march to Flanders, I caused my landlord much joy by my departure for that country. For although he was very pleasant with me, he had his suspicions of my relations with his wife; however, being indebted to Athos, whom he knew to be one of my friends, he had felt himself obliged to be agreeable to me until the day I went away. Directly I had gone his behaviour

to his wife changed entirely. He reproached her with many things which he had an idea he had noticed, all of which she informed me of in terms which made me believe that she was being ill-treated in a way she had never before been. The only thing I could do was to pity her, which was all the help I was able to give. I sent her an answer to an address she had given me, and the interest I took in her affairs was the cause of the poor woman's supporting her woes with greater patience.

The husband, who wished to get rid of me altogether, and that I should not see his wife again on my return, took it into his head to change not only the place of his abode but his profession as well. Instead of any longer letting furnished rooms, he became a wine-merchant and took a large "cabaret." His journey to Dijon had brought him into communication with individuals who had extolled that calling, and he reasoned that even should he succeed in it no better than in the one he was abandoning, it would at all events enable him to disembarrass himself of someone whom he regarded with much suspicion. The cabaret he took was in the Rue Montmartre, near where is to-day the Hôtel de Charôt and on the same side. All his furniture was sold, as he kept only what was absolutely essential for the trade in which he was embarking. His wife, who knew his jealousy too well to dare ask him where I was to be lodged on my return, sent word to me of this, and added that she was in despair at his behaviour. Meanwhile, with the money procured by the sale of the furniture, he bought a large store of goods, in the hope that before the termination of the campaign he would have

made much more money than was necessary to liquidate the debt due to Athos.

When I heard all this I was very depressed, for I had found his wife very amiable, and besides she had enabled me to live very comfortably without having much trouble in the way of putting my hand to my purse; a matter which to a Gascon is never very unimportant, for as a rule he appreciates a good table in no small degree. I had also before relied upon the arrangement which was now terminated to help me in my career, for, as Court favours are long in coming, with the assistance I derived from it I should have been more reconciled to awaiting their arrival. However, as there is no misfortune for which one should not try to console oneself, my desire was now to search for an opportunity to distinguish myself, so that having been lucky enough to have made some name in the world I might, step by step, advance towards those honours which one has the right to claim when, as in my case, one tries to do one's duty.

We were not the strongest in the present campaign. The troops which necessity had compelled the Court to detach from our forces to send to the assistance of the Maréchal de Châtillon acted as a reason for our remaining on the defensive in Flanders, where the Cardinal Infant had a large army. His design was to recapture Aire, while the Maréchal de Châtillon managed to pitch his camp at ——, from there to observe any movements which the Comte de Soissons might make. Events in that quarter worried the Cardinal much more than anything in Flanders or elsewhere. It would not have impaired his power even had the enemy retaken Aire and made other

conquests; but as he was doubtful of remaining in the Ministry should the Comte de Soissons gain any advantage over the Maréchal de Châtillon, he ordered the Maréchal de Bresé to send him three more battalions of the best troops he had, so that he might send them as reinforcements to him. Our regiment petitioned to be of this body, calculating that there was small chance of our saving Aire for our army, which was already very weak and must become weaker still, owing to this draught being sent away. Our maréchal was, however, unwilling to grant this request, being of opinion that as long as we were with him he was in possession of an honour which rendered him superior to the other maréchals. After this our army was no greater than twelve thousand men. We did not, all the same, fail to capture Lens during the time when the Maréchal de Châtillon was allowing himself to be beaten on account of his not having soon enough occupied the position of——, from whence he might have prevented the Comte de Soissons from extending his troops over the plain. All the general officers had advised him to do so; nevertheless, he would not follow their advice, either because he hated doing anything which did not originate in his own brain, or else because his idleness kept him in the fine house which formed his headquarters in the camp of——.

The Cardinal, who had had letters from the army, perceiving the fault which had been committed, swore to himself on the spot that he would be revenged for it, provided always that the Comte de Soissons should give him breathing time; for he was much afraid of his profiting by his victory and of all the towns of

Champagne opening their gates to him. As things turned out, while the Cardinal was meditating over his revenge, a courier arrived, whose advent dispersed not only all the poison he had in his heart, but caused him also to look upon the comte as having been one of his best friends. The courier brought news of the death of the Comte de Soissons, a death which nobody could exactly explain. Opinion even at the present day is divided as to whether he killed himself, as some have declared, or whether the blow was dealt him by the hand of some assassin who had been suborned by his enemies. Those who hold that he was assassinated say that one of his guards, having run after him to announce that his men were as yet standing their ground in a certain position, let fly a shot from a musquetoon at him as he was turning round to see who it was that gave the information. Others, on the contrary, declare that while he was trying to raise the visor of his helmet with the barrel of his pistol, which he held in his hand, the pistol went off of itself and stretched him stone-dead on the ground. All the same, I have met people who told me that when he was found dead his pistols were still loaded, which makes it difficult to know whether one should believe either version.

The Maréchal de Châtillon, who was sufficiently just to blame himself as having been the cause of all that had happened, now feigned illness, or did really become unwell from grief. As the result of this, the Maréchal de Bresé was ordered to go and take his place, and accordingly we went with that commander to the region in question. The remainder of his army he confided to the Maréchal de Meilleraye, who laid

siege to Bapaume, while we retook Damvilliers, to which the Duc de Bouillon had not ceased to lay siege since the death of the Comte de Soissons. The King himself came to join us while we were before that fortress, and the duc having thrown himself upon the mercy of his Majesty, in order to obtain pardon for the fault he had committed, found favour with him. At any other time it would have been difficult for him to succeed in this, but the death of the Comte de Soissons had put the Cardinal in such a good humour that he advised the King to prove by the extension of his clemency that his goodness even exceeded his justice. It is true that M. le Prince assisted a good deal in obtaining the intercession of his Eminence, and, as he was a relation of the duc's and a good friend of his, he took care not to forget him in such an important meeting.

St. Preuil, unlike M. de Bouillon, who had made his peace, was not fortunate enough to make his, although much less culpable. To be at enmity with the Cardinal's relations was sufficient to have everything to fear. Nevertheless, as if forgetful of the danger he was in, he made yet another important enemy, and not a forgiving one either! M. Desnoyers, who was not of the blood of St. Louis, had poor relations, which was not to be wondered at, considering he was only well off on account of the emolument of the office to which he had been raised, and considering that many greater lords than he have families who are none too prosperous. For one of these relatives the Secretary of State obtained an appointment in the Victualling Office, and had him sent to Arras as commissaire. At that time the governors were in

the habit of undertaking the bread supply for their garrisons, and this official, observing that the bread which St. Preuil had made was neither of the weight nor the quality which it should have been, let the Court have notification of it. St. Preuil, who was aware that he had already mentioned the matter to one of his comrades, instead of attempting to check this abuse, which was not his fault, but that of the bakers, only devoted his energies to intercepting these letters. This he easily did, for everybody obeyed him in Arras as they might have the King himself. Directly he saw what was the tenour of the man's communication he set off to find him on the "place," where he was walking with some officers. There he gave him several blows with his cane, and further had him put in prison. When this came to the ears of Desnoyers, he immediately tried to persuade the Cardinal not to allow St. Preuil to play the "little tyrant" in this way, for otherwise, he declared, before very long he would cease to pay any attention to the orders of no matter whom. The Cardinal, who liked brave men and those who, like St. Preuil, made their main object the faithful service of his Majesty, was unwilling to condemn him without a hearing. He commanded him to liberate the commissaire of victualling, to send him to Court and clear himself of the accusations which the man claimed to make against him. This indeed would not have been very difficult, for if there were abuses connected with the bread supply, he had no hand in them. St. Preuil had made a contract with the bakers to furnish bread of the quality and weight which was right, but Heaven (whose ways are inscrutable to the wisest amongst us) having apparently determined to

punish him for the abduction he had carried out, it happened that, having some days later got into the saddle to go and surprise the enemy, which he had been told had sallied forth from Douai, he met the garrison of Bapaume, which had just surrendered to Meilleraye, and which was escorted only by one trumpeter. This was not customary, for, on the contrary, it had always been usual in all the capitulations which took place, either on our own or the Spanish side, that a corps of cavalry should be allotted as escort to those who had surrendered. But chance or the eccentricity of the maréchal having caused this deviation from custom, the scouts who had been told off on both sides to reconnoitre had to be shouted at again and again before they would answer the cry of "Who goes there?" with which they were greeted. Had it been daylight they might have recognised each other, but as it was the depth of night the French pressed the Spaniards to such an extent that at last they cried "Long live Spain!" An answer of this kind well deserved the fate which overtook them! Hardly had this cry been raised when St. Preuil gave the order to charge, and routed them before they could make known the presence of the escort. Why they did not speak before is uncertain: it may have been from obstinacy, or perhaps the confusion caused by the cries of the dying may have prevented anyone hearing their voices.

The survivors of this encounter, having retired to Douai in great disorder, had no sooner narrated what had happened to the officer in command, than he informed the Cardinal Infant. The prince in question immediately sent a courier to the Court to complain

of the incident, which he described as "terrible," being delighted to conceal everything which might in any way justify St. Preuil. He was aware that he had made himself enemies at Court, and as his Majesty possessed in all his fortresses no governor who had given him (the Cardinal Infant) more trouble, he would not have been sorry to have got rid of him. Desnoyers, who was still smarting under the injury done to his relative, conducted the courier to Cardinal de Richelieu, to whom he gave an exaggerated account of the affair in quite another way to that in which the Cardinal Infant had described it. To add to all this, the Maréchal de la Meilleraye wrote to the minister from where he still was to say that this occurrence was held in as bad odour by the French as by their enemies, who had sworn to in future grant no quarter to anyone if justice should not be done, and in consequence butcheries might be anticipated from them, while among our men it would be dangerous to stifle a resentment which appeared so natural to everybody that there was no one to condemn it. The Maréchal de Bresé, who also hated St. Preuil, being induced by his pride to participate in his son's grievances against him, no longer remained silent. Directly he heard what had happened he began to abuse him as others did, to such an extent that the Cardinal at last yielded to the expostulations of the enemies of St. Preuil and consented to have him arrested.

The order of arrest was sent to the Maréchal de la Meilleraye, who, in order to give no cause for suspicion to this governor, who might, had he heard of it, have held out in his fortress and called in the Spaniards to his assistance, made a pretence of

marching towards Douai. By so doing, his camp came naturally to be pitched at the gates of Arras, which was on the road. St. Preuil, although he entertained neither great respect nor friendship for the maréchal, could not help going out to pay him his respects, and on doing so De la Meilleraye himself seized him by the sword-belt and ordered him to surrender his sword. Anyone else than St. Preuil would have been very much astonished, or rather overcome, at such a terrible greeting as this; nevertheless, retaining not only his courage, but a presence of mind not ordinarily met with in such passes, "Here it is, monsieur," replied he; "all the same, it has never been drawn except in the King's service." He said this to make known, not only that he had always been faithful to his Majesty, but also to shame some persons then with the maréchal whom he had seen with arms in their hands on the side hostile to his Majesty at Castelnaudari. Besides, knowing that, far from these persons being friendly to him, they would not cease to incite the maréchal against him, he was not sorry to make them feel the difference there was between their mode of procedure and his own.

Directly St. Preuil had been arrested, the miller was spoken to with a view to his lodging a complaint about the abduction which he had effected. The man had almost forgotten about it, and the 1,000 crowns which he had received as a gift, and which had been further supplemented by other favours, had taken away all its sting. But as it is a very difficult thing to make people of low birth change their skins, no sooner did this miller see the governor in mis-

fortune, than all his jealousy and hatred against him revived. At the same time the maréchal, according to the powers received from his Eminence, established another governor in the place of the one deposed. The person he chose was a certain M. de la Tour, who was father of the Marquis de Torci of to-day. In conferring this dignity upon him, he told the Artesians that in the stead of the wolf whom he was relieving them of he gave them a lamb. This speech was not deemed in very good taste, for everyone could gather from it that he had had no small share in St. Preuil's disgrace, and had been his secret enemy. Nevertheless, his words were true if understood in a right sense. It must be understood that, of all the towns conquered up to that time, none had supported the change of masters so ill as Arras; therefore, the more loyal to the King that St. Preuil appeared, the more he seemed to the inhabitants to be a devouring wolf. Be this as it may, having been brought to Amiens to have the indictment against him drawn up, the Cardinal sent his commissaires, who at once set to work on it. This was a usage against which the "Parlements" had protested on many occasions, perhaps more on account of their own private interest than for that of the public. The first to introduce this method of procedure had been the Cardinal and the council of the King, who only wishing to see the sovereign authority at its supreme degree, had taken care not to raise any opposition, for it enabled them to do everything without anyone being able to stop them. The Maréchal de Marillac and many others had been tried and sentenced in this way, without any other crime having been imputed to them but that of having

dared to displease the Cardinal. Amongst others, a man called Grandier had been one of its unfortunate victims. It had been maintained that he was a sorcerer, and had sent a legion of demons into the religious sisterhood of Loudon. On this accusation the Sr. de Lauberdamont, who was at the head of these commissaires, had sentenced him to be burnt alive, against the opinion of many of his judges. In order to oblige them to agree with a sentence so devoid of justice, he had told them frankly that, should they oppose it with all the vigour with which respectable people ought to do, commissaires would be appointed, who would soon convict them of having had something to do with his sorceries, for the accused was no more a sorcerer than it was likely they individually were. He was much less wrong in speaking thus than in condemning an innocent man to death. Poor Grandier's only crime was having debauched three nuns, and, if he had made some demon enter their body, it could only have been that of impurity! As his judges had been, like himself, to see these nuns, and perhaps had intercourse with them as he had (for they were far from being vestals), the jurors hesitated for some time as to what was to be done, but in the end they were won over, and preferred to show themselves unjust by condemning an innocent man to running the risk of finding themselves in his shoes if they should try and save him. For after all they just as well as he might have been accused of being sorcerers, and goodness knows what would have happened then with his Eminence all-powerful as he was!

St. Preuil's case was much the same as that of the unfortunate Grandier. Thousands and thousands of

witnesses were brought against him, some from the government of Dourlens, which he held before that of Arras, and some from other places. The miller was several times confronted with him, and, although his only crime, like that of Grandier, was having displeased the ruling powers, he did not fail to have his head cut off.

On the return of the regiment of guards to Paris about this time, I found myself unable to lodge with my former landlady, because her husband had taken good care not to keep a room for me. All the same, he had not as yet collected sufficient money to pay me off, a circumstance which forced him to put a good face on my return. His wife I found even more loving than on my departure; and so, as she was in despair at not seeing me every minute, which formerly, at her own house, was the case, she did all she could to make me run her husband into every sort of expense, so as to make it impossible for him ever to clear my debt off. Her idea was that, by thus throwing his affairs into disorder, she would effect a separation, and that afterwards we could go and keep house together. This did not at all suit me, for although very willing to have a mistress, I did not thus wish to have her on my hands for many a long year. Besides, had I done such a thing, I should have been afraid of being punished by God for it, since I might just as well have strangled her as do what she suggested. Nevertheless, I saw her as often as I could, for although I was unable to stop myself from accusing the woman of being cruel to her husband, yet my own pride made me also excuse her, for I was well off as I was. It was not long before I told myself that all she did was for love of me, and that, had she liked me

less, I should have found nothing in her behaviour to criticise. The knowledge that I began to have of the feelings of her husband (whose jealousy, which had been slumbering while I was away, had reawakened on my return) led me to conceal my visits as much as I could. So well, indeed, did I manage, that he would have had great trouble to make sure of anything if he had not bribed one of his servants to let him know if we ever had any meetings.

This servant, who remained all day in the house, both while his master was there and when he was absent, observed me pay many visits without suspecting that his mistress was their cause. For as I only came in good company, and alleged the quality of the wine to be found in the cabaret as my reason, he thought me, for at least two or three months, more of a drunkard than a lover. My comrades with whom I went there, and who were aware of my intrigue, gave me the time necessary to satisfy the calls of love, while often envying my good fortune. By comrades I mean the Musketeers whose acquaintance I had made, and not the soldiers of the Guards. Porthos, who was my best friend, and had a mistress like mine—that is to say, a mistress who was young, pretty, well-made, and who, besides, gave him money—always arranged so that we were placed in a little room next that of the innkeeper's wife, so that I might not have far to go. When her husband was out she was mostly to be found there; indeed, she would have been always in her room had I not been the first to tell her that she ought to go downstairs from time to time for fear of rousing suspicion among her waiters. So much did she enjoy herself with me, that it was with difficulty I could persuade

her of this. For some time our stratagem succeeded, but eventually the waiter began to suspect the intrigue, either because of our being so insistent on taking the same room, or on account of the more than ordinary inclination of his mistress to go upstairs directly she knew that I was in the room I have spoken of. Had I known that the man had been bribed by his master I should not have had much trouble, either by means of gifts or threats, in making him exchange his master's service for my own; but I was far from having any idea of what was going on, for the man was always very jovial with all of us, and understood a good joke as well as anybody.

It happened one day that his suspicions were more aroused than usual by his having noticed on my entry the exchange of a good many glances between his mistress and myself. He therefore went several times very softly to the door of the room my friends and I had taken, to listen if he could still hear my voice within. What had made him so curious was that on many previous occasions, after exchanging glances with me such as he had that day observed, his mistress had gone upstairs without it seeming that she had much to do there. As long as the man heard my voice within the room where my comrades and I had been placed, he refrained from entering it, unless summoned for some purpose. But having on one of his spying excursions failed to hear it, he went in with the intention of seeing if I was there, and, if so, what the cause of my silence might be. My comrades were very astounded at his entering without having been called, but the waiter, who was shrewd and cunning, pretended that he had come to see if anything

was wanted. Directly he observed that I was not in the room, he felt sure that I had not gone far away. In due course of time he made his report to his master, and by so doing increased his jealousy so much, that he determined to serve me some bad turn. One day he invited me to dinner, and at the end of that meal, only himself, his wife and I being present, the waiter came to say that he was wanted. He thereupon begged me to excuse him, as he was obliged to leave.

This request I did not feel much sorrow in granting, nor, had he but known it, did his wife feel any particular grief at his departure. Meanwhile, he went up to his room, and concealing himself in a wardrobe, with two good pistols carefully loaded and primed, thought that it would be best for him to wait for me, for if his wife and myself were really guilty, as he was ready to swear, we should shortly make our appearance in his chamber. What made him think this was that the room where he had left us was in no way suited to love-making, being only separated from the cabaret by a partition, which was glass half-way up. In consequence, one could look into it from the cabaret, and, of course, those there could see into the room, unless the curtains should be drawn. This was at the time of year when the days are shortest.

I had arranged a rendezvous at the inn with Athos and another Musketeer called Briqueville, so that, should I find no opportunity of saying a word to my mistress on account of her husband's presence, their arrival might, at any rate, be the means of my doing so. I knew very well that the sight of a creditor is always an unpleasant one to his debtor, and that thus, when the innkeeper saw Athos, to whom he was in-

debted, he would either leave us in peace, or else entertain his creditor with so many attentions that I should probably find a moment wherein to do what I wished. It was only at five in the evening that Athos and Briqueville arrived, and as it had been nearly four o'clock when the innkeeper had left us, there was plenty of time for him to bore and cool himself in the place where he was concealed. All the same he waited resolutely, for it had been arranged between him and his waiter that he should have word if I by chance went out. Consequently he was well assured of my being still with his wife, as he had not had any message brought him. Directly Athos and Briqueville arrived we were put in the little room which we usually occupied; I had previously told the waiter to reserve it for us, knowing my friends would come, and reckoning on thus facilitating my flirtation. When the innkeeper heard us there he was delighted, for it is an especial trait of jealous people that they enjoy only what makes them discover their misfortune. Jealousy is a malady which cannot be overcome. In truth, it is a depraved taste, which makes us hate what we should love and love what we should hate. All a jealous man really seeks is to see his wife or mistress in the arms of a rival. Everything that confirms the suspicions which he has got into his head charms him beyond measure, nor is he ever sated with verifying his own misfortune.

Shortly afterwards, the innkeeper's wife went upstairs, and, having left her door ajar so that I might enter according to my custom, she no sooner perceived me than she threw herself upon me with many embraces. Like the passionate lover I was, I began to

respond to her caresses, when I imagined I heard someone moving in the closet. This caused me to give her a wink, and she understanding what my meaning was, we both stopped short in our transports as if struck by a blow from a club. The noise which I had heard was the innkeeper, who, not being able to hear what we were saying, was trying to look through the keyhole, with a view of observing what was going on. He must have been well aware of my presence, or at least he must have suspected it, for he could not have failed to have heard someone following his wife into the room. Anyhow, seeing us approaching closely to one another (although he could but see up to our waists from his place of concealment), he suddenly threw open the door of the closet and at once saluted me with a pistol-shot. He was in such a hurry to be revenged that he missed his shot, for instead of, as he had calculated, the bullet's hitting me in the body, it passed more than ten paces away. At the same time I threw myself upon him, for fear of his being more successful with the second shot than he had been with the first. My paramour could not come to my assistance, as immediately she had seen her husband with a pistol in each hand she had fainted. Athos and Briqueville, on hearing the shot, were in little doubt as to what had happened, and attempted to come to my help, but, as I had locked the door after entering the room, they were unable to succeed in opening it, and, although they tried to break it in with kicks, all their efforts were in vain. Meanwhile, the innkeeper and I had collared one another. All my endeavours were directed towards making him drop his pistol without being wounded by it, and also to

stop his getting his hand upon my sword, which I had had no time to draw. Eventually I succeeded in doing both. All this time, Athos and Briqueville were crying "thieves" out of the window. They were ignorant of whether I had been wounded or not by the shot, and were naturally disturbed.

The commissaire of the district arrived with some archers he had hastily got together, and, as at that time Musketeers were held in much esteem and fear, no sooner had Athos and Briqueville had a word with him than he promised to chastise my jealous antagonist should I be discovered to have sustained the least scratch. This commissaire having come to the door where we were, I was able to open it without any hindrance, for the innkeeper had by this time retired into the closet, where he was reloading his pistols which I had been unable to wrest from him. When first the officer made his entry, he thought that my sweetheart was dead, for she did not show the slightest movement of hands or feet, but on my assurance that her husband's shots had passed very wide of her, and that she was only in a faint, he at once betook himself to the closet with a view to ordering the man within to open it. This the innkeeper refused to do, giving as his reason that there was no blame attaching to him, but only to myself, whom he had found in bed with his wife. This the commissaire half believed, although it was not true, for if I had the inclination, I had yet not had the time, as the husband himself might have testified if he had wished to tell the truth.

In spite of what the commissaire said, he absolutely refused to open the closet, and, as he had retained a little of that assurance which the profession of arms,

of which he had for some time been a member, imparts, he replied very roughly or very brutally (I do not know which), that should he try and meddle with what was not his business, he would not find his dress protect him much, adding that his office would be a good deal more important than it was if it gave him the right of taking charge of all cuckolds, of whom he himself, unfortunately, was one. As a good friend, he counselled him to withdraw, unless he wished harm to befall him. It was his right, the innkeeper continued, to correct his wife when she failed in her duty, without interference from anyone else. All he asked was that I should be taken out of the house, for although it might not exactly be the duty of the commissaire, yet he must know that the sight of a man who had dishonoured his household could not be a pleasant one for a husband. In short, he shouted a thousand speeches of this kind through the door, interspersed with threats, that should the door be broken open by force, as the commissaire appeared to intend, he would not be responsible for the consequences. All this enraged the officer, who was a petulant man. He ordered his archers to force the door, which having been quickly effected, the innkeeper singled out the commissaire among everyone else with the intention of making good the threats he had uttered. Before the door was quite broken in, he aimed at him, but his pistol missing fire, owing to the priming having fallen off before he could replace it, he was immediately assailed by all who were there. One of the archers gave him a blow with a great cudgel on the arm, and, having thus caused the pistol to fall from his hand, threw himself upon him before he was able to recover from the blow. He was

soon taken off to the "Châtelet" (a prison), and a guard put over his house.

This did not please me, for it was not possible to ruin the man without at the same time ruining his wife, my mistress. Consequently, I begged Athos to say a word about the matter to M. de Treville, who was brother-in-law of a lawyer bearing a high reputation in the Parlement. In reply, M. de Treville told him that if I continued to get myself talked of as I had done since my arrival from Bearn, my reputation would before long spread far and wide. He had been under the impression, he added, that all I cared about was quarrelling; but now he perceived, from what he heard, that I went in for debauching people's wives as well. Athos must let me know from him that neither the one nor the other was pleasing to the King.

This was a lecture M. de Treville was well pleased to give me, the more so as he always affected to be a moral man, either because he really was one, which I would not for a moment doubt, or only kept up the appearance. He knew that in this he pleased the King, who was a God-fearing prince, and innocent of any intrigues. The fact was, his Majesty, who perceived his health declining, did not expect to live much longer, and sought in good time to end his life in a Christian way, so as not to have reason to be afraid of that last moment which must make kings, more than the rest of the world, tremble on account of the vast responsibility in their hands. Truly, the greater the part one may have played in the conduct of affairs, the more thorough must be the account to be rendered, even if only of the blood which the most pacific of

monarchs must shed in the wars he undertakes. In this there must be more than enough to trouble them when they come to think seriously about the matter.

When Athos heard M. de Treville's words, he concluded that I need look to him for but little help on this occasion. Accordingly, he hardly knew what to say in my defence, sensibly judging that one must have a moment's patience if one wishes to view everything aright. M. de Treville, after speaking thus, ended by declaring that, although my offence and the woman's merited no intervention in our favour, yet, on account of the unfortunate husband, it was only right that something should be done, for he had suffered misfortune enough in having been cuckolded and beaten, without anyone taking further trouble to ruin him. He would, he said, speak to his brother-in-law about him, so that before long he might receive some help. The brother-in-law he mentioned was a conseiller in the Grande Chambre, and as magistrates like him had begun already to enjoy great powers, which subsequently much increased, and which lasted till such time as it pleased the King (as I will presently relate) to place limits upon them, the conseiller without any ceremony went himself to the Châtelet, where he directed the prisoner to be brought before him. The gaoler immediately ordered his turnkeys to go and fetch him, and being duly brought into the room where this magistrate had been conducted, he interrogated him in the gaoler's presence as to the reason of his arrest. The prisoner answered that its cause was his not having been able to bear being made a cuckold with equanimity, and having wished to eject from his house the author of his

shame, a circumstance which had made some noise in the neighbourhood, and led to the instant arrival of the commissaire, who, instead of taking the side on which justice lay, had defended the adultery of his wife, and had in pursuance of this course taken him off to prison without even consenting to discuss what good reason there might have been for his having acted in the manner which he had described.

The magistrate, who knew the truth of all this from his brother-in-law, but who took care not to confirm the man's suspicions, for in so doing he would have been further inciting him against his wife and myself, told him that, notwithstanding the appearance which matters often wore, yet they should not be judged by one's first opinion of them, for when looked thoroughly into, it often happened that their nature changed, especially in affairs of jealousy such as this. Besides, many people had whims in which there was often more obstinacy than reason. His profession of innkeeper, added the conseiller, would of its very nature expose his wife to the chaff of those who frequented his hostelry; on this account she could not be called unchaste, even though she might pretend to listen. Rather was it to be believed that she did so only to retain the custom of the babblers, without in any way thinking of them carnally. He had been wrong to take such alarm at so little, for which wise people must always blame him. For his own part, the magistrate continued, he was not without pity for his plight, and that was why he would extricate him from it, provided that he gave a promise to be more prudent in future, and would effect a reconciliation with his

wife; he must be aware that she came of a good family, which was another reason that he should believe that she was neither the sort of woman to bring dishonour upon herself nor to dishonour him at the same time.

The prisoner, who already was much disturbed at having a "stone doublet," and who in addition feared that the law would eat up all his property and send him on to the street, promised everything that was required of him. When the magistrate saw him so obedient to his wishes, he ordered the gaoler to bring the register, and having there and then liberated the man (according to the powers which at that time the conseillers of the Grande Chambre had arrogated to themselves), allowed him to leave the prison without any other legal forms. Subsequently he took him to his house, where, his wife having been sent for, the couple were confronted one with another after M. de Treville and the conseiller had given her a private lecture. Before sending her into the room in which was her husband, she received instructions from them as to what she was to say. They told her that, although themselves unwilling to believe her guilty, yet when she should find herself in his presence, she might be agitated and off her guard, so it would be best for her to maintain that her sole fault had been "the necessity which her trade entailed of being pleasant to everybody"; further, she might declare to him that were he to place her in a position in life in which she need open her door to no one, he would soon find but small cause for uneasiness. The husband pretended to be satisfied with these excuses, so as not to appear ungrateful for the favour which he had just received from

the magistrate. Besides, there was still another he wanted—the removal of the guard from his house, which the next day was done, all his things being found just as they had been left.

Eight days had now elapsed since I had allowed myself to see my mistress; but, besides the scandal which had taken place having deterred me, M. de Treville had forbidden my doing so after having given me a good blowing up. For some time I dared not disobey his orders, but when one is young, as I was, and in one's full vigour, nothing seems to be equal to love, and I soon forgot his injunctions in order to go and satisfy my passions. I managed to see the innkeeper's wife some ten or twelve times at the house of one of her intimate friends without the husband suspecting anything. It was her wish that I should stir up Athos to obtain the repayment of what her husband owed, so that in case of further quarrels I should at least be in possession of the money wherewith to assist her in her need. I promised to do all she wanted, determining the while to execute but the half of my promise. I certainly did have a demand made upon my debtor for payment, but I would not consent to his being thrown upon the streets should he be unable to pay the money. Consequently, negotiations continued for some time, which did not displease me, for as the innkeeper had to put up with the presence of Athos at his house as long as he was in his debt, I was able in consequence of this to send as many letters as I liked to my mistress.

IV

THE winter having passed as I have described, the King sent a portion of his regiment of guards to Roussillon, the conquest of which had been mapped out during the preceding campaign. The little province in question had become absolutely essential to us, in order to retain Catalonia, where everything had to be transported by sea as long as it remained in the hands of the Spaniards; for, being situated between Languedoc and Catalonia on this side of the Pyrenees, and as it was from Languedoc only that everything of which Catalonia stood in need could be obtained, there was an absolute necessity for our freeing ourselves from the restrictions we were under, which were besides the more irksome on account of the Spaniards being at that time as powerful at sea as ourselves. The remainder of our regiment remained with the King, so as to accompany him in this expedition, in which he wished to join. Truly an extraordinary project; for the soldiers, after having made such a long journey, might have been judged sufficiently fatigued to be more in want of rest than of undertaking a fresh labour. There was indeed a mystery

at the bottom of all this, a mystery which I think I should throw light upon before proceeding further.

M. Le Cardinal de Richelieu was certainly one of the greatest men there has been for a long time, not only in France, but in all Europe. Nevertheless, in spite of his good qualities, he had some bad ones, such as being too fond of revenge and of domineering over all the nobles by the exercise of a power as absolute as if he had been the King himself. For instance, under pretence of exalting the royal authority to its highest point, he had so raised his own, by making use of the King's name, that he had become odious to everybody. The princes of the blood, whose power he was the first to abase (a power which the present King has succeeded in utterly destroying), could not bear him, for he had shown no more consideration for them than for anyone else. The Duc d'Orléans, who had always plotted against him whenever he had found an opportunity, was ready to do so again when another should occur; nor did the Prince de Condé like him any better, although he had married the Duc d'Anguien to his niece. The nobles, whose enemy he had always declared himself to be, had much the same feelings about his Eminence, and to finish up with, the Parlements liked him no better, because of his having (as I have before said) restricted their authority by establishing commissaires, whom he nominated, when anybody was to be tried; besides, he had abused them by increasing the power of the Council.

The Cardinal, who was the most diplomatic of men, had very cleverly utilised the King's jealousy of the Duc d'Orléans to make him agree to all these

innovations, and approve of all the measures he had inaugurated against the latter. Nor had he found any difficulty in doing so, for he pretended that it was all for the public good, which served him as a wonderful excuse. As to the abasing of individuals, that the King had been easily brought to consent to, having been made to understand that it was for his own good, which indeed was true. His Majesty was not so unenlightened as not to perceive that the more the nobles, as well as the Parlements were humbled, the more formidable would his own authority become, for they were the only parties in a position to contest it. Nevertheless, as the minister knew that, in spite of all this being advantageous to the King, he was just the sort of man to easily take offence at anything of his contriving, he always took care that there should be persons about his Majesty to attribute any bad imputations which might be cast upon his conduct to the hatred which a close attachment to the royal interests entailed.

At that time there was in attendance on the King a young man who, although only in his one-and-twentieth year, yet did not fail to exercise great influence. He was a son of the Maréchal d'Effiat, who, at seventeen years of age, had been made a captain in the Guards, then Master of the King's Wardrobe, and finally "Grand Écuyer of France." Never had anyone had such luck! The King could not do without him for a minute, and would send for him directly he was out of sight. He even went so far as to make him share his couch, as he might have done a mistress, and seemed to forget that so great a familiarity, especially with a person of his years

(which were very different from his own) was not only derogatory to his dignity as a King, but might eventually give him reasons for regret. In short, as wisdom and youth seldom go well together, everything was to be feared from a young man who already forget himself to such an extent that, instead of attempting by his amiability to deserve the honours with which his Majesty loaded him, was sometimes so foolhardy (or to speak correctly, insolent) as to dare tell his friends that he would rather not be in such high favour, and enjoy more freedom. People did not venture to report this speech of his to the King, probably more from fear of displeasing his Majesty than from any love of this favourite; for as charity exerts no sway at Court, the favour he enjoyed produced plenty of people who were quite jealous enough to have ruined him, had that virtue been the only obstacle in their way.

The young man I have spoken of bore the name of Cinqmars, after a property which his father possessed near the river Loire. It was the Cardinal himself who had installed him at Court as a man devoted to his service, for he was a friend of his father's, towards whose promotion he had contributed in no small degree. For the house of Effiat, far from being one of the most ancient in the kingdom, was of such recent rise that it should have had every reason to be well content with its luck, considering what its origin was. All these reasons obliged the favourite to keep well in with the benefactor of his father and of himself, but wishing to become duc and peer, and to marry the Princess Marie, the daughter of the Duc de Nevers (who has since been Queen of Poland), he no sooner perceived that the Cardinal was secretly opposed to his

designs, and even occasionally made little secret of his opposition, than he almost immediately forgot all his kindnesses. His Eminence was the more pained at this ingratitude on account of his being so much about the King, with whom he feared, instead of doing him good, as he had promised when he had placed him there, he might now exert his influence in a malicious way. Consequently, his hatred and jealousy increased every moment, and relations between the two became so embittered that neither could support the other.

The King, who did not care for the Cardinal at all, was very pleased at this misunderstanding, and took pleasure in all his favourite told him to his prejudice. Yet, as in spite of his dislike he saw that this minister was indispensable to him for the welfare of his kingdom, he did not cease altogether to make use of him, although Cinqmars from time to time importuned him to bestow his place upon someone else. Finally, this favourite, perceiving that the King turned a deaf ear to his attacks, and that the minister more than ever opposed his designs to such an extent that, notwithstanding the good terms he was on with his Majesty, there seemed no more chance of his obtaining the Princess Marie, whom he loved passionately, than of procuring a brevet of duc and peer, formed the determination to get rid of his Eminence by having him assassinated, as that appeared the sole method of getting him out of the way. He consequently resolved to kill him, being under the impression that when he had accomplished that deed, there would be little difficulty in procuring pardon from a prince who not only loved him, but, in addition, bitterly hated his enemy. Moreover, he believed that the cause of the

King's toleration of the Cardinal was fear rather than good nature; for, on his mentioning the subject, his Majesty had remarked with reference to the question of getting rid of him, "that what he was suggesting would be very difficult," for he did not realise that the minister was master of all the fortresses of his realm, and of all the forces, both military and naval, which were commanded by his relatives and friends, whom he could order to revolt at any moment and as often as he chose. Accordingly, he felt sure that when he had killed the Cardinal, the King would be the first to rejoice at his death, far from entertaining any idea of revenging it; so, growing more and more determined in his resolution, his only care was to associate Treville with himself in his plot, so that he might be more certain of bringing it to a sure conclusion. The interest which the latter would naturally have in being anxious for the destruction of the Cardinal (who by all the means in his power opposed his advancement to the highest honours, an advancement which his Majesty had shown he favoured) made him not unnaturally believe that its proposal would be equivalent to its immediate acceptance.

Treville, however, who was wise and cautious, on being approached about the subject, replied that he had never been concerned in affairs of assassination, and that the only reason for his undertaking such a thing would be his Majesty's own assurance that he desired it for the good of the State. In reply Cinqmars told him that if that was all he was waiting for, he should soon be satisfied, "yes, and before twice twenty-four hours should have elapsed," adding that he was ready to accept his word only on that

condition. Treville gave it without reflecting what he was doing, either from the belief that the King would never agree to such a thing, especially as he did nothing but complain every day of having, as was true, brought about the death of Maréchal d'Ancre, or because he allowed himself to yield to his resentment a little too much. Cinqmars no sooner obtained his promise than he proceeded to sound his Majesty on the subject. The King, who was ingenuous, admitted to him that he would not be overcome by grief at the loss of his Eminence, little thinking that the proposition put to him covered a plot. He imagined that what had been said was a mere speculation, much as one asks anyone whether he would be pleased or glad should such or such a thing occur.

Be this as it may, Cinqmars, taking advantage of his words, went to find Treville, and requested him to help persuade his Majesty to retain near his person part of his regiment of guards, which might be needed before long to carry out their enterprise; he could, he went on, should he choose to do so, sound the King about what he had spoken of, in anticipation of the time when his Majesty should in a formal manner express the wish, the existence of which he had mentioned. Treville, who would have been just as glad as himself to have the Cardinal put out of the way, got his Majesty upon the subject that very day, who said nothing inconsistent with what Cinqmars had attempted to persuade him of, and in consequence, he duly carried out his promise of getting the King to keep a part of our regiment by him for the safety of his person. His Majesty himself ordered the colonel of the guards to leave

some companies of his corps with him, while the remainder took the road for Roussillon. M. de Treville contrived that the company commanded by his brother-in-law should be of those which did not go. This was the company he trusted more than any other, and in an undertaking of such importance as the one he was now engaging in, it was essential for him to be sure of being neither abandoned nor betrayed.

Cinqmars, who, young as he was, was already well acquainted with all the procedure which people learn by habit at Court—Cinqmars, I repeat, who already knew well enough how to deceive and pass off his becks and smiles as proofs of sincerity, reckoned that, instead of having Treville told all that he had promised, it would be enough if the King were to speak to him as he had to himself. Treville, who had heard the King say as much as that not once, but more than a hundred times, was not as satisfied as he had expected. He was desirous of his Majesty's being more explicit. However, after the matter had dragged on and on for some time, it was decided that the attempt should be made at Nemours. De Treville only consented on the promise of the other that he would make the King speak as he had said he would, which promise Cinqmars gave, thinking to keep him satisfied, and force him, in spite of himself, to carry out what he wanted without having given the matter much thought.

On the arrival of the Court at Melun, Treville challenged Cinqmars to keep his word, which the latter put off doing until they reached Fontainebleau, where the King was to stay for a day. He did indeed

speak of the project to his Majesty, and even went so far as to urge him to give his consent; but the King showing signs of horror at it, and having replied that he would not even entertain its discussion, Cinqmars concealed his answer from Treville, and told him that his Majesty had said that "half a word should be enough, without a king's being obliged to give a definite command in an affair of this kind." This was the way, he said, that the Maréchal de Vitry had understood what was to be done when he had got rid of the Maréchal d'Ancre. In that case, the Connétable de Luines had but said to the King that he was sure he would be very grateful to anyone who might rid him of the maréchal, with whom he had no cause to be pleased, and he had answered neither yes nor no; but all the same, the Maréchal de Vitry had drawn his own inferences, for he had always heard it said that not to oppose anything decidedly was to give one's consent to it; besides, he was well aware of the King's opinion about the matter, and, therefore, did not like to commit an almost unparalleled indiscretion by asking him to declare his feelings, which a subject should never ask his prince to do.

Treville was not at all satisfied with this answer, and, although all arrangements were already made for this assassination, he broke away from participating in it directly he perceived that the King was not a consenting party. Cinqmars, towards whom the Cardinal continued to manifest his ill-will, was in despair at this, being under the impression that, once he had put him out of the world, he would find no further obstacle in the way of either his love-making or his ambition, so, persisting in his project of destroying

him at no matter what price, he had a dagger made wherewith to kill him himself. This he hung on the pommel of his sword, as was the custom of that day, which surprised the whole Court, as it was aware that if truly this fashion were becoming general, it was more so among soldiers than courtiers. The Cardinal became suspicious, having been warned by someone of the plot. Consequently, he was obliged to be on his guard, and to remain as little as possible alone with Cinqmars. As luck would have it, however, the two enemies found themselves alone together twice during the journey, but in spite of the resolve the favourite had formed, he felt himself so abashed when the time came to commit the crime, that no strength remained to him wherewith to make use of the dagger made for no other purpose than to take the life of his Eminence.

The Court having eventually finished the journey by easy stages, the Cardinal, who perceived that the King was allowing himself to yield to the wicked counsels of his favourite, became quite ill from grief at it, and was obliged to make a halt at Narbonne, where, thinking he was about to die, he caused a clause to be put in his will, which he had made some time ago, to the effect "that there were fifteen hundred thousand francs belonging to the King, of which his Majesty knew nothing, for at the commencement of his assumption of office he had deemed it necessary to form this little reserve, so that at any given time it might be used for the necessities of the kingdom. On many occasions it had come in very useful, and, having never been collected with a view to his own personal profit, but entirely for that of the King, he hoped that his Majesty would be more obliged than scandalised."

Nevertheless, M. de Cinqmars, who, although he was lacking in courage to destroy the Cardinal in the manner he had planned, yet forgot nothing which might ruin him, tried as hard as he could to cast suspicions on the real character of this reserve fund, pointing out to the King that the Cardinal would never have spoken of it had he not believed himself about to die, and that it was but fear of the judgment of God which had made him make its existence known.

After a slight relapse, the Cardinal betook himself to the camp before Perpignan, where the King had already gone some days previously. Before his arrival, the place in question was being besieged by the Maréchaux de Schomberg and de la Meilleraye. But, although the first-named was the senior, it was to the latter that nearly all the honour was accorded. This displeased Schomberg, who was of much higher rank, and, attributing the preference to the relationship which existed between the Maréchal de la Meilleraye and the Cardinal, he secretly declared himself an enemy of both. So, knowing that Cinqmars was not among the Cardinal's friends, he began to negotiate privately with him.

The arrival of his Eminence changed the King's mind about him. This prince, far from being immovable in his ideas, as to-day we observe in the case of the King his son, possessed this bad quality, that he was easily led by those who had the last word with him. This being so, his confidence in the Cardinal revived all of a sudden. It is true that the Maréchal de la Meilleraye, of whom the King thought he had need in this meeting, helped his Eminence not a little to make his peace with his Majesty. He made the

latter understand that the reports circulated by the minister's enemies about the reserve fund which I have just mentioned, were shameful things even to be dreamt of about one who had always sacrificed himself for the good of the State, and that still more was it something of an impertinence to spread such rumours, since the calumny fell to pieces of itself. Without these precautions of the Cardinal, Corbie would never have been recaptured as easily as it was in 1636, nor the passage of Suse forced some years before. A secret of this kind must, he declared, be legitimate for a minister, since everyone knew that, whenever a prince was certain of money being in his treasury, he was the first to withdraw it, without very often giving himself the trouble of thinking what was to be done in the future.

This maréchal, who had only just taken Couillure, a seaport on the Mediterranean, and who was about to do the same thing with Perpignan, having by these feats of war increased his powers of persuasion far more than by all the reasons with which he attempted to support his contentions, Cinqmars became so much enraged in consequence that his brain began to reel. Instead of waiting till the King again changed his mind, according to his usual mode, which showed itself in most of its actions, he determined to cause an army of Spaniards to enter France. He knew that they would be always ready for this, directly they were summoned by anyone in whom they could place confidence; so, thinking of nothing else but getting people as evil-minded as himself to join him, his resolve obtained the approval of the Duc d'Orléans and Maréchal Schomberg. The Duc de Bouillon, who

was always ready to foment disturbance in the State, for the reasons which have before been given, also entered into the plot. All being arranged, and success being the only thing wanting, Fontrailles, one of the friends of Cinqmars, who shared his secret, made a pretence of singling out one of the principal officers of the army to dispute with, so as to have some cause for crossing into Spain. This stratagem turned out as had been arranged, for Fontrailles, having not only made an attack upon the officer I have spoken of before a lot of people, but also challenged him to fight a duel, no sooner learnt that an order for his arrest had been issued (which was the only thing which could have happened after the scandal he had caused) than he set out for Spain.

Although Cinqmars behaved in this shameful way, which could not fail to ruin him in the King's estimation, he did not cease to recommence those methods of cajolery and flattery with his Majesty which he had several times been observed to be about to abandon. At this the King's friendship for him blazed up afresh, and, knowing that his Majesty's suspicions were easily aroused at almost nothing, he began to frighten him about the excessive power which rested in the hands of his Eminence. He declared that he was master of the sea by reason of the admiralty which he had established in his own house; and no less powerful on land, his brother-in-law, the Marquis de Bresé, could seize Catalonia when he chose, for through the Cardinal he had been granted the viceroyalty; besides, the army now before Perpignan was entirely under the orders of the Maréchal de Meilleraye, although in appearance it had another

chief; the commanders in Flanders were likewise the husbands of his nieces. To such a pass had things come, said Cinqmars, that, as most of the provincial governors were in the hands of persons entirely devoted to the Cardinal, it might be affirmed the only thing left for him to do was to seize the Crown.

Less than this was necessary to send the King into a passion; accordingly, having that very day eyed the minister as sourly as possible, his Eminence was the more surprised, knowing how free the King was from the dissimulation ordinarily present in all Courts. Things became worse on the following days, and Cinqmars, noticing that he was getting alarmed, had him secretly warned to take measures for his safety in good time, otherwise something worse than anyone could tell him of might happen.

The Cardinal had always shown a bold front in all the worst predicaments in which he had been placed during his tenure of the ministry. At the time of the capture of Corbie his enemies had spread the rumour that the populace were accusing him of being the cause of all the disorders of the State, and that on his appearance in public he would fall a victim to their resentment. He, however, had feared these threats so little that he had got into his carriage quite alone, and gone for a drive all over Paris. Perhaps his bravery on that occasion may have been produced by the certain knowledge of the falsity of all these rumours, or the idea that the populace often threatens the absent before whom they tremble when they are confronted with them. In any case, this minister did not think that this was the same sort of affair, for he had now to deal with a favourite who was not only insolent on

account of his privileges, but also capable of undertaking anything against him, since he had openly accused the Cardinal of being the sole obstacle to the gratification of his love and vanity. His Eminence therefore pretended to be much more indisposed than he had been at Narbonne. On this pretext he begged the King's permission to return there, and, on his Majesty granting it, instead of stopping in that place, he went straight through to Tarascon, for he did not deem himself safe there. He had even resolved to retire further off, according as to what the information received from Court might be, for he yet possessed some friends there, notwithstanding that he had played tricks on a good many people.

No sooner was Cinqmars assured of his departure than M. de Thou, Councillor of State, whom he had told in secret as a private friend what Fontrailles had gone to Spain about, pointed out to him that he had been in a little too much of a hurry, and advised him, now that he had driven his enemy away, to be content with such a triumph without persisting in an enterprise which would make him a criminal in the King's eyes, if he ever came to know of it. He should, he added, bring about Fontrailles' return as speedily as possible, and order him to find some pretext for breaking off the negotiations he had sketched out. To this Cinqmars replied that matters had gone too far now for that to be done, for the Spaniards were just the people to take advantage of his secret, if they should perceive that he wanted to make sport of them. He even made use of the following expression (to show M. de Thou that he was no longer a free agent), "that now the wine was

decanted, it must be drunk"; besides, he added, the King wanted one thing one moment and another the next, so no reliance could be placed upon the present bent of his mind. M. de Thou could make no reply to this, perceiving that Cinqmars was only moved by bad reasons or rather by an obstinacy which so manifestly threatened his ruin. Nevertheless, he said all that he thought right on the subject, but as it produced no impression, he allowed matters to drift with the current, seeing that he could not stop them.

No sooner had the Cardinal arrived at Tarascon than his friends sent him word that Cinqmars still continued to ruin him in the estimation of his Majesty, that the two were always jeering at him together, and that if this state of things should last they did not know what would come of it. Already people spoke of making him render an account of all the sums of money raised during his ministry. He was openly accused of having converted a part of this money to his own private profit, and in connection with this many exaggerations were current as to what he had spent at Richelieu, at Ruel, and at his Cardinal's palace. Some even declared that his Majesty ought not to be very obliged to him for the gift of this palace in his will, since it partook more of a restitution than a gift!

The Cardinal was alarmed at these reports, and regarded them as being the forerunner of some misfortune which could not fail to be disastrous to him, for when once ministers fall they only fall from a great height. Nevertheless, as he had resources in his mental powers which were denied to others, he braced them up to such a pitch that he had hopes of

some day being able to recall to his Majesty the need in which he had always stood of his services when any knotty question had arisen. As the enemy was in great force in Flanders, and the Comte d'Harcourt and the Maréchal de Grammont, who each commanded separate armies, were only there upon the defensive, the Cardinal sent word to the latter to make some false move, from the consequences of which he might only extricate himself by a disgraceful flight. He did not dare ask so much of the other maréchal, because the care of his reputation, which he had raised to the highest point by an infinite number of great deeds, weighed more with him than any desire he might have had of being agreeable. The Maréchal de Grammont, who had not so much to be careful of, did not show himself so scrupulous, and did what his Eminence desired. The enemy immediately charged, and he took such extraordinary trouble to save himself, that the day became known as the "day of spurs," otherwise the defeat of Harcourt.

No sooner did the King have news of this catastrophe than he ceased to have any further desire to crack jokes with Cinqmars. He regretted the absence of the Cardinal, whose counsel in such straits he deemed absolutely necessary. He even sent courier after courier to make him return, sending him word to take steps for the safety of the frontier, which was about to be exposed to the ravages of the Spaniards now that there was no longer any army to keep them in check. The Cardinal, enchanted at his scheme having been so successful, set out neither on the arrival of the first nor of the second courier, wishing the mischief to become even more serious before applying any

remedy. He allowed the enemy to do some portion of what is usually done when a great victory has been won. The King, who found himself more than two hundred leagues from the scene of disaster, and who had always relied on his minister for most things, finding himself more powerless than ever to put matters to rights, sent him fresh couriers to order him to hasten his departure. The Cardinal, however, hurried himself no more than before, and, continuing to behave as if he was ill, sent word to the King that he was in such a pitiable state that it was impossible for him to obey without running the danger of dying on the way. The trouble which he had undergone a little while ago had changed him so much that it was easy for him to make any account of his malady seem plausible; besides, to speak the truth, he had recently been suffering from hæmorrhoids, which had distressed him greatly for some time.

The King was just on the point of setting out to go and visit him, and would indubitably have done so had not Cinqmars, who wanted at all risks to prevent his seeing the Cardinal, declared that should he leave the camp, if only for a short time, the progress of the siege, instead of proceeding well, would soon fall into extraordinary disorder. In connection with this he was told that the jealousy existing between the Maréchal de Schomberg and the Maréchal de la Meilleraye might shortly occasion some strange things to happen, which only his presence could prevent. To such a degree was this the case, that the conquest or loss of the fortress depended only upon the resolution he might adopt in the present position of affairs. The Maréchal de la Meilleraye was dreadfully unpopular among all

the soldiers on account of his unbearable vanity; every day disputes occurred between him and his principal officers, so much so, that if only to rob him of the glory with which he looked forward to covering himself by the capture of the town, they had ceased to take much heed of doing their duty.

This speech, which appeared based upon truth, for the maréchal had really a great opinion of himself, threw the King into extraordinary perplexity. Meanwhile, just as he thought that all was lost, the Cardinal got news of what Fontrailles (who had returned from Spain) had gone there to do. This information came to him from Italy, where was the Duc de Bouillon, to whom his Majesty had confided the command of his troops in that country. It is believed that a servant of the duc (who was his pensioner), and to whom his master told everything, from a belief of the impossibility of his being unfaithful, gave the Cardinal this news. Directly his Eminence received it, together with a copy of the treaty, which was sent him at the same time as an added proof of its truth, he set out from Tarascon to go and find the King. M. de Chavigny, a secretary of state, whom Cinqmars had never been able to win over, announced his arrival to his Majesty. He himself had been told of it by a special courier, who had added that the Cardinal was bringing with him something wherewith to confound his enemies. Chavigny, who was one of the good friends of M. Fabert, told him in confidence, and he in his turn, as a friend of the Maréchal de Schomberg, told him, so that he might as soon as possible abandon the friendship of an individual whom he believed lost. He was aware of the intimacy which had existed for some time between

the maréchal and M. de Cinqmars, and had no fears but that his information would be taken in good part, especially as there yet remained time in which to profit by it.

The maréchal was very astonished when he heard what Fabert had to say, for he was, he knew, a sincere man, and one incapable of imposing upon anyone. A moment later he sent for Fontrailles to tell him what he had just learnt. Fontrailles answered him in reply that his words caused him no surprise, for he had already suspected that something of importance was about to occur, because for some days the King had not looked as kindly at Cinqmars as had been his usual custom. Here he spoke the truth, but what the maréchal had told him was not the cause; all his Majesty's ill humour had been occasioned by the defeat of the Maréchal de Grammont. Nevertheless, as everything inspires fear in those who are guilty, this was quite enough to cause both of them to make up their minds. The maréchal, pretending illness, left the army, so that he might from afar observe on whom the storm which had threatened himself would fall, while Fontrailles followed his example after attempting to persuade Cinqmars not to await the thunderbolt.

No sooner had the Cardinal arrived before Perpignan, and informed the King of what he had discovered, than his Majesty had Cinqmars arrested. At the same time orders were sent for the arrest of M. de Bouillon. This arrest was very adroitly carried out by M. de Couvonges, to whom it had been entrusted by the Comte de Plessis, the commander of the King's troops in that district. M. de Thou was also arrested, and being taken to Lyons with M. de Cinqmars, their

trial was taken in hand and completed. Both were condemned to lose their heads, one for attempting to make the enemy enter the kingdom, and the other for having been aware of the plot and not having revealed it. As to M. de Bouillon, there was much talk of his meeting with the same fate; but, as he had the wherewithal to ransom his life, he got out of the business by giving up his fortress of Sedan. Fabert, who for some years had paid court to the Cardinal, was invested with that governorship, which many officers of more consideration than himself had begged for.

The Cardinal did not long survive this triumph. The hæmorrhoids continued still to ravage his frame, and he could no longer sit down nor remain in one position. Wherever he put up he was carried in by the windows, which were enlarged as was necessary so that he might be brought in with more comfort. In this way he was taken as far as Roanne, whence he went by ship to Briare. From Briare the "Suisses" again carried him as they had done before, and thus reaching his palace he died there two months and twenty-one days after having caused the deaths of Cinqmars and De Thou.

Perpignan surrendered to the Maréchal de la Meilleraye just as the King arrived at Paris, and he captured Salée next, while our regiment was returning to the Court. It was while still before Perpignan that I saw for the first time Cardinal Mazarin, for whom the King had obtained the purple two years earlier, but who only received the biretta while we were yet employed on the siege.

His fortune was so enormous that there are

many sovereigns whose wealth has never approached it. Never did anyone take such advantage of the position in which he was soon placed. All the same, there is reason for astonishment in the fact of his having been able to resist the great number of enemies and envious persons whom his haughty behaviour raised up against him; but what seems to me more surprising still, is that a people who have always loved liberty as much as we, should ever have allowed itself to become a prey to his avarice. The King had admitted this Cardinal into his Council after his performance of some services in Italy, and being of a subtle mind he was soon employed in matters of great importance by Cardinal Richelieu, to whom he had taken care to pay court. His Majesty entrusted him with the mission of going to take possession of the town of Sedan, from which place he returned to Court after having installed Fabert. It was shortly after this that the death of the Prime Minister took place.

Immediately he was dead the opinion prevailed that, as the King had never really liked him, his family would not long keep the position to which they had been raised. However, his Majesty foreseeing that should he carry out anything of this kind it would too openly prove what people had often said, "that the minister had always kept him in a state of tutelage from which only his death could free him," not only maintained his relations in their posts, but even bestowed upon them new honours. The son of the Maréchal de Bresé was created duc and peer, an elevation which did not at all please the Queen, who, having always been maltreated during the Cardinal's ministry, hoped that now that the eyes of his Eminence

were closed, his Majesty himself would take some revenge for all the insults she had been subjected to. This she the more readily believed from an idea that, by so acting, he would be revenging himself at the same time for a good many things in which it might be said that the Cardinal had not shown him proper respect, such as in the discussion I have previously spoken of.

Notwithstanding the policy which the King pursued, it did not prevent him from setting at liberty a number of prisoners whom the late minister had had arrested on divers pretexts. There were several among them, like the Maréchal de Bassompierre and the Comte de Carmain, who had been shut up in the Bastille for ten years, and who would have never seen the sun again had the Cardinal continued to live. Although his Majesty threw all the blame of their imprisonment upon his late minister, hoping that thus he might exculpate himself in the eyes of the public, yet by seeking to gain the reputation of a prince abounding in goodness, and restoring liberty to the unfortunate persons deprived of it, who had only lost it because they had dared to displease the Cardinal, he only succeeded in persuading everyone of what they had before felt pretty sure of, "that his Majesty had never possessed sufficient strength to govern unaided his realm." Truly the King would never have allowed these outrages to be perpetrated had he shown himself the master he should have done! That is what all his good subjects who had suffered much under this Cardinal would have wished him to do, but they had never been able during the lifetime of his Eminence to see

their wish fulfilled. What is odd enough about all this is that the dead minister used frequently to add jesting to brutality when dealing with those whom he was trying to persecute. When Madame de St. Luc, a sister of the Maréchal de Bassompierre, went several times to see him, to entreat some mitigation of her brother's punishment, he had feigned, well knowing that she was not his intellectual equal, to be the first to share her ideas, and, entering into conversation on the subject, had asked her, when she spoke of her brother's illness, whether perhaps it did not arise from boredom! This was a pleasant way of speaking of a man who had been shut up for ten years within four walls, and especially of one such as the maréchal, who had moved so much in society. In consequence of this, M. de St. Luc and all those who took an interest in the misfortunes of the prisoner would not allow her to again go and see his Eminence, as they deemed it was quite as bad, and perhaps even worse, to have to put up with such an insult as to support the violence done to the maréchal himself.

Directly I had returned to Paris the wife of the innkeeper began to make use of all sorts of devices to see me in spite of her husband; she arranged different rendezvous, sometimes at one person's house and sometimes at another's, etc.

The poor jealous husband still continued to have as bad an opinion of his wife as ever, and as the determination which they had both made not to share their couch together had produced an even greater estrangement between the two, his only desire was to surprise her in flagrant misdemeanour, so as to have done with her and have her put into a convent. For this reason

he pretended that his business required him to go to Burgundy. He therefore made everything ready, as if he were in reality about to start for that province. Accordingly, while we believed him about to set out, all he thought of was remaining in Paris with a view to personally obtaining cognisance of all we might do. Meanwhile, he did every possible thing he could to deceive us—made all preparations for his departure, prepared his valise, bought a horse, and arranged with three or four wine-merchants to make the journey in their company. All this was told me by his wife in a meeting which I had with her.

At that time we were only at the beginning of the month of October, and the weather that year had been so warm that all the grape-gathering had already been done. The autumn, indeed, was just as fine as the summer, so much so, that I remember, just as if it had happened to-day, that on the particular day that the innkeeper had made the pretence of going away, the heat had been so great that hardly had it been warmer at the time of the fête of St. Jean. The evenings, which usually begin to get cool at about that time of year, had not yet shown any sign of becoming so, and this will be easily seen when I presently recount all that happened. Besides, on this particular evening there was a very bright moon, and one seemed to be yet in summer, so great a number of people were there to be seen in all the usual promenades. Anyhow, as darkness favours lovers more than light, this bright moonlight would not have suited me at all, had I dreamed that I had anything to fear; but being quite devoid of any uneasiness on this score, I betook myself at nightfall to the house of an intimate

friend of my inamorata, where I was to find the key of her room, so that I might enter before she retired to it. Her friend had gone to see her an hour before, and, having made me sup with her as had been arranged between the two women, I left her house about nine o'clock to betake myself to my rendezvous.

The husband meanwhile had been watching on the other side of the street, just opposite the door. His nose was enveloped in a scarlet mantle, which he had specially bought at an old-clothes-shop to better disguise himself with. I saw him distinctly, although he was on a doorstep; but as I thought him by this time more than ten leagues away, and as the mantle disguised him so well that one would have had to have been a magician to recognise him, nothing was further from my thoughts than any idea of his being who he was. Consequently, I entered the alley in which was his house in his very sight, and as he recognised me a good deal better than I him, he was delighted to see himself so close upon the moment for which he had waited, when he should be able to revenge himself both on his wife and myself, for he had formed the resolve of doing me a bad turn at no matter what risk to himself. His idea was to maim me at least, even should he not kill me outright; this I have since learnt from his own servant, who had promised to lend his assistance in the execution of the plan.

Directly I had entered the house, I went up as softly as was possible to the room where I had the rendezvous, which was on the second floor, on account of the innkeeper's having reserved the first for any parties of consequence who might pay him a visit.

It was usually decorated well enough, but as he did not wish that there should be much for the law to bite at when once he had carried out the project he had formed, he had taken the furniture away the day before, without the knowledge of anyone except his servant. The furniture he had had removed to the house of a cousin of this waiter, who was one of his lodgers, and to whom they had both told their secret. I opened the door of the room I was to enter quite as softly as I had mounted the stairs. I shut it after me in the same way, and stood near it without moving from where I was, as much from fear of making any noise which might be heard downstairs as from wishing to hear when the innkeeper's wife should come up. I had arranged with her to open the door directly she should scratch it; and, therefore, I had to stand quite close to it so as not to mistake any persons who might come up for her, which without care I might have done. A long enough time elapsed before I heard her ascending, for although it was already late when I had arrived, she wished to see all her customers leave before she retired to rest. Her husband had notified his servant of my arrival without arousing her suspicion, and this waiter had, under the pretext of some necessity, gone into the passage of the house where his master had arranged to come and find him, and whisper what he might discover. This manœuvre they duly carried out. The waiter having appeared at the door, his master came to tell him to hold himself ready, "for the beast was in the toils." It was thus he alluded to me, thinking no doubt that my death was as close as is that of a poor boar, or any other wild beast in such a case. Be this as it may, the woman having seen all her

people off to their usual resting-places, retired, and came to the door of the room, which she had no sooner scratched than it was opened. A moment later we retired to bed, and before we had been there half-an-hour the waiter opened the street-door to his master. He had equipped himself with a pistol and a dagger, so as not to spare me. We were very far from dreaming of what was about to happen, and thinking solely of giving ourselves plenty of pleasure, when the husband, who had come upstairs quite softly with his waiter, attempted to open the door with a double key, which he had had made. Our surprise was great when we understood what was going on, but as by good luck I had put the bolt on there was sufficient time for me to do as prudence dictated, for I did not long remain in doubt as to what was the matter. Consequently, I made up my mind quickly. However, as I was trying to dress and throw myself into the courtyard of a cook, which lay beneath the windows of a closet next the room, I found myself in such a hurry that I had no time to put on either my tunic or my breeches. The innkeeper, who, like myself, was a man of resource, had brought with him an iron bar wherewith to break open the door should it show the least resistance ; and as the door in question was none too good, he could soon break it down. I acted with wisdom : on the first blow which he dealt it I opened the window of the closet, and throwing myself down into the courtyard of which I have spoken, I fell upon about twenty cook's assistants who were sitting one near the other. They were taking advantage of the fine moonlight to dress their meat, and were not dreaming of me. As I was naked in a shirt, I may leave their surprise at my appearance to the imagination. I was

not unknown to them, for since the gain of the eighty pistoles I had from time to time continued to try my luck in the ante-chamber of the King, and had not been too unlucky; accordingly, as this money which had cost me nothing cost me also nothing to spend, I had made a good splash with it, so much so, that the cooks and innkeepers had profited by it, as well as the feather-sellers, drapers, and vendors of ribbons. Besides, while I had been able to see my mistress at her house, this cook had always had my custom, and since then I had not withdrawn it, for he had always appeared to me to have better meat than other ones.

These assistants, who had heard speak of my intrigue with the wife of their neighbour, because after the scandal which it had caused it was impossible for them not to hear of it, began now to have some idea of what had happened to me. Their master and mistress, who disliked the innkeeper because he was extremely stingy and not very agreeable to deal with, at once gave me some shoes with a cloak and hat. They would also have given me a complete dress had I had time to put it on, but as they feared that the jealous man would come and search for me at their house when he should discover that I could not have escaped anywhere else, they advised me to get on without losing a minute's time. Their advice did not seem to me bad, and immediately following it, I betook myself to the same commissaire who had taken my antagonist to prison on the occasion of his previous pranks. I took good care when I reached his house how I described the affair to him, for as it had really happened, it might have ended in being no joke for me, although it is true that there is no town in the world

where as many men are cuckolded with impunity as Paris; nevertheless, this very custom of cuckolding people is yet punished in certain cases, of which this one of mine was one. Anyhow, if no great harm had happened to me, it is all the same certain that my mistress, whose reputation and tranquillity I desired to preserve, would not have got off so cheaply.

Having thus the presence of mind to tell the commissaire a lie instead of the truth, I declared to him "that having been engaged at play the whole time after dinner, and remaining at it till ten at night, when I had eventually desisted, hunger had so overcome me that on leaving, I ordered something to eat in the first cabaret which I chanced to find on my path; the advanced hour, however, having caused me to meet with a refusal, I had imagined that if I went to a place where I was known I should be accorded a better reception. With this hope I had betaken myself to the house of the innkeeper, who had feigned to receive me well enough; he had caused me to go upstairs to a little room next his own, and told me that he would there have me brought something wherewith to satisfy my appetite. A moment later, he himself had come upstairs as if about to retire to rest, and as he had asked me to come into his room until my supper should be ready, I had done so without giving a thought to what might happen. However, in a few minutes, instead of seeing any signs of the food I required, I had perceived him in company with two of his waiters and two bullies, whom I did not know, enter the room. All five had thrown themselves upon me, and after having stripped me as naked as my hand except for my shirt, the innkeeper had told me to make my peace with God, for in a

moment he was about to stab me. At such a terrible threat I had been very much astounded; but being lucky enough to retain my presence of mind (although there are many less awkward predicaments in which one loses it), I had entreated him to allow me to retire into some corner to say my prayers. This he had allowed me to do; so, having entered the closet, where I knew there was a window opening upon a cookshop's courtyard, I precipitated myself from it, preferring rather to risk breaking my neck than to be stabbed in such an ignominious manner. Thanks be to God (I added) I had come to no harm. The cook and his wife had given me the mantle, hat and shoes in which the commissaire now saw me. As to what the reason was which had led the innkeeper to wish to assassinate me I could not say, unless it may have been that I had described to him how I had the previous day won sixty louis in the ante-chamber of the King, and had shown them to him in my purse."

The commissaire, who knew the reason for the husband bearing me a grudge, only believed what I told him for what it was worth. He was far more inclined to believe that what had occurred to me had been occasioned by the husband's jealousy; so much so, that it was all very well for me to repeat that doubtless the man's object had been to rob me of my money, I yet made no great impression on his mind. It was true, as I had just told him, that I had won sixty louis the day before, but it was untrue either that I had shown them to the man or that they were in my purse. I had left them at home with the rest of my money, because of the quantity of robbers who at that time lorded it in Paris. The criminal-

lieutenant protected these men as if with impunity in return for a fixed remuneration which he received from them, at least, so people declared; as for myself, I do not know if the world spoke the truth or not, all that I do know is that the moment the shops were shut it was unsafe to venture one's nose in the street. As yet there was neither a lieutenant of police nor a watch, and the very persons whose duty it was to carefully supervise the public safety were, as well as the criminal-lieutenant, accused of having a share of the robberies which took place in return for making a pretence of not knowing the authors of them. The good order one sees at the present day is due only to the paternal care of the King for his people and to the vigilance of a great minister, who has been mortally hated for it up to the present, although if one looks well into his conduct, it will be perceived that there has never been anyone in the kingdom who has worked as efficaciously as he has done to promote its grandeur. To him it is that we owe the establishment of a number of manufactures which had never before been thought of. The good order which to-day prevails in our finances, the power of the navy, and a thousand other fine things which would take too long to specify, are also the outcome of his great genius.

But without dwelling further on this subject, which is here not in its place, and of which I have only casually spoken because the force of truth compelled me, I will go on to say that the commissaire was in no way vexed at the complaint I had just lodged. In his previous dealings with the innkeeper he had found him brutal, and his impression was that the man had not then been sufficiently punished for his behaviour, owing

to the protection which Athos and myself had, without his knowledge, obtained for him from M. de Treville. He was eager that he should not get off as cheaply this time as he had on the last occasion. I obtained permission to proceed against the man, and having no other witnesses to produce but the cookshop assistants (whom I had nearly crushed when I fell down upon them), the commissaire proceeded to take their evidence.

They told him that I must have been in a great hurry to throw myself as I had done from a second story to the ground—two of their comrades had been wounded, because they had sustained the chief force of my fall; in consequence, they asked leave to have some share in any costs and damages which the innkeeper might be made to pay.

I do not know if their evidence was sufficient for a warrant to be issued against the man; I even have a good deal of doubt on the subject. However, whether the commissaire chose to carry out one of the tricks of his trade in the matter, or whether the money I expended so as not to get the worst of the business had a good effect on the criminal-lieutenant, in any case, I obtained everything that I could wish. He allowed me to take a warrant, and having had it executed that very day, I had my man lodged in the prison of the Grand Châtelet. He was very astonished at finding himself there, and, being unable to stop himself from accusing of injustice, whoever had issued a warrant against him, his judge no sooner heard of it than he had him put in a dungeon. He was allowed to speak to no one; and, as the turnkeys in addition had orders to ill-treat him, he began to realise that he

would have done better to have put up with being cuckolded in silence than to have exposed himself to so many trials and insults in consequence of his complaints. His wife was in no way vexed at his ill-luck, for had matters turned out otherwise, it had been his intention to get rid of her. Already he had locked her up in her room, where he had intended keeping her on bread and water until he should obtain the decree necessary to get her shut up either at the "Magdelonettes" or at some similar establishment. No sooner, however, did she perceive that the archers had taken him and his waiter as well off to prison than she soon changed her tone. She had at first thrown herself on her knees before him, for she saw that he had caught her in the very act; but now, having a pretty good idea, after what had happened, that I had taken advice somewhere, and that matters had been so well arranged, that, cuckold as he was, he was, in addition, about to be punished, she, in her turn, lodged a complaint against him. It is true that she did so only because I had told her what to do if she wished to save her reputation. Her accusations were much the same as my own, unless it were that I would not consent to her accusing her husband of having wished to rob me. I had an idea that such a proceeding was not seemly for a woman, and that it would be better to let others draw their own conclusions than for her to say so. With that exception she caused it to be pretty well understood that he had a plan for maltreating me, and that that was the kind of supper which he had prepared for me in the place of the one I had ordered when I entered the house. In addition, she accused her husband of having only acted as he had

through jealousy, and in consequence of his unfortunate disposition, which had already once before been the means of his imprisonment. This woman no sooner recovered her liberty than she was very surprised to observe that her best room was stripped of furniture. By means of the enquiries we made about it, we discovered that it was her husband who had done this, and we even found out the place where he had had the furniture put. This circumstance strengthened our case, for from it we inferred that his action was premeditated, and that he was well aware that he was about to do wrong, having thus tried to place his furniture in safety. I secretly had his two assistants told that it would be a hanging matter for them if they did not find means of escaping.

One of them was more guilty than the other, for he had accompanied the man to help him in his attack upon myself. His comrade, although he was not only innocent, but even ignored the cause of his master's imprisonment, was no less frightened. He was particularly agitated when told that he was accused of having a hand in the removal of the furniture and of having wished to rob me, for he knew that a good many unjust things were done in Paris, and that as many innocent persons were condemned as there were guilty ones who escaped. Anyhow, the waiter who had the most on his conscience was the first to advise him to escape, and showed him that such a thing would not be impossible for them were some stones removed which prevented them from throwing themselves into the street near which they had been confined. Together they worked at this, and having cleverly removed the obstruction, got out through the

hole and escaped with all the other prisoners confined in the room. This they did one night which seemed more favourable than others, as it was very dark. Nevertheless, there was one prisoner who broke his leg in his flight, and in consequence, when recaptured accused the two waiters of having instigated their companions to break the opening.

All this did additional harm to their master. No one was left who did not suspect him of being really guilty, and, as he was afraid that his innocence might succumb to trickery, he wrote a letter to the brother-in-law of M. de Treville, to whom he gave a description of his unfortunate plight. The magistrate in question, who was a just man, was struck by this letter, which was indeed a very moving one, the more so as he perceived in it a certain air of sincerity which is never to be found in a fabrication. He showed it to M. de Treville, whom he told that, as he would have more influence than himself over my mind, if only from coming from my part of the country, he would advise him to stop me from bringing about any further discord between the husband and wife. He added that, even should I prove obdurate to these remonstrances, there was the resource of threatening to use his authority to have me sent back to my father's house. M. de Treville, who much respected his brother-in-law, immediately promised to do everything he wished. At the same time, he sent word to Athos to bring me to his house in time for his levee the next morning. I went there quite ignorant of why he should wish to see me, nor did I even have the slightest idea of what the reason might be. M. de Treville was not yet entirely dressed when I arrived,

but, completing his toilet in a moment, told me to accompany him into his closet, saying there was something he wished to speak to me about.

When we got there he made me take a seat, and having himself done likewise, asked me with what plan I had come to Paris, adding that he believed it had been with the intention of making my fortune there. He had not as yet, he continued, devoted much attention to me, but having only two days previously received letters from my district in which I was recommended to his good graces, he did not wish to put off making these enquiries any longer. I made him a low bow, hoping to personally ingratiate myself with him, for I believed he spoke in good faith. Consequently, I replied that my only object in leaving my native province was the one which he had stated. I was, however, very much surprised at his turning the tables upon me when I least suspected it, for he retorted that I must be truthful with him, and not be afraid of freely telling him my thoughts. Upon this, I immediately begged him to explain his meaning, and tried to convince him that I had never had any other idea than the one I had stated to him, so it would be quite useless for him to ask me to return any other, for there was no other which I could give. In reply, M. de Treville answered in such a cool manner as nearly to drive me to despair, even shaking his head the while to indicate that he placed no faith in my words. He declared that if I continued always to be thus secretive with him, I must not expect ever to gain his good offices, for above all things he loved sincerity so much, that when he observed its absence in anyone with whom he had to do, he took no notice

of all the other good qualities which a man might have.

I had rather that he had spoken Greek to me than in the way he did, and to tell the truth I should have understood one as well as the other! So, on my having entreated him to explain himself more clearly should he wish to know more, he replied that he would willingly do so, as there seemed no other way of making me understand what he wanted to convey to me. He went on to enquire what means I had up till then adopted with a view to making my fortune, and asked if he was not right in believing that I was imposing upon him when I had said that that was my only object in coming to Paris. Further, he asked me if I had ever heard of anyone making it by forming an attachment for an innkeeper's wife, as I on my arrival had done. When once anyone got into that sort of way, he added, it prevented anything else being effected. Far from gaining a reputation among right-thinking people, such a proceeding only disgraced one in their opinion. Of course, he did not dispute that the good graces of a lady served to brighten the merit of a young man, but for that to happen it was necessary for the lady to be of another rank than the one which was my mistress's. He concluded by saying that a *liaison* with a lady of quality was esteemed as a piece of gallantry, instead of which a connection with a woman like my mistress was only considered as debauchery and squalor.

In this speech of M. de Treville's I found some injustice, for after all "vice is always vice," and it is no more pardonable for a lady of quality to make love than for one springing from the dregs of the people.

However, as custom sanctioned his reproaches, I felt so overcome that I had not the strength to say one word in reply. Upon this he proceeded to ask me what I was going to do. Was I resolved to give up this woman or abandon all thoughts of making my fortune? There was no other course open to me, he said, for should I not do so willingly, he would be obliged to inform the King of the whole affair from the fear that I should disgrace my province by a life of sloth unworthy of a man of my birth. He ended by saying that perhaps I did not know that all my compatriots (all of whom had heard speak of my attachment) made sport of me. Should I doubt this, the only thing he had to say to prove its truth was that there must be something in what he had said, otherwise, how had the report reached him?

All these reproaches moved me more than I can express, and I cast down my eyes to the ground like a man caught red-handed. M. de Treville, believing me half-convinced of my mistake by reason of my demeanour, succeeded in making me the most confused of mortals by the biting sarcasms which he levelled at all who led a life similar to the one which up till then had been my own. He was delighted at having brought me to the state of mind which he wished, and, having enquired if I would not be willing to promise him on the spot that I would see the woman no more, I hesitated for some moments about giving him my word. I knew very well that a man of honour should never give it without keeping it, and that it would be better to promise nothing.

When M. de Treville observed the struggle which was going on in my mind, he was not at all surprised,

being aware that the victory over oneself in these sort of battles is not won without effort. Consequently, he contented himself with following up his reproaches by persuasion, and tried in every kind of way to extricate me from the mire in which I was. Eventually, having made every effort which a man of courage and resolution could make, I told him in a tone which highly delighted him, that at last what he wished was done, and that I would be grateful to him all my life for having drawn me back from the precipice on which I had so imprudently ventured. I would never, I said, see the woman again, and would be content to be reckoned as only an infamous person, should it be found that I broke my word.

M. de Treville was very pleased at my having imposed this penance upon myself, for by my having done so, he thought that my intentions were good. Nevertheless, as there were now two things to be done, one to get the husband out of prison, and the other to bring the couple satisfactorily together, and attempt to console the woman for the disappointment I was going to cause her, I left to M. de Treville and his brother-in-law the task of carrying out the two first, while reserving myself only for the third.

I wrote to the woman, that having been so unfortunate as to have injured her reputation on two occasions, I did not wish for the third time to expose myself to the same thing. Heaven, which had as if by a miracle preserved her from evil consequences up till now, might perhaps eventually grow tired of helping her, should it perceive that we took advantage of its goodness! I advised her to return to her husband, were he willing to make it up with her. I added that the brother-

in-law of M. de Treville, who had once already brought them together, had consented to be charitable enough to undertake the same task for the second time. As for myself, all that I could now do to prove that I had really esteemed her was to hope that she would never grant her favours to anyone but her husband—" a woman was never more to be admired than when she was chaste"—and should I hear that she remained so she might rely that I would always be her friend, the more so as I could no longer be her lover only on account of her own welfare, without considering my own in any way. This letter I sent with half of the money I had, so that I might show her that if she had been willing to give me her heart I also was willing to give her everything precious I possessed. When she got this letter she was very surprised, and, having sent me back my money and written to me in terms so tender and touching, I felt that, had I the chance over again of giving my word to M. de Treville, my doing so at that moment would be doubtful. However, being happily in the position of one bound by it (for it is often good luck not to venture to do what our natural weakness suggests), I continued firm against an infinity of emotions which at every hour proved to me that by being cruel to this woman I was cruel to myself. All the same, I sent her an answer couched in terms which were as honourable as her own although they were not so passionate. But as nothing could please her except the return of my heart, which I wished to alienate, she again sent me back my money which I thought proper to offer her once again. This I had done so as to make her see that I would not have

been lacking either in love or gratitude, had not at the time very important reasons obliged me to wish to rob her of my heart.

To at once sum up a good many things which followed on what I have just described, when all she could do to make me return to her had failed, we each of us adopted the course which prudence dictated. The woman became reconciled to her husband, whom M. de Treville's brother-in-law got out of prison for the second time; but whether it was that this unfortunate man had been so chagrined at his wife's behaviour, whether he had become inconsolable about it, or that it was a lingering illness which attacked him, in any case, he died after having languished some five or six months. Upon this his widow did everything she could to see me again, apparently flattering herself that, being as much a lady as I was a gentleman, and each of us having no more property than the other, I might perhaps be so foolish as to marry her. I, for my part, knew better, and with a little pressing would have told her as much. Nevertheless, as I could not stop her from believing whatever she chose, I found myself exposed to her importunities until such time as, being obliged to get rid of them once for all, I told her that not only should she never be my wife, but further, that I would never in my life see her again.

Her husband being dead, she returned to her former profession of letting furnished rooms. She took a house in the Rue des Vieux Augustins, and, as if forgetful of all my unkindness, again tried to get me to come and lodge with her.

This was very tempting for a man without money, who besides had been fond enough of her, but having

thought well over the matter, I would have nothing to do with it. This made her fly into a regular passion. Her love turned into fury; so much so that there was nothing she did not do to revenge herself for the contempt in which she believed I held her. At the time the innkeeper's wife had lodged in the Rue Montmartre, a Swiss captain named Straatman, who had given himself up to visiting her house on account of the goodness of the wine in her cellar, had, after satisfying his appetite in other ways, begun to make love to her, having found her pretty, as indeed was the case. While we were good friends she would not listen to him, but finding eventually from the way I behaved that she had nothing more to hope for from me, she began to alter her conduct with regard to him. The man at once made haste to go and lodge with her, so as to press his suit more vivaciously, and, becoming from day to day more in love with her, he declared, when he saw that she would grant him no favours, that rather than not satisfy his passion he was resolved to marry her. This was a great stroke of good fortune for her, for although he had saved nothing since he had entered the service, yet he always had a distinguished employment, and one that produced him a big income.

Accordingly she would have taken him at his word that very hour, had she not been afraid that when his fancy for her had passed away he might ill-treat her. She believed it to be impossible that he should not have heard our affair spoken of, and feared lest he might not some day tell her of it to her face. In consequence the fear of the future made her despise the present. She told Straatman frankly that scandal spared nobody, and that her late husband having been

weak enough to be jealous of me, she did not wish to chance a second marriage, for fear the second husband she took should overwhelm her with the same reproaches as the first had done. The Swiss, who was not too scrupulous on the subject, answered that if that was all which prevented her from becoming his wife, she ought not to be stopped by it, for his weakness was not the one of believing everything people said. If indeed he was likely to have any hesitation at all about such a matter, it would only be in the case of his marrying a girl and finding her a woman. Except in such a situation, there was no fear of his becoming jealous, especially about a woman who had already been married, for to find her the widow of one man or of two was nearly the same thing for a man of good sense, since there would be no more sign of the one than the other, even if instead of two husbands she should have had a dozen. All the same, as this woman was very pleased to make use of him to revenge herself on me, she declared that even if what she had just told him did not affect his views, such was not the case as regarding herself. Never, until I was dead, would she marry, because she could not bear the sight of a man who had been the cause of her honour being compromised. I am very willing to believe that the Swiss was brave when his duty required it, but deeming that he should not thus risk his life for the whim of his mistress, he offered to place some Swiss of his company at her disposal, so that she might do all she wished. On this condition she promised to marry him, and her lover having given her two whom he described as the bravest of the regiment of guards, they came into the street where I lodged with the

design of insulting me when they should perceive me leaving my house. They did not lose their chance, and catching sight of me from afar, they came to meet me while simulating drunkenness. I, for my part, tried to avoid them, having no idea what the real state of affairs was, but running up against me expressly, it was a great chance that they did not knock me down. As I attributed this to their drunkenness, I contented myself with saying a few words, so as to oblige them to get away from me. Upon this they returned again to the charge, which showed me that there was a premeditated design about their actions, so I drew my sword to stop them again approaching me. They, while still playing the drunkard, at once drew their own weapons.

I was a little surprised at their way of fighting, to which I was unaccustomed. Nevertheless, I think that, had I only had but one of them to deal with, I should soon have given a good account of him, but as there were two I ranged myself against the wall, for fear lest one might take me from behind while the other attacked me in front. In any case, I do not know what would have happened (for a man who has to deal with two enemies has always one too many in hand) had not the citizens rescued me from my peril by attacking the men with long sticks, so as to reach them from far off. They gave them a good many blows on the shoulders, and the two Swiss, seeing themselves so well treated, turned against them and left me in peace. My rescuers took no pains to have them arrested, and allowed them to retreat. It was then that I discovered that I had been wounded by a blow from the edge of a sword which one of the two

had given me on my right shoulder. By good luck my sword-belt had warded off the full force of the blow. My wound consequently was but a slight one, and I only kept my room two or three days on account of it.

The Swiss was not long in asking his lady-love for his recompense, promising at the same time that his soldiers should soon complete the work which they had begun. Seeing him so persevering, she deemed that he was well deserving of some consideration. According to his desire, she married him, but when he had once made her his wife he thought it better not to burden himself with an assassination for love of her.

This is how the first amours I engaged in at Paris ended. Happy should I have been had I stopped there, and if what then happened to me had made me wiser!

V

THE King, who had only borne with pain the ascendency which the Cardinal de Richelieu had obtained over his mind, was unwilling to expose himself to the same fate under another minister, and would not allow his place to be filled up as long as he lived. Much surprise was thereby occasioned, for he did not seem at all fit to himself undertake affairs of State; in addition to which, he did not enjoy much health. However, he thought that by means of a council which he created he would arrange everything, especially if the secretaries of state would do their duty. There were two of them who were clever enough, M. Desnoyers and M. de Chavigny, but the two others were of no account, and were not much to be relied upon. At least, up to that time they had been observed to follow the King's example, for perceiving that he had always left matters to his minister, they in their turn left to their clerks everything which came into their hands.

Directly that Cardinal de Richelieu's eyes were closed, Chavigny, who had been a creature of his and who had in his lifetime embraced all his ideas,

realising that by having done so he had made many enemies, tried to win them over by behaving in an exactly opposite way to them than before. The Queen in particular hated him, because he had always followed his master's example, who had shown little consideration for her while the sovereign power was in his hands. Those who believed that they knew the reason of this treatment declared that it arose from his having formerly had too much for the princess in question, who had been too chaste to respond in the way he had perhaps desired, and consequently he made a point of persecuting her as a punishment for the contempt she had held him in. Whether this is true or not I cannot truthfully say, for although this rumour was so much spread about in the world that it now passed for an assured fact in the minds of many people, one knows well enough what a pitch the hatred which is usually felt towards ministers reached not to place absolute faith in everything which may be published abroad to their discredit. There is nothing that is not maliciously invented to defame them, and it seems as if it is enough to speak badly of them to have everything one says believed. Consequently, without warranting (nor on the other hand discrediting) this accusation, I will content myself with saying that, the Queen being naturally greatly incensed against all those who had helped the Cardinal to persecute her, Chavigny, who was aware that she might single him out for blame more than anyone else, on account of the part he had taken in advising his Eminence, did everything he could to make the princess forget the reason she had for not wishing him well. Perhaps he might have succeeded, had it been only her anger which it was necessary to assuage.

As the princess in question was good, she easily forgot the injuries done her; but unfortunately for him, she had already given only too much ascendency over her mind to Cardinal Mazarin. This man, who was shrewd and clever, had obtained it by the display of great complaisance, and by reiterated assurances of entire devotion to her interests in the face of and against everybody, not even excepting the King. This had pleased this princess very much, who, like all other women, loved not only to be treated with blind obedience, but liked to be flattered besides.

In promising her so many things unreservedly, the Cardinal was not risking much. He perceived that the King was dying, and that there was no hope of his being cured of a slow fever which had been wasting his frame for a long time. His body now resembled only a veritable skeleton, and although he was as yet only in his forty-second year, he was reduced to such a pitch of misery, that King though he was, he must have wished every day for death to deliver him, had it not been that as a Christian it was not permissible for him to do so. For all that, he could not stop himself from every now and then looking at the clock of St. Denis, which he could see from St. Germain-en-Laye, where he nearly always was, and, when doing so, sighing. He even told all his courtiers that it was "there that all his grandeur was to end," and as he hoped that God would be merciful to him, "it could never be so soon as he desired."

Besides this, what had been the cause of the unreserved promises of the Cardinal Mazarin to the Queen was the fear of the reconciliation which M. de Chavigny was desirous of bringing about with her. His Eminence secretly opposed this as much as he

was able, clearly foreseeing that, according to the custom of France, in which he was trying to become versed, the Queen ought to have the tutelage of the King who reigns to-day (at that time he was no more than four years old), and that consequently she would have the ruling authority in her hands. Mazarin was unwilling that the Secretary of State should place himself in a position to dispute the ministry with himself, for already he secretly aspired to it. In consequence, to obtain it with greater ease, there was nothing he did not do to win over the persons whom he observed around the Queen, even to the extent of making love to one of her waiting-maids named Beauvais, who he thought was on very good terms with her Majesty.

La Beauvais (who liked this homage the more because she already had to purchase it very dearly when she wished for it) was in transports of delight at its being offered to her in this way for nothing, and did everything the Cardinal wished with regard to her mistress. Not only did she beg her to exclude Chavigny, but also to keep secret all the promises which Cardinal Mazarin had made her. She told her that it was even more to her own interest to do so than to his, for as her husband the King placed no great confidence in her, and might before his death do something displeasing to her, it would be a good thing to have among her advisers a man who could not only ward off any blow without being suspected of doing so for his own interests, but also could warn her of it. Thus she would be able to find a remedy for everything in good time, instead of which, should she know nothing until the blow had fallen, it would be a much more difficult matter.

The Queen was led away by this advice, believing it to be given only for love of herself, and without its being in the least degree actuated by the personal interests of the giver. Consequently, as M. de Chavigny was unable to gain any of his ends, he began to array his batteries in another direction, so as not to be taken at a disadvantage when the King should happen to die. He effected a reconciliation with the Duc d'Orléans with whom he had before been on not very good terms. The seal of the reconciliation was that he promised the duc that he would get his Majesty to make a will by which he should limit the powers of the Queen to such an extent that, even if it could not prevent her from being the guardian of her son, she would yet always be obliged to have recourse to him should she wish to do anything. The Duc d'Orléans, who, very far from ever having possessed any power at Court, had been sometimes forbidden it, and sometimes held in such great contempt that, had one not known him, one would never have said that he was the King's brother, was delighted at this proposition. He agreed to it with all his heart, and having made Chavigny a thousand fine promises should he carry out his enterprise, the latter without losing time set to work at it. He told the King, whose health was growing worse from one minute to another, that if he did not take measures in time about what might happen after his death, his son, instead of becoming some day the most powerful prince in Europe, as on account of the rank to which God had raised him he should do, might perhaps find himself very far from that happiness. The Queen, he continued, since she had come to France, had always kept up her relations with the King her brother, in spite of her having been

forbidden to do so. He himself (Chavigny) was very grieved to be obliged to refresh the King's memory on the subject, for it was not a very agreeable thing to have to do. However, as this abuse had to be looked to, unless one wished to lose everything, it was better for him to renew for a moment the grief which the intelligence in question had already from time to time caused the King, than to fail to make him take all the measures which were necessary at such an important moment. This pretended intelligence had been the pretext which Cardinal Richelieu had made use of to persecute the Queen. In connection with it he had made her do extraordinary things, things which posterity will never believe unless it is that all who wish to write history faithfully will be obliged to set them down. When the Queen received letters from Spain, he pretended that she kept them to herself. Accordingly, to mortify this princess further, he had made his Majesty (who did not understand any trifling with whatever concerned communications with that Crown, as had clearly appeared in the case of Cinqmars) consent to the chancellor's examining her. This was a strange office for a man who had twice been a Carthusian, and no more was wanting to make him enter into temptation, for this princess was beautiful, and although no one had ever seen her body so as to speak positively, from external appearance there was every sign that what was beneath the linen was not less fair than that which was visible. Her neck and arm were well rounded, and both were of a whiteness which surpassed that of the lily. Had the chancellor on leaving the convent retained those sentiments which had prompted him to enter it, he would never have undertaken this commission. However, during his

sojourn in the convent he had found himself assailed by so many different temptations that he had on account of them often awakened the monks. The temptations of the flesh in particular had afflicted him, and as, when they were violent, leave had been granted him to ring a bell, so that all the brothers might offer prayer on his behalf, one heard nothing else at every hour but the bell in question, so much so that those who lived around the monastery did not know what the perpetual clanging might mean. However, either because God did not take heed of their prayers, or because he himself was not in a condition to merit their being heard, he had ended by renouncing that vocation, and had adopted that of the courts of justice. At this he had succeeded by no means badly, since he had become chancellor, and at an age when there were hopes of his remaining in that office for a long time. In truth he is alive even to-day, and is still assailed by great temptations, especially of the kind I have mentioned, about which there are strange stories. All the same, if one is willing to believe what people say, he makes use of quite another kind of bell than those of the Carthusians wherewith to dispel them!

Chavigny was not like him with regard to the advice which he had just given the King. His Majesty, who was susceptible to ideas of this sort, approved of his advice, and at once set to work on a declaration by which he claimed to divide the authority after his death among the Queen, the Duc d'Orléans, and the Prince de Condé. The Queen was warned of this by Cardinal Mazarin, and she begged him to speak to the King about it, and to point out to him that those who gave him this advice were taking great advantage of the ascendency they possessed over his

mind. The Duc d'Orléans had always been a firebrand in his kingdom, and to give him the least power was exactly the way to keep aflame the civil war which he had so often kindled. No less dangerous would it be to associate the Prince de Condé with him, for, as he alone of all the royal family had sons, he might perhaps try to elevate them to the detriment of the King's children. The King who reigns to-day had a brother who was two years and a few days younger than himself. This is Monsieur ——, who still lives, a prince who, after having borne the name of Duc d'Anjou in his youth, took that of Duc d'Orléans after his uncle's death. All the same, one may say that he has been like him in nothing but name; just as much as the one was disposed to give an ear to the enemies of the State, so has the other been obedient to the orders of his sovereign. The only error he ever made was, when he left the Court to go to Villers Cotterets on account of the disgrace which had befallen the Chevalier de Lorraine his favourite, but this only lasted just as long as it took M. Colbert to go and find him. The moment he had reminded him of his duty he returned, and since then nothing of the same kind has been observed to happen to him.

Cardinal Mazarin was too much of a politician to be willing to undertake the commission with which the Queen wished to entrust him. He was afraid that the King might take it badly and that he would not live long enough to be made repent of his displeasure. Nevertheless, while taking care of his interests with his Majesty, he was well pleased to do the same with regard to the Queen, and so he told her that the reason of his not doing as she wished was only that he would thus be able to serve her better when the

opportunity offered. If she would have the ice broken by someone else, the King would not fail to speak to him about it, and then he could tell him his own views, and do more with one word than he could now accomplish with a hundred. The Queen believed he was speaking in good faith, and did not trouble to enquire into the cause of his refusal. She had recourse to M. Desnoyers to play the part before the King, which the Cardinal had refused to undertake. This gentleman, who was well pleased to oblige the princess, accepted the commission without devoting too much thought as to what might be the results to himself. He relied on the fact of his having some influence on the mind of this prince on account of his being, like the King, rather devout, to obtain a favourable hearing. All the same, his Majesty, who had got it well into his head that he must guard against the favour with which the Queen, his wife, regarded her brother, the King of Spain, in particular, and all that nation in general, received his proposals unfavourably, and forbade him ever to mention them again under pain of incurring his displeasure.

Such an answer ought to have been enough to have made him wiser, especially delivered in the way the King had given it. In truth, his words had been accompanied by the most significant air in the world. It should have been easy for him to have judged from this that, should he ever repeat his fault, it might take him all his time to repent of it. However, either from a wish to serve the Queen at no matter what price, or from fear that resentment alone was the cause of his Majesty's treating this princess as he did, and that, therefore, charity prompted him to see him die with more Christian sentiments in his mind, he made use of

this pretext to enlist the King's confessor on his side. He told him that, if he wished to oblige him, he must win over the King about the matter, and as they were good friends, and his money was even invested in the "maison professe" of St. Louis, from which this Jesuit came, the latter promised him everything he wished. His office gave him opportunities whenever and as often as he might wish; accordingly, not having been long in keeping his word, the King received him no better than he had done Desnoyers. The confessor thought that he ought not to give way at the first attack, and that as he possessed the authority as he did to speak to him sternly about it, he might make use of it to oblige his friend. This being so, having returned to the charge, he made himself so disagreeable to his Majesty by what he did, that he drove him away from the Court. The Jesuits did not approve of this lapse of which without their knowledge he had been guilty, and on the King's threatening to select for the future a confessor from another convent because they interfered in too many things, they informed his Majesty that he ought to be much less annoyed with them on account of what had happened than with M. Desnoyers. It was he, they told him, who was the cause of the mistake his confessor had committed, and that had it not been for him he would never have dreamt of it. The King had no difficulty in believing this, because of the Secretary of State's having himself wished to sketch out what the other had tried to complete, and so commanded him to withdraw from the Court, his office being given to M. le Tellier.

Desnoyers withdrew to his house at Dangu, which was only eighteen or twenty leagues from Paris. He believed that his disgrace would not be of long duration,

because the King could not live much longer. He was also under the impression that, as he had not resigned his post, the Queen would make him return to it directly this prince's eyes were closed. This he might expect without unduly flattering himself, since it was only on her account that he had alienated the good graces of his Majesty; so, supporting his misfortune with the more patience on account of being sure that it would be of no long duration, he awaited from the benevolence of time what he could no longer hope for from any other intrigue.

Chavigny, seeing himself thus triumphant over his colleague and the confessor of his Majesty, drew up a declaration with him such as he had suggested. In it the power of the Queen had very narrow limits, although she was declared guardian of her son. In addition, the King established a council for this princess, so that, when he should be dead, she could do nothing without consulting it. Chavigny had himself included among its members, and thought he would be able to maintain his place in spite of the Queen, because the Duc d'Orléans and the Prince de Condé had up till then been on good terms with him. Finally, to make this declaration carry more weight, the King had it registered in the Parlement, his Majesty declaring that his last wish was that it should after his death be followed word for word. Some days later, the King became worse than ever, and as it was easy to see that he had only five or six days to live, the Queen plotted in the Parlement so that, directly he was no more, the declaration should be declared void. She claimed that it could not be maintained, because it was not only contrary to the laws of the kingdom, but also to common sense.

Everyone clearly perceived that his Majesty had not thought much over it, when he had placed the supreme power in the hands of the two first princes of the blood, men who saw no other obstacle to their elevation but the young princes whom he left at such a tender age. Not that anyone thought them capable of in any way acting contrary to their duty, their authority being above all tempered by that of the Queen, who in her position as mother had even more interest than the others in stopping anything being undertaken against her children. However, as more extraordinary things than that had happened, and as the past behaviour of the Duc d'Orléans gave grounds for all things being feared from him, everyone judged that the Queen had sufficient justification for wishing to have matters placed on a different footing from their present one.

The King, some days before he died, took most of the officers, not only of his household but of his armies, aside, in order to make them promise that, whatever plots might ever be set on foot against his son, they would always remain faithful to him. There was not one of them who did not give him the required promise, and even bound himself by an oath; all the same, the greater number of them soon proved themselves perjurers. The Spaniards, who were aware of the King's condition, and that the intriguing which was going on at the Court would soon divide it, made preparations to profit by our disorder. The Cardinal Infant was no longer in Flanders, and the King had sent Dom Francisco de Mellos into that country as his successor. He deliberated in his council whether he ought not to take advantage of such a propitious moment for the recapture of Arras, and thus restrict us to this

side of the Somme. The Comte de Fontaine, however, who was "Maistre du Camp Général" of all the Spanish forces (as is to-day the Comte de Martin), was of opinion that it would be much better to enter France, because the fortresses would fall of their own accord if they could manage to stir up some disorder within them. No sooner did Mellos perceive that most of the other general officers were of the same way of thinking than he gave in to them. He approached the Louvre, and the King's condition causing greater apprehension of the enemies' forces than would otherwise have been the case, the Duc d'Anguien, who was at the head of our army in Flanders, received orders to keep on their flank without giving them battle. He was at that time so young that it did not seem safe to entrust matters to him alone; this is why the Maréchal de l'Hôpital was given to him in order to act as a curb on any ill-timed actions which the boiling fire of youth might make him undertake.

Our regiment did not go away from the Court, for although the army of the duc was weaker than that of the enemy, yet, as there was everything to be feared from the ambition of the nobles, it would not have done to have allowed oneself to be denuded of all protection to such an extent as to prevent our opposing it. During the last days of the King's life, the Queen sounded the Parlement as to whether it would feel in the mood to overrule the "declaration" which it had registered, by selecting herself as the guardian of her son with all the powers which a mother might desire. Her chief almoner, the Bishop of Beauvais, who came of one of the most important legal families, was the individual whom she employed for this purpose. He was completely successful in carrying it out, and his relatives,

who flattered themselves that the reward for this service would be the beginning of his fortune, made him hope for everything, in the idea that when he should have attained the honours which they desired for him, he would give them some share in his good luck.

The Queen being at ease on this subject, allowed the King to die with more tranquillity than appeared seemly in a position such as hers was. Mayhap she was only consoled by her joy at knowing that the fortunes of the King, his son, would now be in safety in her hands, whereas previously she had had fears lest the Duc d'Orléans and the Prince de Condé might abuse the authority which the King gave them by his "declaration." Mayhap it was impossible for her sorrow to be so poignant as it might have been had his death been unforeseen, but as his Majesty had been for some time pining away, and for more than a month his death had every day been expected, it was not to be wondered at if a sort of hard-heartedness had been produced in her mind, which rendered her more resigned to this separation, which is usually such a trying one for a woman.

The King at last being dead, the Queen, who had found means of making the Duc d'Orléans renounce the authority which the King in his declaration had bestowed upon him, accompanied him to the Parlement. This assembly, whose principal members had been won over by the Bishop of Beauvais, decreed that she should have the Regency, together with absolute power, in spite of the last intentions of his Majesty. Some days before the King's death, Mellos, after having appeared for some time to intend the invasion of France by the Somme, all of a sudden marched in the direc-

tion of Champagne, where he besieged the town of Rocroi. This city, which is as it were the bulwark of the district which it encloses with the low countries, is advantageously situated. On one side there are many woods which render its approach very difficult, on the other a marsh, which, if it entirely surrounded it, would make it impregnable. Being so well situated, it might have defied the plans of Mellos, had it been sufficiently supplied with everything necessary, and had the fortifications been in a good state. However, whether Cardinal Richelieu thought before his death that the Spaniards were in no condition to undertake a siege of such magnitude, or that his proceedings in Portugal, in Catalonia and Artois would keep their forces employed in that direction rather than in any other, he had in any case been negligent enough in taking measures for its defence. After the Cardinal's death, the late King had not shown any greater solicitude for the town, so, when Mellos arrived before it, one of the outside defences had almost tumbled down, and its garrison was so small that it lost courage at his approach. The Duc d'Anguien, whose prowess had been marked in two or three campaigns in which he had before taken part as a volunteer, immediately decided to send prompt assistance. The Maréchal de l'Hôpital opposed this decision under pretext of the difficulties which presented themselves, but in reality on account of the secret orders which had been given him to avoid risking a battle. The Queen-mother, who had sent them to him, considered that to sustain a defeat would be to throw open the kingdom to the enemy, and perhaps upset all the schemes which promised her more happiness than she had enjoyed in the past. The duc was not

satisfied, in spite of all the maréchal pointed out to him to get him to agree to holding back. His courage caused him to see no obstacles in passes of the greatest difficulty, and he preferred to put faith in that rather than in anything else. Accordingly, having ordered Gassion to traverse the woods with some cavalry, carrying foot-soldiers on the backs of their horses, in order to see if they could not be got into the town, he himself followed as if only to act as support. Gassion, who deemed that he at least merited the baton of a Maréchal de France as well as L'Hôpital who had obtained it at the end of the life of the late King, well understood the duc's design, either because he had confided it to him, as appearances would tend to show, or that he himself had divined it. So, esteeming this an opportunity which might gain him the coveted honour without there being any chance of its ever doing him harm (for he was acting only by the orders of the general), he concealed his advance so well that he passed right through the position occupied by the Italians, whom Mellos had with him, being only obliged to engage in a slight skirmish. Gassion then sent word to the duc to tell him what he had just done, according to the orders given him when he made him set out. The duc, who, after having on his march absorbed all the garrisons which lay in his way, had now raised his army to a strength of twenty-one or twenty-two thousand men, so that Mellos' army was now at most only four thousand men stronger than his own—the duc, I repeat, who was now more than ever determined to give battle, sent him word that, should he be able to hold his own in a small plain which is between the wood and the fortress, he would soon see him coming up to his

assistance. Gassion was unable to carry out this order, for although there were some defiles which he might defend, he yet feared being obliged to yield to superior numbers. Consequently, returning to the duc, he gave him a report of everything he had noted near the fortress. The news in question only added to the desire which this general felt for a battle. He gave him a larger number of troops than before to return to the plain, and Mellos having taken no care to guard the defiles, either from contempt for the youth of the duc or because he thought little of his army, which he considered to be composed of troops picked up in all directions, and consequently incapable of contending with his own, which was made up of the pick of all the best soldiery of France, Gassion succeeded in occupying the position without finding any obstacle in his way. Up to that time Mellos had perhaps not believed that the duc would dare to present himself before him. He knew him to be inferior not only in the number of his soldiers but also in respect to their bravery; at least, that was his opinion. However, perceiving now that he must alter his opinion, he would doubtless have been vexed not to have taken better precautions than he had done, if at the same time he had not flattered himself that what had occurred would only eventually enhance his glory. So, deciding not to await the reinforcements which were coming from Germany, now marching to join his army, he set out from his lines, where he left only men enough for a guard, and went to meet the Duc d'Anguien. Already Gassion had captured a height favourable to himself for fighting, and the two armies having advanced into sight of each other when it was nearly nightfall, there was nothing to retard a battle, except that both sides

wished to have the daylight as witness of their prowess. However, no sooner had the night passed than the two armies attacked each other at the dawn of day. On both sides the fighting was extraordinarily stubborn; but at last, the duc having performed prodigious feats, both in the way of discipline and valour, and having been excellently supported by all his troops, especially by Gassion, victory declared herself to be on his side to such a degree, that it was a long time since such a thorough triumph had been achieved. All the enemy's infantry was cut to pieces, and the Comte de Fontaine having been killed at its head (while giving his orders from a litter in which he was, on account of his being so eaten up with gout that he could not keep on horseback), there was nothing left to offer any further resistance. Nevertheless, this great event did not happen without costing us a good deal of blood. The comte defended himself like a lion, and cannon were necessary to break up a battalion formed in a square, in the middle of which he appeared so intrepid, that one would have said he believed himself in the middle of a citadel. A great number of flags and standards served as additional trophies of the duc's glory, together with a number of cannon which he captured in the fight. As we are no longer in the time of the Romans, who punished with death all those who dared to give battle against orders, in spite of any lucky victory they might gain, the Queen-mother, on account of this victory of the Duc d'Anguien's, looked over the rashness which he had displayed in giving battle, notwithstanding that the maréchal had, when he had observed his intention, told him that it was no idea of his. This victory, which took place five days after the King's death, could not have happened at a more opportune

time to clear away a number of plots which were hatching against the budding authority of the new Regent, principally because those who thought that they would enjoy a high place in her good graces found themselves out of them. The Bishop of Beauvais was among the number, for the service which he had done the Queen-mother had made him think that she could only sufficiently reward him for it by bestowing on him the post of Prime Minister. So openly did he aspire to it that he made no difficulty about speaking to her about it himself. The Queen-mother tried (without being obliged to tell him that he was not fit for filling the office) to make him realise that he would be a thousand times happier if he remained in the position he was, than if he tried to raise himself to an office very full of trouble and unpleasantness. However, he would not take the hint, so, vexed at not getting from her all that gratitude for which he had hoped, he ended by getting himself driven away from Court, on account of having dared to manifest his discontent at that princess having cast her eyes on someone else than himself as occupant of the office he had courted. It was on Cardinal Mazarin that the choice of the Queen fell, and no sooner did he attain that honour than he did all he could to ruin Chavigny. He had him stripped of his office of Secretary of State, under the pretence that Cardinal Richelieu had only given it to him after unjustly taking it away from the Comte de Brienne. By this pretext he was well pleased to cover the hatred he bore him with the shadow of justice, but as he did not afterwards cease from persecuting him, and this persecution even lasted until his death, people were not long in perceiving, through all his pretences, the real cause of his actions. The

aversion in question resulted from his being like many people who, when in need, are very glad to find some one to help them, but who, when, instead of the straits they have been in, they find themselves opulent, cannot from that moment endure the sight of their former benefactor.

When Mazarin came to Court he was in such a state of misery that it was necessary for someone to provide him with the wherewithal. At first he only had a very moderate stipend, and as it was insufficient to support him, he had been only too happy that M. de Chavigny, who knew him from having made use of him in Italian affairs, should give him a room in his house, and admit him to the table of his clerks. Besides, as he now found himself raised to a position which made him ashamed of his former one, he was very glad not to have always before his eyes a witness who was the more inconvenient as he fancied that every look of his was one of reproach for what he had done for him. The choice which the Queen had made of his Eminence did not displease the Duc d'Orléans nor the Prince de Condé, with both of whom her Majesty was resolved to live on good terms so as not to give them an opportunity for disturbing the happy commencement of the reign of her son. The Cardinal strengthened her in this resolution, and conformed to it himself for fear of making enemies of both. He was aware that a great many people, jealous of his good fortune, were beginning to grumble at the Queen-mother having conferred this honour upon him to the prejudice of so many Frenchmen, just as if there was not among them anyone capable of filling such a post! Consequently, instead of letting his avarice and his vanity appear at once as

he afterwards did, he maintained not only an attitude of great respect towards them, but appeared to model all he did only on their wishes. Meanwhile he contented himself for some time with living on his stipend and the occasional presents which the Queen-mother made him from time to time. In consequence, both the duc and the prince thought themselves too lucky on account of this princess having chosen such a reasonable man, and one who thought more of doing his duty than of acquiring riches. The protection which these two princes extended to him as long as he did not abandon this course of action, did not prevent others besides the Bishop of Beauvais from showing themselves jealous of his promotion. The Duc de Beaufort (in whom the Queen-mother had shown so much confidence on the day of the King's death as to entrust to his hands the charge of the two princes, her children), being annoyed that an incident which led him to hope for much favour had remained without any results, joined with Madame la Duchesse de Chevreuse, who was a very enterprising spirit. During the life-time of the late King she had got herself exiled because his Majesty suspected that she gave bad advice to the Queen. She had remained at least ten years at Brussels, where, in addition, she was accused of having tried from time to time to stir up trouble in the State in concert with Marie de Medici, widow of Henri le Grand, who had also retired there. Eventually, at the death of Louis le Juste, she returned from that town, because the Queen did not think it right that she should remain any longer under this affliction, as she had only been exiled on her account. This duchesse, who had formerly been on good terms with her Majesty, had at first hoped that no sooner should she return than she

would take a great part in the government. Her ambition and vanity caused her to believe that, if her sex incapacitated herself personally, yet she would be able at any rate to elevate one submissive to her to the ministry, so that while he had the name of minister she would have the authority. For this purpose she cast her eyes on Châteauneuf, the Keeper of the Seals, who had been even worse treated than herself during the reign of the late King. For if she had been obliged to pass ten years outside the kingdom, he had spent at least as much time in the Château d'Angoulême, where he had been imprisoned. It was only the King's death which had restored him to liberty, and she believed that, as he was her private friend, and competent to fill such a post, she could not do better than set him up against Cardinal Mazarin. When on her arrival she found that these hopes were fallacious, and that the Queen, instead of answering her expectations, received her not only indifferently enough, but even in rather a contemptuous manner, she joined with the Duc de Beaufort, whose discontent was so well known to everybody, that there was no one who did not think that the Cardinal would be doing no great harm in taking precautions against the threats which he could not refrain from giving way to from rage. For, although the duc was not mad enough to threaten him in person, yet, as he was so indiscreet as not to take care before whom he spoke, it came to much the same thing as if it had been in his presence. Châteauneuf, whose mother was of the house of La Chastre, seeing that, if the duchesse and the Duc de Beaufort got their way, they would make him Prime Minister, did not want to oppose their wishes, although he had grounds for fearing lest it

might lead to his being again imprisoned. Accordingly, having overcome any uneasiness which this idea might cause him, he involved M. de la Chastre, Colonel-General of the Swiss, his near relative, in this intrigue. This nobleman had received this command at the death of the Marquis de Coaissin, son-in-law of the chancellor. The marquis in question had been killed at the siege of Aire two years before, and had left three sons by his wife, to wit, the present Duc de Coaissin, the Bishop of Orleans, and the Chevalier de Coaissin. Formerly, the Maréchal de Bassompierre had held this command, and had had a good deal of trouble to be accepted in that position, for the Swiss claimed that they ought only to have a prince at their head, and as they had never had anyone else, it would be a disgrace for them now to be commanded by a plain gentleman. Nevertheless, having broken the ice, they did the same thing again directly afterwards in the case of M. de Coaissin and M. de la Chastre, until finally to-day they have come under the command of the Comte de Soissons, Prince of the house of Savoy, who married a niece of Cardinal Mazarin. M. de la Chastre's only motive in embarking in this intrigue was to improve his fortunes. Consequently, although he has concocted memoirs expressly for the purpose of leading the public to believe that he has been a good deal more unfortunate than guilty, the only true thing is, that his one idea was that, as M. de Châteauneuf had no children, and was honoured by his alliance with him, he would take delight in advancing him, should he ever find himself in a position to do so. This league was called the "cabal of important people," and had quite a different kind of success from that which the conspirators hoped for. It is believed that their plan was to get rid of the

Cardinal at no matter what price, and rather than miss their object, assassinate him. However, the minister got wind of the conspiracy, and had the Duc de Beaufort and the Comte de la Chastre arrested. The first was confined at Vincennes, and the other at the Bastille. The latter got off with the loss of his post, which the Maréchal de Bassompierre took back, returning him the money he had been given for it. The Duc de Beaufort, after passing three or four years in prison, escaped by a stroke of luck, and having for some time hidden himself in Berri, returned at last to Paris, when he saw that that great city had revolted against the King. This I will speak of in its proper place, and this is but a casual word on the subject.

The Queen-mother, finding herself safe by the imprisonment of these two men and the exile of the Duchesse de Chevreuse, who at the same time had got away to Spain, thought that now there would be nobody in the kingdom bold enough to undertake anything contrary to her wishes, and sent the greater part of our regiment to the frontier of Lorraine, where M. le Duc d'Anguien had advanced to after the battle of Rocroi. There he besieged Thionville, and having taken it by capitulation on certain terms, set out afterwards to succour the Maréchal de Guèbriant, who found himself very closely pressed between two armies. He rescued him from his danger, but the maréchal in question having besieged Rotwiel at the end of the campaign, received there a shot from a "falconet,"[1] of which he died two days after the capture of that place. The company to which I belonged did not form part of the detachment which had been sent to the Duc d'Anguien. In consequence, finding myself

[1] A small piece of artillery.

as it were of no use in Paris, I asked permission of my captain to go to England with M. le Comte d'Harcourt, whom the Queen was sending to that country to bring about some kind of reconciliation between his Britannic Majesty and his Parliament. The Cardinal de Richelieu, who had fomented the differences between them, had not foreseen that they would go so far as they did. This people, who do not govern themselves as others do, after having accused their King of attempting to introduce absolute authority into the kingdom and to change its religion, had taken up arms against him. Already several battles had occurred, and the blood which had been spilt had rather soured men's minds than disposed them to agree to a satisfactory peace. The Comte d'Harcourt, to whom I obtained a recommendation, received me among his gentlemen, of whom there were a great number. For as he was a prince famous on account of many great deeds, he did not wish that anything should belie among strangers the reputation which he was well aware he had obtained there. Our first act was to go in search of the King, who was at Excester,[1] which his army, under the command of the Princes Robert and Maurice, his nephews, sons of Frederic V., King of Bohemia and Elector Palatine, had captured but a short time before. The Comte d'Harcourt found this prince weak and devoid of resolution, so much so that he had already lost several opportunities which he might have made use of to bring back under his rule the city of London, which had risen against him.

The Comte d'Harcourt, who was as enterprising as the King was timid, tried to inspire him with some courage, which was the only thing capable of re-estab-

[1] Exeter.

lishing his authority. However, he rejoined that he might talk as he liked, for apparently he thought that the English were like the French, who never deviated from the respect they owed their sovereign, and who, if once they did break away from it, could be brought back in all sorts of ways, however rough and extraordinary they might be. Nevertheless, he would have him know that, if one could "hold up the stick" to the latter, it was quite another thing with regard to the former, for it would be the very way to destroy oneself. The English, he concluded, had to be brought under authority by gentle methods, and that was why he begged him to go round London, in order to try and do more by his counsels than he would ever do with an army, great captain as he was! The Comte d'Harcourt saw very well where the mischief was, and believing that this prince would never succeed as long as he employed such methods, went away, more to satisfy him than from any hope of accomplishing what he wished him to do. There are many people who have maintained that Cardinal Mazarin, who followed the traditions of the Cardinal de Richelieu, far from thus desiring peace in this kingdom, had, on the contrary, given orders to the prince in question (the Comte d'Harcourt) to foment more disorder and trouble in it. As to myself, I could not speak with any certainty upon the matter. Did I do so, I should be speaking against my personal knowledge. I even think that the mass of those who speak in this way only do so from conjecture; that is to say, because the policy of the powers, which one observes, is to extract some advantage from everything, without troubling about what either blood or charity may dictate as the right course. Be this as it may, the Comte d'Harcourt having

arrived in London, important conferences ensued with the Comte de Bedford, who was the greatest enemy the King of England had in his Parliament. He also had some interviews with other people of distinction, whom he might have brought round to his point of view if it had not been for the comte in question, who persisted so stubbornly in trying to ruin the authority of his sovereign that the Comte d'Harcourt could not help telling him to take good care, and that if ever his Britannic Majesty should find means of regaining the confidence of his subjects, it would be almost impossible for him ever to forget the obstacles which he had placed in his way. Bedford assured him, with much boldness and perhaps little reason enough, that when he threatened him thus, he placed the power of the kings of England on an equality with that of the kings of France. There was a great difference between the two, and the English were too wise ever to suffer their sovereign to revenge himself, directly or indirectly, on one who had incurred his hatred by having embraced this cause as he had done. Their nation, he said, possessed laws to which their princes must conform, otherwise it would immediately declare itself against them. This is what had always happened whenever, and as often as, they had attempted to undertake something beyond their powers; and it would happen again in the future, because there was no Englishman who did not know that it was on this that his liberty and tranquillity depended. All that I have just spoken of was immediately known in the city, although it had taken place privately and in secret. I fancy it was the Comte de Bedford, who took pleasure in divulging it, so as to show the people that he was always the same, and that nothing could make him submit.

Meanwhile, the rumours as to the threats which the Comte d'Harcourt had indulged in towards him (if one can apply that term to what he had said) rendered him odious to the people. The English made no more of him than if he had been an ordinary individual. Every day he passed through the streets without anyone attempting to raise his hat. Even the driver of a hired carriage, of which there are many in that country, having encountered his coach, had the insolence to try and pass before him. I do not know for what reason his footmen did not kill the man on the spot, and I can easily imagine that they would not have failed to do so, had not this prince (who was afraid of exposing his reputation for such a little thing, if he inflamed a vile populace against himself) ordered them to abstain from any deed of violence. Soucarière, who was a bastard son of the Duc de Bellegarde, Grand Écuyer de France, who was then in the coach with him, got out, seeing that already a large crowd of people were collecting, and it was possible some accident might happen. He knew what to do, because he had already made several voyages to this country, voyages which had not been unprofitable ones, for he had won there immense sums at tennis. The Court had not been at all vexed at his being in the suite of the comte, for as he was known to everyone of the great nobles, it hoped that he might be of some use to it in the negotiations. Soucarière, who spoke English, spoke to the coachman, and might perhaps have only spoken to him uselessly, had not a man named Smith, with whom he used to play every day, happened by chance to be in the carriage which the insolent man was driving. He pretended to awake as if from a profound sleep, or rather as if he had been overcome by

wine, so as to have some excuse for the offence of which he might have been accused—that of keeping silence on an occasion when there was so much reason for his breaking it. He then got out of the carriage, and having embraced Soucarière, was the first to threaten his coachman that, unless he behaved better, it would be with him that he would have to deal. His voice produced a greater effect than the personality of the comte, who, to the dignity of ambassador united also that of prince, which is equally respected by all nations. The Comte d'Harcourt was very much praised for his moderation, and the Parliament having heard a report of what had happened to him, had the coachman put in Newgate, a prison where malefactors are confined. There was even some idea of its wanting to punish him, but the Comte d'Harcourt having begged that he might be pardoned, he got off with a few days' imprisonment.

The King of England still continued to await the reply of the Comte d'Harcourt, and either because he hoped that it would be favourable to him, or because he did not wish to shed the blood of his subjects except at the last extremity, he had put off fighting the Comte d'Essex, who commanded the Parliamentary army. At last, however, the Comte d'Harcourt, having sent him word that, far from his having any right to expect that the rebels would return to their allegiance, he ought to understand that they would never do so unless compelled by force, he was made to realise the need for not sparing them any more so clearly that his Britannic Majesty resolved to risk another battle. The rumour of this having reached London, all of us who were gentlemen of the Comte d'Harcourt asked permission from him to go and join the army of his

Britannic Majesty. This he secretly gave us, for had he done so in any other way he would have been afraid of acting contrary to what his reputation required of him. Accordingly, we set out one after the other, and by different roads, as if the way we wished to go was an entirely different one from the other, but having soon met together, we formed a small squadron without being obliged to receive into our company any other persons than those who had come in the suite of our ambassador. We proceeded to offer our services to the King, who was only two leagues away from his army. He received us extremely well, and gave us letters to the general. Before we could reach them, the Parliament got news of what was going on, and made great complaint about it to the Comte d'Harcourt, declaring that if anything should happen to him against the law of nations, he would have only himself to blame, since he it was who had been the first to act contrary to it, and had by so doing given grounds for his being treated with lack of respect without any chance of the mischief being remedied. This speech, which was a kind of threat, did not surprise the prince in question, although he had everything to fear from the restless spirit of the people. He answered those who delivered it to him, that those of whom they made complaint, being only his servants by accident, that is to say, because they had wished to see the country and accompany him in his embassy, had not asked permission of him to act as they had done. It was a peculiarity of the French nobility, he continued, that when it heard of a battle, it not only ran in its direction but rather flew. Had they followed his advice, they would have taken care not to have done so, but young people, such as we for the most part were, did not

always reflect what they ought to do. These reasons did not satisfy the Parliament. It issued rigorous orders against us, and even wrote to the Comte d'Essex that, should we by chance fall into his hands, we were to be treated as severely as possible. The Comte d'Essex, whose only desire was to humour it, sent out a body of men to intercept us before we could reach the army from the place where we had been to see the King, but this expedition, having encountered another composed of troops of his Majesty, attacked it, as it was the stronger of the two. It believed that, after having gained a victory, it would be easy to arrange an ambuscade and surprise us as we were passing; in truth, it had already got much the best of its opponents, when, unfortunately for the attacking party, we arrived in sight of the spot where the combat was taking place. We immediately pressed on so as to assist those whom we perceived fighting for his Britannic Majesty. It was easy for us to recognise them, and the other party as well, by the different devices which they had placed in their hats. Accordingly, having taken the attacking party from the rear, we killed them all, with the exception of five or six, who happened to be so well mounted that it was impossible for us ever to catch them. These escaped to their army, where, having described to their general how, had it not been for our arrival, they were on the point of defeating more than two hundred and fifty horse of the King's army, they, by their story, rendered us so odious to him that he resolved, should he be able to capture us, not to grant us any quarter. What animated him particularly against us was that, finding himself on the eve of a battle, the loss of three hundred horse (and there were as many as that, in-

cluding those we put to the sword) might cause him to feel their want on such an occasion. We learnt on the morrow, through Prince Rupert, to whom it had been reported by his spies, that this encounter had not only thrown him into a great rage, but that further, to revenge himself, he had issued orders that on the day of the battle no quarter was to be granted us. He even ordered two squadrons, consisting of the soldiers of his army in whom he placed most confidence, to especially seek us out without troubling about anyone else. He told them that apparently we wished to play the part of soldiers of fortune, and as we should be sure to place ourselves at the head of everything, after the manner of a forlorn hope, it would be easy for them not only to recognise us but to succeed in their undertaking.

All this having come to the knowledge of Prince Rupert, he tried to persuade us to mingle among the squadrons, three or four in one, as many in another, and so on for the rest. Some consented willingly enough, but a man named Fondreville, a gentleman of Normandy, a very brave man, and one who had served in many campaigns under the Comte d'Harcourt, having pointed out to us that we could not accept this proposition without dishonour, or at least without robbing ourselves of the glory which we might gain that day, made everybody agree with him. In consequence we begged Prince Rupert to allow us to form a separate corps, and he was not very displeased at our petition, for he deemed that, spurred on as we were by reason of what the Comte d'Essex had done, we could not fail to set a good example to his soldiers if they had any spirit at all. The contempt we showed for our safety, on account of our thinking

our glory at stake, touched him; so, as he was unwilling to allow such brave men to perish without affording all the help possible, he gave orders to the company of his guards and to that of the prince his brother to act as our support. These were certainly the two finest companies which up to that time I had ever seen, and I can compare them only to the "King's household," on the footing on which it has been placed since his Majesty has weeded out the shameful individuals who disgraced it before his reforms. For to speak the truth, only people of rank or of the Court (as at the present time) should form the body-guard of such a great prince. It was not right for the "fermiers,"[1] of which all the companies of the garde du corps and the gendarmes used to be full, to have the person of one so precious as his Majesty in their hands, and although I know that it was not perhaps on that account that the reform in question was made, as I will presently explain, it has been none the less useful. This is not the first occasion on which a good thing has happened, although there may have been another object in view. However, what matters it, provided that the Prince and the State gain something?

However, to return to my subject, the King being resolved to give battle, and the comte not avoiding it, because not only did he deem himself his equal in strength, but wished besides to oblige the Parliament (which talked of relieving him of his post, because of some mistakes he had made) to continue him in his rank, the two armies duly approached one another. Finally, there being only a stream between them, we asked leave of Prince Rupert to allow us to go in front of all, as the Comte d'Essex had expected, but the

[1] *i.e.*, the farmers of the taxes.

English, who make small account of all other nations in comparison to their own, taking care not to allow him to grant our request, the prince gave us to understand that he would have been very willing, but he was not allowed to do so. All that he could do for our pleasure, should we be in the mood to agree, was to mix us up among the squadrons which would be the first to march against the enemy. We should consider if his offer would satisfy us; otherwise, all he could do would be to place us in the wings of the army. Fondreville, who had already prevented us from accepting a similar proposition, again did the same thing. Accordingly, having placed ourselves where he wished, the battle began, and was stubborn enough at first; but the Parliamentarians soon taking to flight, the victory was so assured to us, that had the King consented to make his army march towards London, there is a probability that that town would have submitted itself to all the conditions he might have chosen to impose.

Fondreville took the liberty of showing him what he thought after his Majesty had come to join Prince Rupert, but as he was always not only full of timidity, but also infatuated with the idea that one must not try and bring back the English to their allegiance, as one did other nations, he was simple enough to listen to some proposals which the Parliament made with the sole design of trifling with him. Before the battle took place, we had received orders from the Comte d'Harcourt to be very careful how we rejoined him in London; because the Parliament, without any consideration for him, was very likely to have us arrested there, we cleverly obtained passports from the Comte d'Essex wherewith to return to our country. It is true that his Britannic Majesty himself procured them for us.

He asked for them, giving the names of some Englishmen who were desirous of travelling in France with a large suite, and passed us off as their servants. I do not know whether the Parliament did not pretend to shut its eyes to this from fear of causing trouble with our own King if it had us arrested. Anyhow, having returned to France without any mishap having occurred to me any more than to seven or eight other Frenchmen who crossed the sea with me in the company of the son of my Lord Pembroc,[1] I went to find my friends, who made me see that I should be giving them pleasure by an account of all I had seen in England. My captain was as anxious to hear my story as the others, and finding that it was circumstantial enough, took me the next day to the Queen of England's house, so that I might repeat to her what I had told him.

The princess in question had sought shelter in France to avoid the sad results she feared from the hatred of the English, who were even more bitter against her than against the King her husband. They accused her of being the sole cause of the innovations which he had attempted to introduce into his realm, and this prejudice had made them presume to make him some proposals that he should drive her away from his side. His Britannic Majesty would have nothing to do with this, as was right. Eventually, however, finding himself in the end involved in a civil war, in which he was not too certain of being successful, he had deemed it best that she should cross the sea, rather to ensure the safety of her person than from any wish to yield to such an insolent demand.

[1] Lord Pembroke.

VI

THE Queen of England received me very well, and having enquired if I had seen the King her husband and the princes her children, went on to ask me what I thought of the country. After having satisfied her anxiety, I replied without hesitation, although there were two or three Englishmen with her, and four or five Englishwomen besides, whose beauty deserved that I should be kinder, that I had found England the finest country in the world, but inhabited by such bad people, that I should always prefer any other abode to it, even should I but be given one among the bears. Indeed, I added, the people of England must be more ferocious than those animals to make war on their King, and to have asked him to drive away from his side a princess who should have been their delight had they possessed any taste or judgment. If my speech happened to please the princess, who took it as the compliment she might expect from a gallant gentleman, it was not at all to the taste of one of these Englishmen, nor perhaps to any of those of his nation who were there. Be this as it may, this individual, who was called Cox, taking serious offence at it, sent me the next morning another Englishman, who told me on his

behalf that I had spoken so "insolently" of his country that he would like to meet me sword in hand. I would with pleasure have told the man that he himself was insolent, since such a word is never used in speaking to anyone, unless it be among fishwives or persons of that sort; but as he did not speak too good French, and might therefore have just as likely used it from not understanding the true meaning of the word as have meant to offend me, I reflected that one quarrel on my hands was enough, without undertaking a second one, and this could not have failed to occur had I made him understand that one could not speak like that to me with impunity. The meeting-place he appointed was behind "Les Chartreux," where Le Plessis Chivray had been killed only a few days ago while fighting a duel against the Marquis de Coeuvres, eldest son of the Maréchal d'Estrées. I asked him to give me an hour's time to go and get one of my friends to fight against him, as he was to be the second, and as I left my house I found another Englishman who gave me a note in which there was a communication of quite another kind to that which his compatriot had made me. This is how the note ran:

"I was with the Queen when you said things so uncomplimentary to my nation, that I ought never to forgive you for them. In consequence, after having pondered deeply as to how I might be revenged for what you said, I have found no better way of succeeding than to beg you to come to my house. The bearer of this will tell you where to find me. We will there see if you would really prefer, as you say, to live with bears to living with people of my country."

Never was man so astonished as I at the sight of this note! I well understood its meaning, and as

there were several Englishwomen present when I uttered the words which the lady reproached me with, I was troubled to divine from which of them this message might have come. Nevertheless, as all who were there had seemed to me good-looking, I thought that whatever happened, I should fall on my legs.

Accordingly, I took great care to find out where I should find her who thus challenged me to combat, and the man she had sent me having replied that it would be in the very hotel in which the Queen of England was installed, he added that I should only have to ask for Milédi ——, and I should be allowed to speak to her. Had I been able to honourably avoid my encounter with the Englishman, I would willingly have done so, now that I had another affair in hand which was nearer my heart. However, as I could not do this without impairing my reputation, I set out for the Hôtel des Mousquetaires to take with me whichever of the three brothers I might chance to find first. There I found but Aramis, who had taken some medicine only an hour or two before on account of his having had an attack of fever some days before. Athos and Porthos were out, and on my enquiring where they might be, on account of my not thinking him in a fit state to be able to assist me, he answered that it was impossible for him to say, as they had not told him where they were going. This troubled me, as I feared that everyone whom I might seek might chance also to be not at home. Aramis noticed my annoyance, and divining directly what I needed his brothers for, told me, while seizing his breeches and jumping out of bed, that a dose more or less in his stomach should not stop him from making up for their absence. To these words he added others which one

would have taken for regular boasting, had it not been that he never indulged in it. He declared that the pleasure of doing me a service would do him more good than the physic he had taken, and that all I had to do was to tell him where to go.

He dressed all the time he was telling me this; and finding him so willing, I thought that I ought not to make any pretences to him. I frankly owned what had brought me, while at the same time declining to accept his offers on account of the condition in which I found him. I declared that, should I take him at his word, I did not doubt but that it would please him, for I knew his very generous nature; but as I was also aware of the harm it would do his health should I make him go out in the open air, I could not consent to his exposing himself to such a danger as he wished to do. He took no notice of my objections, and, having finished dressing, although I continued to protest, we proceeded together to the spot which the Englishman had appointed as a meeting-place. He had not as yet arrived with his friend, which pained me, because now all the time which might elapse before I went to see her who had challenged me to another sort of combat appeared to me as so much time wasted. The two Englishmen made us wait a good half-hour, which caused Aramis and myself to hardly know what to think; but at last, when they appeared along the walls of the Luxembourg, which are outside the town, my friend and I went towards them, so impatient was I to end our dispute! Aramis felt some pains on his way, and told me he should have liked to have stopped could he have done so with honour, but as he was now in the presence of those whom we had to deal with, he was afraid lest they

might misinterpret an act of necessity, the cause of which they could not know. I answered that his scruples were very ridiculous, and that his idea was one which nobody else would ever have thought of. All who knew him were aware that he was such a brave man that he could never be accused of timidity. Besides, I myself was there to explain the state in which I had found him when he had insisted on accompanying me, which would thoroughly justify him, even should the men be capable of forming any bad opinion of him on account of what necessity forced him to do. He would not listen to me, and giving as his sole reason that these Englishmen did not know him, and it was their not forming a good opinion of his courage that he feared should he do as I advised, we continued on our way, and thus arrived in the presence of one another. All four of us examined each other to see that there was no trickery about anyone. For before this precaution became the custom it had happened that certain sham gallants, having protected themselves with coats of mail, were wont to immediately precipitate themselves upon their antagonists, being well aware that their swords could do them no harm. Be this as it may, as not one of us was the sort of man to have done such a thing, we found nothing which was irregular. Meanwhile, while this examination was proceeding, and the man who was to be opposed to Aramis was feeling him all over, his pains reached such a pitch that he was no longer master of his actions. The effort he made to control himself having caused him to change colour, the Englishman, who was very conceited (as are almost all of his nation), at once suspected that he was afraid, but no longer felt any doubt about it when, added to what his eyes told him

his olfactory sense was assailed. However, the Englishman being a very insulting man, as I had observed from the way he had spoken to me when he came to my house, told Aramis that he was trembling too soon; if, said he, this was what happened when he was only touched with the hand, what might be expected when he should touch him with his sword? Aramis, whose pains continued to grow worse every minute, and were the more acute on account of his having to grasp his sword, at last loosened the curb he had kept on himself in order to end his sufferings; in consequence, the Englishman, who had a keen olfactory sense, quickly retreated. However, he soon had to think of more serious matters, for Aramis without hesitation came towards him sword in hand. The Englishman, who was afraid that his antagonist might resemble a certain Maréchal de France, who was said never to engage in a combat without experiencing a similar inconvenience, but who all the same was a most formidable antagonist, ceased his precautions, and did what he thought more pressing—prepared to defend himself. This, however, he did so badly, that hardly had Aramis come up to him when he made a movement of retreat. Aramis then asked him in a resentful manner who was the more afraid of the two, and whether this was the sort of behaviour he had meant when he had declared that he would make him tremble in quite a different way when he should touch him with the sword's point. While speaking in this way, Aramis continued to follow him up, and eventually gave him a good sword-thrust, without his retreating movements proving any protection from it. As to his friend, he

did his duty better with me, and at all events fought bravely, if with no great luck. Already I had wounded him twice, once in the arm and once in the thigh, and having succeeded in giving him a thrust in the throat, I placed the point of my sword to his stomach and obliged him to beg his life of me. He did not need much pressing, so afraid was he of my killing him. He surrendered his sword, and our encounter having thus ended, I betook myself to my friend to assist him should he need my help; however, it was not necessary, and he would soon have followed my example had not his antagonist kept retreating before him. Meanwhile, when the individual in question saw that I in addition was approaching to attack him, according to the usual custom of duels, and realised that instead of one man (who was already too much for him) he would now have two on his hands, he did not await my coming up with him to follow his comrade's example. He gave up his sword to Aramis, and begged his pardon for anything insulting he might have said. Aramis willingly pardoned him, and the two Englishmen having gone away together without asking for their weapons, which we should have liked to have returned, Aramis entered a house in the Faubourg St. Jacques. There, while he had a fire lit to change his linen, he begged me to go and buy him a shirt and drawers. Both of these things I procured at the first linendraper's I could find, and having reconducted him to his house, I at once left him to go and find milédi.

I asked the guards who were at the doors of the Queen of England where the lady's apartment was. One of them showed me the way to reach it, but told me at the same time that he did not think I should be

able to speak to her just now, as she was going out in a carriage to go and see her brother, who had just now been wounded. These words immediately made me suspect that he must be one of the two men with whom Aramis and myself had been engaged. As the guard in question was a Frenchman, and seemed to me honest enough to tell me everything he knew about it, I enquired, pretending much concern, where this misfortune might have happened to him. He replied that it was behind Les Chartreux, where he had consented to act as second to one of his friends who had asked him. The Queen of England had been spoken to about the matter in order that she might take measures at Court to have the man punished who had placed him in such a plight.

I did not want to hear more to make me retire. I conceived that I ought not to present myself before milédi after having been the cause, as I had been, of her brother's misfortune, and that, whatever kindly feelings she might entertain for me, I must at least give her the time to see how his wound might turn out. Accordingly, I told the guard that, as she was now so occupied, I would await another occasion to come and see her. All the same, I went away very grieved at this mishap, being afraid lest it should make me lose an adventure which I had pictured to myself with much pleasure without all the same knowing what it might be like. The guard told me I should be doing no harm in doing what I had said, for as the lady was very fond of her brother, she would be in no condition to speak to me. I returned to my abode, more vexed at this encounter having so closely affected the lady, than by the attention which the guard had told me the Queen of England was devoting to it. I knew

that she could not speak against myself or Aramis without at the same time implicating the two Englishmen. So, being completely at ease as to any action of hers, my only uneasiness was the one which originated from my solicitude for the lady.

Three days passed without any news of milédi, who had all that time been occupied with her brother, whose wound had at first appeared much more dangerous than it really was. But eventually, at the end of that time, having happily learnt the true state of affairs, I received on the fourth day a second letter couched in these terms:

"I see very well that, instead of admitting the fault you have committed, and coming to ask my pardon for it, you wish to make matters worse by retaining a sword which you or your second would not have secured so easily as you did if, instead of having to deal with Cox and my brother, you had had to deal with me. Return me their weapons, or rather bring them to me yourself, without fear of my using them against you. I possess much more dangerous ones, which are of such a sort that, instead of hating me, whoever I choose to direct them against feels himself under an obligation towards me."

This note charmed me as the other one had done, and already thinking myself the happiest of men in having made this conquest, I went to find Aramis to beg him to give up to me the sword which he had in his possession. I told him that the men against whom we had fought had caused their weapons to be asked for by somebody to whom I could refuse nothing. He did not enquire who it was, nor should I have told him had he done so, for this affair I looked upon as being a very serious one. He gave me the sword, and

having placed both swords under a cloak with which I specially furnished myself, I went at once to the house of Milédi ——, and on my arrival threw myself at her feet. Having placed the swords in her hands, I told her that, should she transfix me with them, she would be but doing her duty, in consequence of my having been unfortunate enough to displease her. If, however, she reserved to herself the right of taking her revenge by means of the other weapons with which she had threatened me, I confessed that I could die by no more beautiful death. I spoke the truth, or at least thought I did, when I said this. Never was there a more beautiful person than she, and although a long time has elapsed since the events I am here describing, I confess that I am unable to think about her without feeling my wounds reopen. Besides, she had no less wit than beauty. Consequently, the relations into which one enters with anyone like her are of a more permanent continuance than those contracted with others. My Englishwoman replied that I should be escaping too cheaply did she comply with my request. It was not with a sword that she wished to attack me, but with weapons which would soon teach me the extent of her power. I answered, seeing her speak so openly, that I did not doubt it, and that without waiting any longer I felt already the power her eyes exercised upon me to such an extent as to need no further proof. She rejoined that I had no occasion to laugh at it, for that while I could laugh now, I might not perhaps always do so. Her sprightliness pleased me, and having fallen in love with her on this first visit, I grew fonder and fonder of her, till at last my only happiness was to find myself in her presence. I made more than one

person jealous because of her having shown me kindness. I allowed this to inflame me the more, and as she was a lady of quality, and one who appeared to possess all the virtues which anyone could have, I could not help telling her in the excess of my passion that although I counted myself very happy in having given up my heart to her, yet, as I could never hope to be completely so without obtaining hers, I would accomplish even the impossible rather than not succeed in my desire. She asked me, as if laughing at me, what I proposed to do to succeed? In reply I said that it was my intention to try and make my fortune in the wars, so as to place myself in a position to propose marriage to her, for although I wanted to be happy by the possession of her, yet I had no idea of purchasing my felicity at the expense of hers. I would rather, I added, be nothing to her than attain my wishes without placing her in a position of comfort. I had the honour of being a gentleman, and of a good enough family too, so, as only property was lacking to render me the equal of others of my rank, I meant to work with all my might to obtain it. Up to that time this girl had always looked on me in the kindest way possible, and everyone else would have thought as I did, especially after her two letters, that there could not be any guile in her mind. However, no sooner had I delivered this speech than I saw her countenance suddenly change. She asked me (with an air quite as capable of freezing my heart as it had previously been of making me all aflame) whether I knew who she was that I should dare talk to her in that way? If I did not, she would be very pleased to inform me that she was the daughter of a peer of England, and that a person of her rank was not destined for

a small gentleman of Bearn. Further, she would not scruple to tell me that I belonged to a nation so odious to her, that even were I what I hoped to be she would not even consent to look at me. If she might have appeared up to that time to have been actuated by a different sentiment, it had only been to emphasise better the hatred she bore the French, and to more surely revenge the scorn I had dared to show for her country before the Queen of England. I admit that I was so surprised to hear her speak in this way that I almost thought myself in a dream. I enquired of her if it was not with the object of testing me that she spoke thus, and attempted to show her that in the condition into which she had plunged me such a test was not worth while, since she entirely possessed me, and that I was much more in her hands than my own. To this she replied with unexampled cruelty that she was glad of it, for the more I was captivated the more I should suffer. I leave to the imagination what the effect of such a repetition was upon me. I threw myself at her feet to pray her not to make me give up all hope, as she was doing; but, adding contempt to words as cruel as those she had before used, she told me that anyone else in her place might perhaps forbid my returning to see her, but as for herself, she would be very pleased if I came back, so as to have another opportunity of making game of me. If anything could have cured me, it would doubtless have been these words, which should not only have produced that effect, but also have made me hate her as much as I was able to love her. Nevertheless, I loved her truly, and as the transition from love to hate is not so easy as one thinks, nor from love to indifference, I went away in a state of despair more easy to imagine

than describe. No sooner had I reached my abode than I took pen in hand. I wrote a thousand things which one after another I scratched out, not finding them to my liking. At last, after having gone through this manœuvre I know not how many times, I fixed on the words which follow, in which it seemed to me that I expressed my thoughts better than in all the others:

"There is more inhumanity in what you are doing than if you gave me a thousand dagger-thrusts one after the other. You were right in threatening to revenge yourself to the full for what I said without thinking. You could have found no better way to succeed; it is only in this that I recognise your good faith. What drives me to desperation is that I cannot yet hate you, in spite of the fact that your behaviour should render you even more hateful in my eyes than you appear amiable in the eyes of others."

I sent this letter to milédi by a valet whom I had for some time kept out of my gambling winnings. He found her in her room alone with a lady's maid who enjoyed a good deal of her confidence. She told this servant that she would answer me, but this is all the answer I got. She sent for the daughters of the Queen, her mistress, and having shown them my letter, and made game of it with them, "Tell your master," she said to the valet, "how I treat what he has written. You yourself have been a witness, and on such good evidence as yours I do not doubt but that he will have every reason to be content." This answer was a fresh source of despair to me. I made my valet describe what he had seen, three or four times over, although I ought not to have taken great pleasure in it. I did all I could to stimulate myself, not only to give her up, but even to revenge myself on her. I reasoned

that right was on my side, and, as what she had done to me could only be considered an ambuscade, I could be blamed by nobody for anything I might attempt against her; but the thoughts which great resentment at first arouses could not long have a place in a soul touched as mine was, and they soon made way for others more in consonance with the love by which I knew myself to be possessed. In spite of all her contemptuous treatment, I continued to court her, and she was even cruel enough to allow me to do so, because she rightly conjectured that the more I saw her the more miserable I should become. Indeed, this was the case to such a degree, that all which I might here say to describe my feelings would in no way reflect them. She took great delight at seeing me in this state, and by asking me from time to time if I still believed that it was better to live with bears than with people of her nation, showed me by so doing that, if her face was of quite another kind to that of those beasts, she yet possessed a heart not very different from theirs. While her behaviour was thus so terrible towards me, chance put in my way something which made me believe that I might be able to cure her of her aversion. Her brother, who had been cured of his wound some time ago, and who was extremely debauched, having come to see some "lights of love" who lived near my house, a thing happened to him which often occurs to people who adopt the sort of life he led. He was insulted by bullies, who wishing to steal what he had, picked a quarrel with him for nothing. One of them told him he was very bold to come and see his wife, and drew his sword against him without further ado. This bully's companions drew their swords at the same time to support him, and all the Englishman could do in

such a predicament as his was to throw himself into a closet, the door of which he had time to shut upon himself. By good luck there was on the inside a bolt with a hasp, and employing this to make a rampart of the door until help should arrive, he set to work to call for it from a window of the closet which opened on the street. Luckily for him, I was passing the door of this house with three or four Gascon gentlemen whom I had been entertaining at breakfast. Knowing it to be a brothel, I immediately told my companions that perhaps it might be one of our friends who was in a mess, and that, if they were agreeable, we might go in and try and extricate him from it. Directly they heard what I said, they agreed, and all of us having gone upstairs, we proceeded to do to the door of the room in which the bullies were what they were trying to do to that of the closet where the Englishman was imprisoned. They were bent upon breaking it open, and would not have been long in succeeding. However, the diversion which we made in his favour gave him a reprieve, and the assassins or robbers, or perhaps both, since people of that sort are capable of anything, ran in our direction to escape, if possible, before the law should get them into its clutches. Accordingly, themselves opening the door against which we had already without effect levelled several blows, they no sooner saw by our looks that we were not thief-takers than they told us that they had no intention of defending themselves against us, as they would have done against a commissaire, for they thought that we were reasonable enough to be willing to hear their reasons, and therefore they begged us not to show ourselves inexorable. This we were very willing to do; and when they had told us what I have already described, to wit, that one of

them was husband to a woman whom we saw before us, and that not being able to bear an Englishman's coming to see her, he had pursued the stranger into the closet, they ended by saying that they did not think that we were the sort of people to approve of a foreigner's offering such an insult to a Frenchman, and in his own house too. I myself had so much reason to hate the English, on account of the way I had been treated by Milédi ——, that I confess my rage against these wretches decreased from what it had been before. In consideration of their harangue we pardoned them. Nevertheless, as we were all of us too humane to allow them to maltreat this foreigner, we got him out of the closet, the door of which he made great difficulties about opening to us, so greatly had fright seized upon him. Eventually, however, being persuaded by the assurances we gave, that after having come to his help we were not the people to leave our work incomplete, he emerged from his niche. When he recognised me he was both very surprised and very pleased, for as he knew me to be in love with his sister, and had even participated with her in the cruelties she had shown me, he immediately calculated that, unless my sentiments had undergone a great change, I should take his part with as much warmth as I might do my own. Of this I did indeed give him proof directly that I had cast my eyes upon him and recognised who he was. I at once said to him, while giving my hand in sign of friendship, "What, milord, you who have such fine pullets at home, come here to make love to such broken-down old hens such as I see around me!" For there were two women before me who were neither pretty nor young, and who, even had they had those two qualities, would not have been worth anything to

my mind on account of their wretched calling. I had good reason for thus reproaching milord, because the Queen of England had really around her five or six maids of honour who, although to me they did not appear as fair as milédi, might to one not so much prejudiced in her favour have made the same impression. In reply, he rejoined that his was a folly which one forgave in persons of his age, and one into which he would not again be led after what had happened to him. At the same time, he came close to my ear, and said in a low voice, " M. d'Artagnan, you have just done me a service which will never die out of my memory. I wish my sister to change her conduct with regard to you, and, if she does not do all I tell her, I will be answerable that it is with me she will have to deal." This promise was a thousand times more agreeable to me than if he had given me 100,000 crowns, although I could have done very well with such a present. I immediately embraced him, thinking to show my gratitude thereby better than by any words I might utter. At the same time, I whispered to him to ask if he would like us to throw the bullies out of window. He replied that they had insulted him sufficiently to arouse a wish to do so, but, as there were secret reasons for his concealing this escapade, not only did he give up any inclination he might have felt for taking such a course, but further, would beg me to tell nobody about this affair. The secret reasons which he meant were that he was in love with a lady of quality of his country, and had she by chance heard that his way was to frequent these kind of places, he would never have been able to hope that she would ever allow him to approach her.

Directly milord had spoken thus to me, peace was

made with the bullies, and having nothing more to do with them, my friends and myself took away milord, without enquiring how they fared with a commissaire who entered the house just as we got four paces away from it. This commissaire sent after us to beg that we would come and give evidence against them, being aware that we were taking away the individual whom they had tried to maltreat. We, however, would have nothing to do with it, and thought right to tell him to do the best he could, for we were not the people ever to act as witnesses in a lawsuit against anybody. I was then so full of the hopes which milord had aroused, that my greatest wish was to be a few hours older in order to see if milédi would not be a little more tractable. However, I was wrong to be in such haste, for time was to bring me no good news! Nevertheless, this was not the fault of milord. I knew from a trustworthy source that he did everything he could with his sister to get me treated differently. He even begged her, seeing that she could not bring herself to do me justice, to at least pretend not to be so averse to me. But in spite of all he could say, and of his even confessing to her the debt of gratitude he owed me as an additional motive, it was impossible for him to do anything with her. I still frequented the society of the beautiful, charming creature, too much so, indeed, for my peace of mind, for she continued to be cruel enough to let me see her, so as to make me pay the more dearly for the pleasure of a sight of her. Her brother had not dared to tell me the state of mind in which he had found her, and had left me to find it out during my visits. Accordingly, I went the next day to her house distracted between hope and fear; my visit

however, was not a long one; no sooner did she see me than she asked me what sort of treatment I expected, now that I had added to the aversion she had already felt an outrage which she would never in her life forgive, even should she live a thousand years. What she meant I could not at first conceive, particularly as she spoke to me in a pleasant way, like someone who had cause for laughter, rather than for the anger she had mentioned. This would have reassured me as to what her words meant, however threatening they might have been, had she never chosen any other way of giving me pain. All the misery she had caused me had always been inflicted as if her chief design was a joke more than anything else, and such a disposition was so new to me, and so new, I fancy, to everybody else, that there were no means of accustoming oneself to it. Be this as it may, being very eager to know what this new offence which she laid to my charge might be, her reply, given in the same laughing manner as she had at first assumed, was that my intelligence must be very limited if I could not divine it. Perhaps, she added, I had thought by saving her brother's life to give her a great pleasure; yet, all the same, I ought to know that by so doing I had mortified her more than by any other possible thing I could have done. Did I think it nothing to have deprived her of a revenue of 100,000 livres, which without my interference would have come to her? Such an action she would never during her lifetime forget; irrespective of anything else, it was enough to arouse in her the most frightful aversion in the world, even if its seeds had not existed ready to burst forth at the right time. All this speech I attributed to the bent of her character, with which her conduct was as consistent

on this occasion as on all others when I had had anything to do with her. All the same, I ought to have judged her differently had I understood, as I have since done, what was secretly going on in her heart. The truth was that she was in despair at my having prevented her becoming an heiress; consequently, instead of taking her words as a pleasantry, I should have done much better to have understood them literally, so as to have utilised everything for my cure. I could hardly reply to such a speech as hers, for although I deemed that I ought to adopt the same tone as she did—that is to say, answer in a jesting way—I should have had to have had a more open mind than I had to adopt such a standpoint. Nevertheless, if I was unfortunate enough never to be able to soften her heart, her maid looked on me more favourably, whether from pity at seeing me so ill-treated, or, as appears more likely, from fancying me more than her mistress did. As this lady's maid was fairly pretty, and deemed that at my age I should be ready enough, she told me that she was dying with desire to console me for the ill-treatment of her mistress. She seized her opportunity one day that the latter was out when I called to tell me this, beginning by saying that she was more touched by my misfortunes than I would perhaps believe, adding as a proof that she would do all she could to cure me, even to the point of not hesitating for the love of me to be unfaithful to her who had made me so unhappy. I understood very well what this meant, and having begun to compliment her (reckoning that nothing was more likely to make her speak out), after I had told her every nice thing I could about herself, I spoke of her mistress in quite another strain. I declared that if she perceived me returning to see her after all she had

done, she must not think that I was prompted by love, for the design of finding some opportunity for revenge had more to do with my visits than anything else. Henceforth it was she whom I wished to make love to, and it would not be my fault if I did not give her all the proof she might desire. Youth, which made me susceptible to every woman, whether they were worth the trouble or not, caused me from that moment to begin to show her that I had spoken the truth in regard to her, although all my heart was reserved for her mistress. She, however, would not trust me so soon, from fear of having reason to repent of so doing, and played the chaste maiden, though she was nothing of the sort. Yet, so as not to show herself ungrateful for the proofs of affection I had just given her, she confided something to me which caused me much surprise. I had been very far from any idea of such a thing, although she said nothing that was not true, for I myself verified it soon after in a way to dispel any doubts. She explained to me that if her mistress failed to do me justice, it was yet not from any ill-will she bore towards the French, as she made a point of persuading me, but because she had given her heart to another. Far from hating our nation, as she pretended, she was desperately in love with the Marquis de Wardes, one of the handsomest noblemen of the Court; she was even mad enough to have got an idea into her head that as she was of as good a family as himself, he would be only too happy to marry her! This, the maid added, might very likely have happened if it had not been for the assistance I gave her brother, for had he then been killed, milédi would have become such a great heiress that it would have been a great stroke of luck for the marquis to have made her his wife.

Although this tale contained much to cruelly affect me, on account of its discovering to me a rival, and even one very redoubtable on account of his qualities, I could not help making an enquiry, which was more that of a curious man than of a sad one. I enquired of the damsel if she knew in what way her mistress had received the news of the assistance I had rendered her brother, for although she had spoken to me about it, as it had been but in a jesting manner, I could not believe that it was from the depths of her heart that she had spoken. The maid answered that I might believe what I liked, but that if I did not wish to deceive myself, I ought to take literally everything I had heard. Her lady had, she said, been sorely upset by it, and had she at the time been able to eat me or tear me to pieces with her nails, she would have done so with all her heart ; even now she would do so soon enough, were it possible. Therefore I must be sure that, even had she wished me well instead of ill when this happened, it had been more than enough to cut off any chances of forgiveness for life. The reason of her having spoken in the way she did was, I ought to know, only cunning, so that no one might divine her real sentiments. It had been but to herself that she had spoken confidentially, and if I knew exactly what she had said, it would not give me a great opinion of her. When the lady's maid had enlightened me about all these things, I sought to find out from her on what terms the Marquis de Wardes was with milédi, and whether he had obtained her favours. She replied that he had taken care not to do so, for he had never even spoken to her about it. It was true that he came sometimes to see the Queen of England, but as her Majesty watched over her maids-of-honour, with

whom was Milédi ——, although she herself was not one of them, it would have been impossible for the marquis to talk to her about it, even had he any idea of such a thing. All the same, the maid said, she could not tell for certain if he was aware of the love milédi bore him, for it was so manifest to the eyes every time she saw him, that one did not want to be very sharp to perceive it. She might even add, that if milédi had not let him know it from her own lips in a more intelligible way than her eyes showed, it was entirely owing to her. Several times she had been on the point of writing to him, but she had dissuaded her by making representations that the marquis would never conceive a great esteem for her from the moment she should act in such a way. I was visibly affected by this news, which could not have had any greater bearing on my love affair than it did. In spite of this I tried to conceal the emotions it excited in my breast from fear of thus destroying the effect I had sought to produce on the maid. I deemed that it was important not to show her how great was my weakness, but rather to make her believe that, if I was desirous of learning everything connected with this love affair, and if I myself cherished any passion, it was she who was its sole object. In this scheme I succeeded well enough, and the girl and I having parted very good friends, although nothing had passed between us to make me reckon absolutely upon her, she made me promise to return and see her at such times as her mistress might not be at home. I promised like a man who would take care not to break his word through reasons of affection.

This she easily believed, for I had seemed in love, and women easily believe what they want; be this as it

may, making a point from that very day of observing the Marquis de Wardes from his feet to his head, I began to realise that the eyes of a rival are strange things. Although I could not deny him the justice which everyone accorded to his merit, I did not fail to discover something to find fault with in all he did. Now I would perceive a certain air of vanity in all his manners; now that, by trying to display his wit, he displayed less than he thought. Again, I would insist that his having too good an opinion of himself caused others to have a small one, and thus being always disposed to form a bad estimate of him, I painted a terrible picture to myself, while he did not even dream of my existence. While this was going on, a marriage took place at Court which would have had results very honourable to me if what M. de Treville tried to do for me had not been prevented, as I will explain in a minute. The Marquise de Coaissin, who was a beautiful and rich young widow, had fallen in love with the Chevalier du Boisdauphin, who was a cadet of a good house, and a very well-made man. She married him in spite of the chancellor and his wife, as well as against the wishes of all her first husband's relatives.

It was not very extraordinary that these should object, as the second marriage might ruin the children of the first one; but in the case of the chancellor and his wife, as they could not have found a son-in-law to do them more honour, even had they sought one all over France, it was well perceived that what caused their discontent was that they gave the preference less to merit, of which the chevalier had a good store, than to the blessings of fortune, with which he was but ill-provided. As, immediately after his marriage he

changed his name, and became instead of the Chevalier de Boisdauphin the Comte de Lavale, I shall not speak of him otherwise when I have anything to say about him. Besides, as this comte had made love to his wife without the knowledge of her father or mother, the chancellor's wife knew nothing about it, although for some time past he had been sharing her daughter's couch. So, seeing him come one day to Les Minimes[1] de la Place Royale, where she had gone for her devotions, she told a lady with her, whom the new-made count had saluted, that she must admit that the gentleman she saw was well-made and pleased her extremely. The lady, being very pleased to have an opportunity of giving a loose to her tongue, did not at once explain who he was, although she had been asked in a manner which showed how charmed the chancellor's wife was with his manners and good looks; but, without replying to the other things she had said, answered that it did not astonish her that the chevalier should be so much to her taste, since he was to the taste of many ladies, of whom a great number delighted in him, and there was one especially, a great lady, who thought more of him than of all other men. These words made the chancellor's wife imagine that this was some *liaison* of this lady's of which she wished to tell her, and only made her the more curious than before to know the chevalier. Accordingly, telling her friend not to keep her any longer in suspense, but to tell her his name without delay, and that of the lady who made so much of him, she maliciously answered, so as to increase her impatience, that she had scruples about satisfying her, for what she had just said seemed a little scandalous, so she did not think it right to tell

[1] An order of friars.

either of the names, because what she might say would perhaps cause her to judge them somewhat harshly. The chancellor's wife believed everything she said. Nevertheless, as she was a woman, that is to say very curious, she told one of her lackeys in a low voice as she left the church to go on to a certain chapel, and enquire of some servants dressed in a certain livery what was their master's name. As there are liveries which resemble one another, this lackey confused those of a certain Genoese, who had been at the Court a month or two, with those of the Comte de Laval, so, having addressed himself to these men instead of those of the comte, they replied that their master's name was the Marquis de Spinola. The chancellor's wife, who had just asked the lady to dine with her, would not enter her carriage before her lackey brought back the answer to what she had sent him to find out. He came and whispered to her the name that the servants of the Genoese had told him, and the lady, not thinking that he could be deceived after the description she had given of him, then told her friend that she would not have been risking much even had she given her the name of the man she wanted to know, for she could swear it was the first time she had ever heard it; if, she added, his mistress was no more known than himself, she might mention her directly, for one could not form a harsh estimate of a person one did not know. The lady well perceived that there was some misunderstanding or mystification in all this, and, not wishing to set her right, allowed the chancellor's wife to discuss the good looks of the pretended marquis without offering any opposition. But what was not the worst part of the joke was that, not being able to tire of speaking of him, the

chancellor's wife said to her that, had her daughter "de Coaissin" married a man like that, it would not have mattered, for at least people would have said that she had not made such a bad choice, and should anyone have declared the contrary, she herself would have been the first to take her part. The other lady had here a good chance to make no more mystery, and to confess to her that the man she took for the Marquis de Spinola was her son-in-law. Feeling sure, however, that the chancellor's wife, having this gentleman so much in her mind, would not be satisfied with that, but would talk of it to the chancellor at dinner, her friend was malicious enough not to then undeceive her. As she afterwards said, she wanted to amuse herself with the whole comedy, and contented herself with applauding it. Things turned out just as she had expected. On the chancellor's having asked his wife if she had been out that morning, and where she had gone, she replied that she had been "aux Minimes," where she had seen a quantity of people of great distinction. She might, she said, tell him frankly and without making him jealous that, were she yet marriageable and mistress of her own affairs, she had seen a man there who, entire stranger as he was, would have been just the person to have captured a large part of her heart. Chabot with his fine dancing, and in spite of his good appearance, did not approach him in grace. It was very lucky, she added, that this individual had not come to Paris before the marriage of the Duchesse de Rohan, for had that duchesse seen him, she would soon have given him the preference to his own disadvantage.

The chancellor's wife added further a quantity of things to the credit of her hero; so much so that the chancellor was anxious to know who this man,

so well-built, of such grand manners, and such handsome appearance might be, and enquired if there were no means of finding out his name. His wife answered that she was no great hand at secrets, as was a certain lady of the world, who would never let her know it, although she had enquired of her several times. By this she was aiming a shot at the lady she had brought to dine at her house, and, looking at her with a smile, she thought she was punishing her as she deserved for having made a mystery to her of what she could so easily find out elsewhere. Then, being just as impatient to tell her husband the name of her Adonis as he had been to know it, no sooner had she mentioned that it was the Marquis de Spinola than he answered that either she had been made fun of or wished to make fun of him; he had, he said, seen that marquis more than once when he had gone to the King, and very far from his being a man of handsome appearance, as she declared, he was far more likely to inspire disgust than admiration.

The answer surprised his wife, who wanted to call her lackey to give evidence that she had spoken the truth. To this the chancellor rejoined that she could not think of dreaming that a lackey should be more to be believed than himself, just as if his eyes were better. The lady the chancellor's wife had asked to dinner laughed heartily inwardly at this dispute, and would have done so openly, had she not been afraid that her hostess would cite her in turn as a witness. However, the matter took quite another turn, and this is what happened.

The chancellor being vexed at seeing his wife still maintain that the Marquis de Spinola was not only a perfect picture, but also, combined with good looks,

possessed that air with which the god Mars is depicted for us, retorted that a general description such as hers did not suffice; he wanted her, he said, to describe him in detail. She replied that she was very willing, and having quickly done so, after a minute's conversation he perceived very well that the man she was talking about was her son-in-law; accordingly he told her that very minute that she should no longer blame her daughter for having fallen in love, since without having even been asked, she herself admitted that she would have accepted the same fate had she been unmarried. At these reproaches she was extremely surprised, and was rather angry with the lady, because by the mystery she had made she had been the cause of her having drawn this trick upon herself. However, the rights of hospitality required that she should not manifest any sign of her feelings, or at least, should she do so, only in a pleasant way, and without once again bringing up the whole business of the marriage of her daughter with the comte. Nevertheless, the chancellor's wife took such a fancy on account of this for the comte, that, had it only rested with her, not only would she have instantly forgiven her daughter, but would even have agreed with her that, since she wanted to marry again, she could have made no better choice. One might have hoped, for the sake of the newly-married couple, that the chancellor was of the same mind, and so they might have soon been in his good graces. However, as he was as stubborn as a mule, although a good-natured man at heart, not only did he continue to make war upon them, but was even so unjust as to complain that they took so little trouble to allay his wrath, that they did not hesitate to show themselves every day at the places where his

duties forced him to go. He meant the Louvre, where the comte and comtesse frequently went to pay their court. However, as mutual friends wished very much to effect a reconciliation, they were advised by them to absent themselves from Paris for some time as a mark of respect to the bride's father. Upon this the comte and comtesse begged M. de Bellièvre, whom we have since seen first president of the Parlement de Paris, to lend them his house at Berni, which is but at the gates of that great city. He was enchanted to give them this pleasure, and, having gone thither, the whole Court went there to see them without taking any further thought as to what the chancellor might say about it. It must be understood that the newly-married couple were very much esteemed and looked up to for their good qualities, and besides, it was well known that, when the chancellor's whim should have passed away, far from his finding any cause for blame in people having visited them, he would, on the contrary, feel obliged to those who had shown such proofs of esteem towards them.

Besides, as everyone was of the same mind, several negotiators appeared to arrange reconciliation between these closely-related persons. The comte and comtesse asked nothing better, and told all who spoke of the matter that, if all that was necessary was that they should go and ask the chancellor's pardon on their knees, they would be quite ready to do so if that would satisfy him; besides, had they imagined that their marriage would displease him, they would have certainly abstained from carrying it out, so as to give him no cause for irritation against them. Nothing could be more submissive than these words, and their friends tried to make good use of them to the chancellor;

but as he was no fool, he replied that nothing was more easy than to speak in such a way when the thing was done, for it was quite clear that it could make no difference now. Thus did he seem severe as an old corporal himself, when of a sudden he softened just when he least thought of such a thing. This is how it happened.

M. de Treville, who had dared to resist Cardinal Richelieu, the terror of all the nobles, was now making his influence much more felt, having only to deal with a weak minister, and one of whom people already began to say that it was only necessary to show him one's teeth to get all one wanted. M. de Treville, I repeat, having got a pardon out of him, which he would never have accorded had not his fear for him exceeded his love, went personally to present the letters to the chancellor, from the fear that should he have them presented by someone else he might refuse to affix his seal. The chancellor, who was not quite as weak as the Cardinal, although he liked well enough to pay court to the powers that be, having taken the papers and seen from their perusal that should he seal them it might give cause for complaint to interested people, returned them without consenting to seal them. He declared that he must first discuss the matter with the Queen-mother, and that, when she should have been enlightened by him as to how important it was for her not to allow them to be sealed, he hoped that neither herself nor M. de Treville would think any more of them. The latter, who was unaccustomed to find himself opposed to his face, answered, with a boastful air, that the Queen had apparently understood very well what she was doing when she granted him the pardon which he now presented. In his opinion, he

continued, the chancellor, by trying to supervise her acts, was showing a little too much vanity, and if he did not seal the papers with a good grace, he should have little trouble in making him do so by compulsion. The Queen would soon give him absolute orders to that effect. In short, the only advice he could give him, and friendly advice too, was not to get himself into trouble about the matter.

To address a speech of this kind to the first officer of the Crown was showing rather too good an opinion of oneself! However, as, no matter what intelligence one may have, there are moments when, far from mastering one's passions, one lets oneself go to such an extent as to appear insane, M. de Treville, instead of reflecting and becoming more prudent, not only did not content himself with what he had said, but even perpetrated an act which scandalised all the assemblage. It was that day, the day for affixing seals, and what occurred was the more remarked on account of the great number of people present. Be this as it may, without troubling about the many witnesses of his temper, De Treville once more demanded if he refused to seal the papers; and seeing he would not do so, after telling the chancellor that he would never again do him the honour of presenting them a second time, or ever present any other papers at all to him, De Treville tore them up under his nose. At the same time he added, as a sort of threat, that it was no longer his business but the Queen's, to whom he would leave the task of getting herself obeyed. An act of such violence, and so public, was immediately bruited about all over Paris, and did not fail to reach Berni. Saying nothing to his wife, M. le Comte de Laval instantly set out, and having gone to the house of one of his friends, begged

him to send for Treville on his behalf. Treville had, on leaving the "seals," betaken himself to the Queen and to the Cardinal's to have the first word about what had happened, and having stopped to dine with M. de Beringuen, first écuyer of the King's little stables, came back immediately after to his own house. I had gone there to bring him a letter from the country, which a gentleman had sent me to give into his own hands. Before opening it he asked me from whom it came, and when I had told him the sender's name, he replied jokingly that the gentleman in question would have done much better to have remained in the company of Musketeers, where he had been three or four years, than to have left it as he had, to go and be cuckolded in the provinces. He would wager, he said, that he could tell me word for word all that was in the letter without reading it; its object was, he felt sure, to implore his assistance to come and exhibit his horns[1] before the Parlement of Paris, just as if he ought not to have been content with having brought them to the notice of that of Pau! Thus chaffing with me, he opened the missive, where he found exactly what he had just told me. In it this gentleman informed him that, his wife's lover being a relative of two or three presidents of this latter Parlement, there was no justice he could hope for from the tribunal of Pau, and so he ran great risk of having affront piled upon affront, should not M. de Treville act as his father and protector. The latter, who had read these words to me out loud, asked what I thought, and whether he should not rather side against him than take his part. I conjectured, when he said this, that he must be a friend of the lover's,

[1] *i.e.*, to let people know his wife had been untrue to him.

or at least have had him recommended to his protection by powerful persons. However, as the injured man was a friend of my family, and M. de Treville's question gave me the right of advocating justice to the detriment of any protection which the lover might have obtained from him, I was already endeavouring, in the best way I could, to persuade him, when he interrupted me with reproaches for advising him to declare himself a "cuckold's father." At the same time, he said that neither my friend nor myself anticipated such a thing when we made our requests, for should he be so simple as to follow my advice, he would expose himself to the finger of scorn. Seeing by this that he was in a good temper and only wanted a laugh, I entered into the joke, for I was not too unhappy at jesting when I chose to take part in it. Meanwhile, just as we were beginning to get absorbed in the subject, a lackey came to take him away, announcing that a gentleman who would not give his name wanted to speak to him. It was this very friend of the Comte de Laval's who had come to carry out the commission he had given him. M. de Treville, who had no suspicion who it was, ordered the lackey to usher him in. A moment later the gentleman entered, and De Treville, who knew him on account of having seen him every day at Court, having asked what brought him, and if there was anything he could do for him, the gentleman replied, so as to get me out of the room, that he had come to ask for a Musketeer's tunic for a gentleman who was one of his relatives, but that, as something had happened to him in his province, he would be glad to speak about it privately, so that he might determine whether he would be in safety in his company. I wanted to absent myself, so as to leave them alone, but as M. de Treville told me not to go away, for he

had something to tell me about the letter I had brought him, I entered his ante-chamber, where I began to converse with a Musketeer who acted as his écuyer.

I had no sooner left than the gentleman, after having changed his tone, told him that M. le Comte de Laval wanted to meet him sword in hand; he had heard of his treatment of his father-in-law, and as the latter's robe forbade his demanding an explanation, it was for him, who should be his second self, to take up his dispute. The comte was now waiting impatiently at the Porte St. Jacques, where he would conduct him if he liked; he had only to take one of his friends with him, so that he might not be a useless witness of the fight. M. de Treville, who, far from being lacking in heart, had more than any man alive, answered that it was a pleasure to him to hear that this was his commission, and an even greater one that the Comte de Laval had taken in hand his father-in-law's quarrel, for on account of his profession he would have had to swallow without redress the insult he deemed himself to have received from that magistrate, had not someone happily appeared to offer reparation. The gentleman retorted that it was not a matter of who was wrong or who was not, since things were going to be settled sword in hand. Differences could only be made good before constituted justice or arbiters; but as fortune was about to decide as she pleased which of the two was right, he was sure, whatever happened, his friend would be quite content, provided he had the pleasure of having a sword-thrust or two at him. For himself, the same would content him, for when brave men, such as would be now engaged, undertook to draw blood from one another, the blood which flowed, no matter from whichever side, pos-

sessed the quality of effacing every feeling of resentment which even far greater differences than the ones in question might arouse in the soul. As the shortest speeches are more graceful in such meetings than anything else, both of them stopped there. Meanwhile, M. de Treville, calling his servant, who had remained to guard the door, told him to send me in again. The lackey had not far to go to fetch me, since I was only three paces away, and when I presented myself, M. de Treville told me in this gentleman's hearing that, a challenge having been sent him by the Comte de Laval, he would cast his eye on none other than myself to act as second, nor would he ask whether I should well acquit myself of that position, for he had so many proofs of what I could do that, if he did so, he would be insulting his own judgment more than myself. The gentleman was surprised at his thus giving him a young man of my years as an antagonist, and not being able to conceal his thoughts, M. de Treville answered that, if there was any reason for disapproving his choice, it would be that he was placing him in a greater danger than he knew of losing his reputation, for when one chanced to be vanquished by a man of my age it was far more painful than by a grown man. There, he said, lay the only cause for regret, for with regard to all else he would discover in me an enemy who would fight with a stout heart and would not be afraid of him.

I thought myself honoured not only by such a complimentary speech, but also by a choice which was no less flattering. To be the second of M. de Treville seemed to me an honour which would get me as much talked about as the friend of my family and his "horns," which he wanted to drag about from

Parlement to Parlement. Accordingly, being already full of impatience to find myself on the ground for fear this honour should be snatched from me by some unforeseen accident, I only awaited their setting out to follow with a light heart; but what I had feared happened just as all three of us least expected it. As we were about to get into the carriage, an officer of the Connétablie[1] came to inform M. de Treville that MM. les Maréchaux de France had sent him to stay in his house till further orders, on account of their having learnt that the Comte de Laval had set out to revenge the insult he declared his father-in-law had received.

I cannot describe my mortification at this unlooked-for occurrence. It was about equal to the satisfaction I had before felt at being chosen by a man like M. de Treville for the work he had been good enough to entrust me with. The Comte de Laval was also placed under guard, and the matter being arranged some days later, the chancellor, whom everybody blamed for not forgiving his daughter, and who was only deterred on account of being ashamed of softening so quickly after having shown so much rage, made what the comte had done for him a pretext to receive the couple into his good graces. The Comtesse de Laval, who adored her husband madly, nearly died of joy, thinking that now there was nothing further to mar her happiness. The chancellor's wife for her part admired her own good taste, if I may say so, in the person of her son-in-law, and was not vexed that the closeness of their relations should prevent her ever falling in love with him, as she might perhaps have done with another not so closely related to her, on whom she might have cast her eyes without harming her virtue.

[1] The Court of the High Constable and Marshals of France.

VII

I WAS delighted that the daughter of the first officer of the Crown should have thus wedded a younger son; and although I could not boast of being of such a good family as he, I nevertheless flattered myself that his example might be capable of producing a good effect on my mistress should she be at all inclined to listen to reason and do me justice. But she continued still so enamoured of her Marquis de Wardes, that it was easy to see that this was but a dream. The nobleman in question did not want to marry a foreigner, being one of the most comfortably off of the men at Court, and she could only have hoped to be his wife had she been the heiress she imagined I had prevented her being. Meanwhile, as hope dies hard and is the thing which makes the most miserable of mortals live, it happened that, while I was flattering myself once more that I should overcome the antipathy which she entertained towards me, she herself was joyfully calculating that her brother might die, and that her property and beauty would win her the heart without which she could not live. However, her brother having some months later returned to England, where he made a rich marriage, her hopes soon evaporated into smoke

at the news which she soon after received of her sister-in-law being already with child. In consequence, she nearly died of sorrow at seeing no chance of her dreams coming to pass.

Her maid, whom I went now and then to see so as to hear news of her mistress, and from whom I had thought it expedient to receive all those favours which woman can give to man so as to gain her over to my interests, informed me of her rage. I did all that I could to forget milédi; however, as I could never succeed, whatever I might do, I managed to disguise my feelings so well to this damsel that she had no idea at all of my being any longer in love with her mistress. Anyone else would have been deceived in the same way as she, for she received from me such great proofs of my friendship that it was pardonable to make such a mistake. The lady's maid in question being very pleased with me, and I with her, because, in addition to granting her favours, she let me know of every step her mistress took, she told me two or three months after we had been on these good terms that I had done very well to cure myself of my infatuation, for her lady had now ceased to have either any reason or honour. At these words I felt myself overcome with sorrow, so far was I from being cured as she imagined! Meanwhile, being unwilling she should know my thoughts, and on the contrary, anxious to make her believe that what she said about my cure was true, I burst out laughing as if delighted at no longer loving a mad woman. I asked her at the same time, but in an indifferent manner, as if not caring, what her mistress might be doing to scandalise her to such an extent. She immediately replied that she did only too much, and that I myself might be the judge of it, adding that her insanity could

go no further, since she wished at all hazards to make her take a note to the Marquis de Wardes to appoint a meeting. This she had been unwilling to do before consulting me, so as to obtain the advice about the matter which she expected from one so devoted to her as I appeared to be.

I was astonished at her not noticing the effect these words produced upon me, and stood abashed. At last, however, having in some measure recovered my self-possession, I asked what kind of meeting this was to be, for although all such meetings were wrong for an unmarried woman, nevertheless there were some worse than others, for from small things one went on to big ones, especially where a man like De Wardes was concerned, who was too clever to stop halfway on such a pleasant journey. The girl rejoined that the meeting in question was of a kind to leave no further step to be taken; Milédi —— was desirous of passing a night with him, and should I care to see the note she had written to him on the subject, she would at once show it me, since it was in her pocket. I was too interested in all this not to take her at her word. I asked to see it, and she having at once handed it to me, I read in it things I would never have believed had I not seen them with my own eyes. I could not refrain from growing pale at this discovery, and the state I appeared in having shown the girl what was passing within me, she in her turn grew pale, when she saw how much she had been deceived in believing that I had abandoned her mistress for her. She reproached me a thousand times for my deception, and as after what she had noticed I had now nothing further to say, I elected to beg her to save me against myself. So, admitting my weakness, since I could no longer

deny it, I threw myself at her feet, and declared that my peace of mind now lay in her hands. I could no longer esteem her mistress after what she had shown me about her, but being yet weak enough to wish to extinguish the passion which her beauty had kindled by possessing her, it lay only with her (the maid) to procure me that satisfaction. Directly I should have enjoyed what I desired, my only thought would be one of contempt, for only mutual friendship was capable of reviving the fires of love. As I should be rather robbing milédi of her favours than accepting them from her, I should not ask to enjoy them again, since I should no longer find any pleasure in so doing; consequently I should return to her with a heart free from any other desire, so that in the future she would be its sole mistress.

However eloquent I might have been, I should never have persuaded her had I allowed her to decide my fate. But having given her clearly to understand that, should she desire me to continue my relations with her any longer, she would have to satisfy me in what I wanted, I made her agree to what I wished, partly from compulsion and partly from inclination. She then enquired how I proposed she should set about deceiving her mistress, exacting at the same time an oath from me that, in case she should discover everything, I would take her under my protection to save her from her rage. I told the girl that, since this meeting was to be at night-time, she could easily substitute me for the Marquis de Wardes; this would be the more easy as her mistress herself desired that there should be no light in the room, neither at the time when her lover should enter nor while he should be there. Besides, as I should have to leave an hour before daylight, she might easily perceive that there would be no

risk to herself in carrying out this deception. The maid was well pleased at my smoothing away all difficulties, and the only obstacle now left being milédi's knowledge of my voice, I promised her that I would disguise it so well, that she concluded she could trust me. The girl having thus promised me her good offices, made her mistress believe that she had taken the note to the marquis, and that he would not fail to get into her room at nightfall *incognito*, where she would keep him till the time came for him to enter hers, adding that he was just as desirous as herself for the moment of meeting to arrive. Milédi was transported with delight at being so near the happiness she desired. The day seemed to her a thousand times as long as others; to me it would have seemed just as long, and perhaps longer, had not from time to time a fear of my being recognised seized me. At last the Queen of England having retired, and all the ladies of her Court as well, milédi was no sooner in her bed than her maid conducted me to her room by a little passage which led there. As I felt myself obliged to make some allusion to the great piece of good fortune to which it had pleased her to invite me, I did not fail to do so, but in a voice so well disguised that, even had she had any suspicions of the trickery which was being practised, she would never have detected it. I did not deem it opportune, both from reasons of prudence, and also from wishing to show my affection, to make a long speech, but having followed up my words by caresses, I made her so pleased with me, and I was so pleased with her, that scarce did we think ourselves in the middle of the night when the maid came to announce that it was time for me to decamp. It may be that, actuated by spite, or rather by jealousy, she came a little earlier

than was necessary. However, as Milédi —— did not wish day to surprise me in her arms, she whispered in my ear to me to depart, adding that she would let me know by the maid when she wanted me to come and see her again.

The maid took me by the hand to lead me out of the room, for she had come to fetch me without a light, just as she had brought me there. She then made me go into her room, saying that one could not leave the Queen of England's house without taking care of who was coming in or going out. She added that I must stay there all day, so as to choose my time for making my exit at dusk; thus I could go out without anyone having perceived that I had been in the house. This was the order given her by her mistress, so as not to run any risk, an order which I myself ought to agree to, since a gallant gentleman should always be careful of ladies' reputations.

I could not say for certain whether these precautions were really her mistress's or not; but, anyhow, what she told me being the sort of thing of which one ordinarily says that, even if it is not true, it is at least well invented, I had not a single word to say against it. I reluctantly took some soup she gave me, although I urged as an excuse that, much as I had wished to pass the night with her mistress, the thought that it was in reality to another than myself that the rendezvous had been given, had so much disgusted me that I had not entered too ardently into the enjoyments of the night. I imagined that when I said this she would believe my word without further proof; however, as she was shrewder than I thought, she answered that, if things were as I wanted to persuade her, she would find it out in a minute, for as she had been obliged

to dance attendance all night, and had not slept a single moment any more than myself, we ought both to retire to rest, adding that she would not be wanted in her mistress's room till twelve o'clock, which would give us both all the time we wanted for repose.

Had I honourably been able to excuse myself from what she proposed, I should not have failed to do so. To have to leave the bed of her whom I loved best in the world, and share that of a girl to whom lechery alone attracted me, was not too agreeable a thing for me to have to do! However, as it would have been bad taste to have declined, and as besides I had need of rest, I began to caress her, to make her believe that the favours of her mistress had not made me forgetful of the respect I owed to her own. When this was over, I told her I wanted to sleep, making all the apologies I could, and, dozing off a moment later, was still sleeping, without having awoke for an instant, when it was close on twelve, the time at which she was forced to rise and attend upon her mistress. She took good care not to tell the latter where I was, declaring that the pretended Marquis de Wardes was so delighted with his night passed with her as not to take any notice of the imprisonment in which he had to pass the day. These assurances delighted milédi, and, thinking she ought to give some proof of her affection to the too fortunate marquis, she had paper and ink brought her, and sent him this note, which her maid would never have given me if it had not required an answer. Here it is.

"I have never known sufficient about man's strength to speak with any certainty, but as I have not reached my present age without having often heard it made the subject of discussion, I imagine that now rest is more

necessary to you than work. Consequently, the regard I have for your health makes me support your being so near without desire to profit further by your sight for our mutual gratification. Let me know when you deem yourself in a condition to sustain a fresh tourney. I know that it is very bold for me to speak thus, and I would not do so to your face, as you must be aware, since you observed that I would only allow you to approach me when the shadow of night was present to conceal my confusion. Yes, the darkness gave me strength for that effort over myself, just as the walls between us two embolden me to write these lines. Forgive them, and be assured that I should be more restrained were I less charmed by your attractions."

When the maid brought me this note I was still sleeping, and having awoke me to answer it, "Look here, story-teller," said she, "did I not know by my own experience how overcome you are, this note would have let me know it." I took as little trouble to answer this deserved reproach as the note. Not that I was not still sufficiently enamoured of Milédi——to promise her marvellous things, but as the answer would have to pass through the maid's hands, and I knew that she would be annoyed if I played "the Soyecourt," I found myself in an awkward predicament. Nevertheless, as intelligence and good sense are only given to man for use when necessary, I told her that the limited experience which her mistress had had with me made her consider what had happened as something grand and marvellous, and therefore it would not cost me much to retain her good opinion, as she seemed to be so pleased. I would appoint another meeting for that very evening, or at least for the morrow; the closer it were to the last one the less jealous she ought to be,

for having herself already accused me of being overcome, she might be sure I should not have recovered in so short a time : thus I should cause her no great uneasiness, and she would be very wrong if she should feel any.

The maid, who was sharper than I thought, did not fall into the trap; but replied that, however jealous she might be, she must yet take more care of my health than of her own peace of mind; consequently, she could not hear of my appointing a meeting so soon after the one I had just had ; it was now Saturday, and if I sent word to her mistress that I should hold myself in readiness to delight her with my conversation on the following Wednesday, it was all she would agree to. I did what she wished, for having her to deal with, I could not do otherwise. Accordingly, my answer to milédi was in accordance with her wishes, and as she knew neither my handwriting nor that of the Marquis de Wardes, she easily took one for the other. Meanwhile the maid, when she gave her mistress my note, told her that, after having written it, I wished to make a correction. I had, she said, remembered that on the evening named in it, the King was to go and sleep at Vincennes, and having to go with him, I would beg her to put off our meeting till the next day, which was a Thursday.

Milédi thoroughly believed this, although her maid had invented it for reasons which I will presently explain. The Wednesday having at last arrived, I went to the maid, who, as usual, was to lead me to the meeting-place; she told me that her mistress could not see me that night, for one of her friends was coming to sleep with her. This speech mortified me very much, although she told me I had only twenty-four hours to

wait, as my appointment would be the next day. At last, having perforce been obliged to console myself, I was desirous of returning home, when the maid said that if I could not enjoy myself with her mistress, I might yet do so with her, adding that she had had white sheets put on her bed, and at least she would have the pleasure of sending me away in the same condition as her mistress had done three days before; at all events, she would do her best, adding that it was not fair that she should always have someone else's leavings.

Her words, which were more than enough to show me how sharp and keen she was, gave me much pain; but finding myself caught napping, and not having a word to say, all my efforts were now directed towards managing matters so that I should find myself at no disadvantage when with her mistress. However, as I had to deal with a cunning woman, which is not hard to believe after what I have just said, she made me go much farther than I wished. The day breaking, and it being time to rise, she would not allow me to remain in bed any longer, on the pretext that some tradespeople were coming into her room to bring something for her mistress. She had indeed told them to come that day, so as not to give me any time to restore exhausted nature; with the same end in view, she made me enter a closet near her room, the door of which she shut upon me, and left me there without a fire, though the season was not yet one to dispense with it. She did a good deal more, she left me there all day without even bringing me a piece of bread to eat, wishing to succeed in squeezing me dry before I should enter her mistress's room. I clearly perceived her spitefulness, but, having no remedy, much as I might desire one, I had to wait patiently until she

pleased to release me from my captivity and from the miserable condition to which she had reduced me. Hunger was the least of my sorrows, although I might well be famished, especially after passing the night as I had done, and not having eaten for nearly thirty hours! I was frozen to the bottom of my soul, and never surely did man find himself less disposed for amorous dalliance.

Eventually, between midnight and one o'clock, the malicious maid coming to open the closet-door, and trying to make excuses for having left me there so long without help (as if she could not have done anything else), I did not think I ought to listen to them without telling her what I thought. Besides her other tricks, she had artfully put out the fire which was usually in her room from the time of her rising to that of her going to bed. In consequence, not being able to warm myself as I expected before going to see her mistress, I begged her to give me at least a faggot so as to light it quickly. She answered, however, with a certain air of mischief and jealousy, that she would be urging my suit but badly with her mistress were she to inform her that I needed a fire when about to see her, adding she would say nothing for fear of ruining my reputation with her, for a lover who was full of heat, as I at my age should be, would soon be warm again; the best thing, therefore, I could do, would be to go to her without losing a minute's time.

She did not waste time in waiting for my answer before conducting me to her mistress's chamber, and when she took me by the hand I thought I must freeze her, so cold was it. However, the delight she felt at seeing me in this state caused her to pay no attention to my sufferings. I allowed her to lead me, perceiving that

it would be useless to ask her anything more, and that she would never grant me anything. She left me by the bedside of Milédi ——, who, on my not daring to approach from fear of chilling her, asked me the reason of my not coming closer? I replied that her maid having kept me some hours in her closet without any fire, and finding none on coming out of it, I had been frozen to an inconceivable degree; my teeth, which were chattering, proved this better than anything I could say. In consequence, pitying me, she begged me to come to bed quickly, so as to get warm. I did as she bade me, but without feeling the least amorous. She at once came close to me, and, clasping me in her arms, the love which she bore, not me, but the man whom she believed me to be, at first caused her not to feel what an icicle she was embracing. She had all the trouble in the world to warm me, and, succeeding only after a long time, addressed me in the most caressing terms while doing so, to make me understand how grateful she was to me for having endured such hardships for love of her. Not realising, however, why her maid had caused me to wait so long in the place she had shut me up in, and even less why there had been no fire, she enquired of me if I had any idea of the reason. I took care not to let her know it, nor the length of time I had passed in the closet either. Anyhow, whether the time I had been suffering had impaired my strength to such a degree that it could not at once recover, or whether the maid had previously exhausted me by the excess of her caresses, Milédi —— had such small cause to be content with our meeting that she would not have had any great incentive to ask for another one, had she thought that things would again turn out in the same way. I rose from her side much as I had lain down, and the maid had the additional

devilry to come for me four hours before daybreak. I then found not only a good fire in her room, but also the wherewithal to well satisfy my hunger. I ate like a man who was famished, and being exposed to many jests from this lying girl, nothing consoled me but the thought of the good lecture her mistress would give her for the way in which she had treated me. She did not indeed fail in this, and I heard from the maid's own lips that she had had great difficulty in making her understand that what she had done had been only caused by her own room having that day been full of people.

Milédi——, who had enjoyed the first meeting she had accorded me, was not so much disgusted with the second not to ask for yet a third, but her maid, to whom all this was becoming distasteful, resolved to end it by a piece of advice she pretended to give her mistress, as if only inspired by a wish to procure her more pleasure. She made her believe that she was robbing herself of half the pleasure she might obtain if she were to enjoy my embraces either in broad daylight or at least by some other light than that which the sun gives. She declared that after what she had permitted she ought to have no scruples about seeing her lover face to face; besides, her amorous meetings would be longer and, consequently, far pleasanter for her. She had much trouble in making her see this, but succeeding eventually, milédi arranged with her that she should conduct me into her chamber again on the following Monday in the usual way—that is to say, without a light, but that instead of coming to fetch me two or three hours before daybreak, she should leave us together till it was time to get up.

This scheme of the maid's was only in order that I might abstain from returning to see her mistress,

from fear of incurring the just resentment she would feel were she to discover the trickery I had employed to rob her of her favours. It was true that, as she was my partner in the deceit, she had as much reason as I to fear its discovery, but as she could guard herself against the consequences either by warning me of milédi's plan or by leaving her service, she thought this was the best way to avoid exposing herself to the jealousy which our frequent meetings occasioned her. I was very surprised when this maid told me what her mistress meant to do, and not having an idea that it was she herself who had devised this plan, I told her I did not very well know how both of us would get out of this mess, for now it was almost as dangerous to keep the appointment with her mistress as to be found wanting when with her, as had been my case. Should I not go, it would be a reason for her having recourse to someone else than her to learn from the Marquis de Wardes whose fault it was, especially as she had no good excuses to make. Should I adopt yet another course, it was easy to perceive that even worse might happen.

The lady's maid having listened to me attentively, replied that everything I said was true, exclaiming that this was what she had come to through her love for me, and that as I was the cause of the mischief, I ought to find a remedy! She was wrong, she said, ever to have been so ready to oblige without foreseeing what must result, but nevertheless, as there was nothing except death itself which could not be remedied, she was ready to give me some advice which would be useful would I but make use of it! I at once replied that in the predicament in which I was there was nothing I would not do to extricate myself, and having likewise sworn that I would do all she advised, she made me write

a letter, which I was to give Milédi —— when I had retired with her. I found this letter very much to my taste, because she made me write it in the name of the Marquis de Wardes, and it could not have been very agreeable to the girl herself. Meanwhile, having accepted the fresh rendezvous which her mistress had given me, her maid refused to tell me how she proposed, on the night in question, to get me out of my difficulty. However, when I was just about to enter the chamber, as it was now or never the time for her to enlighten me, she told me that if anything extraordinary were to happen I was to seize that opportunity of escaping from her mistress's arms. She would tell me no more, so mysterious, or rather so desirous was she of upsetting my mind and making our third meeting pass as the second had done. However, I continued so much in love with her beautiful mistress, that instead of things happening as she hoped, I recovered in her arms the reputation I had acquired on our first amorous meeting. Nevertheless, I gave her the letter which the maid had caused me to write, and, entreating her to place absolute reliance upon it, awaited with more calm than I ought to have felt, the moment when the girl should please to give the signal, which she had promised to do when it was time for me to retreat.

She only did this between four and five o'clock in the morning, when she herself set fire to a wretched mattress in a gallery at some distance from her room. This was what I least expected, as did Milédi ——, who thought only of what to say to me to cover the confusion which she could not already help feeling when she thought of seeing me face to face; but the noise, which at once resounded through the house directly the fire was discovered, having soon driven away these thoughts, so as to

make her realise that in such a moment of disorder and confusion I might be surprised with her, she was the first to entreat me to go away. I did not need to be told twice, and having gone to the maid, she told me that, as the door of the house was now open, and everyone going and coming to render assistance, I might make use of this opportunity to get away to my own house. I did what she advised, and the fire being extinguished before daylight, Milédi —— was very vexed at this occurrence, which had torn me from her arms sooner than she desired. Eventually her maid, who had brought her a light as a precaution in case of the fire causing any ravages, having retired to her own room, after having seen that there was nothing to fear, milédi no sooner perceived that she was alone and in safety, than she had the curiosity to read the note I had left her; but she had not much reason for being pleased with it, since she found only what one may here read:

"I am so overwhelmed with amorous appointments that, had it not been that you were a foreigner, and that I wished to spread my reputation across the sea which divides your country from mine, I would never have kept the ones you made with me. Do not then expect that in the future I shall be as punctual as during the last few days. Everyone in their turn! and all I can do for you is to embrace you at most three or four times a year."

Milédi would never have believed what she saw had this note been given her by any other than myself. I had but a moment before appeared too loving to allow her to fathom what two things so utterly opposed (as were such love and such great contempt) might mean. She went to bed again, where she cried all the

morning. This I suspected without seeing it, and having gone to her house after dinner to enjoy her confusion a little, found her that day not visible to me nor anyone else. The next day it was the same, but that evening she told her maid that if I should return on the morrow, she would like to see me, and ordered her to admit me to her room, while refusing the entry to everyone else.

The lady's maid, who knew very well why she was so sad, gave herself no small pains to guess what her mistress might want with me. She could never make out, however much she racked her brains. Consequently, being obliged to be patient till I should have seen her, so as to hear from me, I was very surprised when, on returning on the day in question, she gave me her mistress's message. I, like her, could not imagine what she might want, but knowing that I should not have long to wait, since I had only to enter her chamber to learn what it might be, I had myself announced, so as to see whether she had changed her mind. Her maid, who had taken the message to say I had arrived, having returned immediately to tell me that I might enter, I did so at once. I found her mistress on the bed in a somewhat dishevelled condition. She did not, for all that, seem to me less beautiful. This made me at once think that nothing was now lacking to my happiness but to enjoy the favours of such a fine creature without any restraints, and without being obliged to make use of such trickery as I had done to possess her.

I found her mood so unrecognisable, that no greater change could have been possible. For instance, instead of taking a jesting tone with me, as before she was wont to do, she asked me very seriously if I had

told the truth when I had declared that I loved her as passionately as was possible. Hearing her speak like this, I threw myself on my knees by the side of her bed and reiterated my affection with all the oaths which I deemed most likely to convince her. I said that if there had been anything wanting in the assurances I had given her, it arose only from my being unable to express the point to which my love attained. In reply, she rejoined that, this being so, it was only right that she should treat me better than in the past; she would henceforth change her mode of behaviour towards me, but on condition that I would never prove false to the promises which I had always made her, to love her better than myself. She would soon, she said, ask for proofs of this and would expect them to be given by me with all my heart.

I took her hand, which I kissed with quite extraordinary fervour, to show her by so doing, as well as by words, that she had only to command to obtain implicit obedience. She allowed me to do this without protest, which gave me more pleasure than all the favours I had robbed her of, although they were of quite another kind. For nothing which is stolen possesses the savour of what is voluntarily given, unless it be one of those robberies in which it is very easy to perceive that the fair victim is very reconciled to her fate.

Milédi —— stopped there that day, and would say nothing more to me. I saw her on the following days, and was always well treated by her; she even became more gracious to me from one minute to the other, so much so that, had I not known of her weakness for the Marquis de Wardes, I should have deemed myself the happiest of men.

Her maid, however, was not unconcerned at all these visits, and wanted to discover their reason, and I had in consequence a good deal of trouble to throw her off the scent. Nevertheless, I succeeded cleverly enough. I made her believe that her mistress had given me a letter from her brother who had had a dispute with the Marquis de Winchester, that in it he sent me word that he was shortly coming over to France to have an encounter with him; not daring to do so in England, he had begged me to act as his second, and that was the reason of milédi being on such good terms with me. The maid swallowed this piece of news for truth, and, on account of the good luck which up to that time had attended me in the combats in which I had participated, she easily concluded that, when there was any encounter imminent, it was safer to make use of me than anybody else, and that this was the reason of the changed state of affairs of which I have just spoken.

Milédi's new way of behaving could not fail to surprise me, for I knew all her ways, and, besides, remembered her former ill-treatment of me; accordingly, I set to work to ponder over its cause. At last, having thought well over it, the most likely solution I arrived at was that probably she resembled a good many ladies who, once they have gratified their fancy with one man, look for another with whom they hope to discover what they can no longer look for in the last.

My conclusion, however, was not a true one; and I was soon enlightened on the subject, returning to see her the day after I had so unjustly accused her of being fond of change. She then told me that the time had come for me to prove myself, and

that she wanted an answer that day as to whether I would decline to carry out anything of what she might ask me. I replied without hesitation that she had but to speak, and even should she demand my life, she would soon perceive by its sacrifice the pleasure that I should take in obeying her behests. In reply, she said it was not my life she wanted, but somebody else's; should I be willing to promise it to her, there was nothing I might not hope for. Her words immediately opened my eyes, and I at once understood what the effect of the note left by me at our last amorous interview had been. All the same I did not hesitate to tell her that she had but to name her enemy to me to be soon rid of him.

Such a promise cost me nothing, for I calculated I should be compensated for it by the one she had herself made me in the fit of revengeful desire. I also reckoned that when I should have received the reward I claimed for my promises, I would ingenuously own that she ought not to be any longer infuriated as she was against the Marquis de Wardes, since it was I who had under his name deceived her.

Milédi —— was enchanted at the warmth with which I promised my assistance, and having again repeated that there was nothing I might not hope for, should I perform the service she wished, told me that the enemy whose blood she desired was the Marquis de Wardes. At the mention of this name I simulated extreme surprise, which she did not fail to notice. She asked me where was my courage now?—I who, a moment before, seemed ready to dare Heaven itself to please her!

To this I replied that, although I appeared much surprised, yet my courage was still the same as before,

but considering that whatever the result of the combat which she wished me to engage in with this marquis, I should be reduced to never seeing her again in my life, I frankly admitted that at such a thought all my fortitude gave way.

She enquired why I should never see her again, provided I were victorious as she hoped? Because, I rejoined, I can hope for no pardon from his Majesty; not only shall I have disobeyed his orders, but have also killed a nobleman on very good terms with the Queen his mother; the best thing which can happen to me is to be forced to flee and thus never see you again.

Milédi answered that this being the case, I should only have to go to England and she would come and join me there. Of this she had no intention, as it was soon easy for me to perceive. I suspected as much, but pretending to fall into the trap like a dupe, I at once replied that, on such conditions, I would fight not only the Marquis de Wardes, but everyone whom she might please to designate, but, as nothing would impart to me so much courage as the certainty of her keeping her word, I would beg her not to be annoyed at my asking for a guarantee before entering on this encounter; the best and safest she could give would be to accord me in advance the favours she promised; if she desired to be represented by a man who was to emerge victorious, she must first make him happy, otherwise, I added, I should be fighting as one in a trance, and be beaten more from fear of her than of my adversary. As an answer to this, she said that it was only I who would have asked such a thing, that it was unheard of to ask for payment in advance, especially when one respected anybody, however slightly.

At bottom she was right, and perhaps I myself might have blushed at my behaviour, if the knowledge I had of her ways had not reassured me on thinking it over. I knew that she had taken the step which usually costs a girl so much, and reasoned that, as she had taken it for another, she might as well do so again for me. So, not letting myself be led away from my resolve by all she could say, I persisted in my demand, on the pretext that otherwise I should not feel safe, and that if she wished to be successful, it was to her interest as well as my own not to refuse my request.

At last, having made her pretty well understand that my services were to be obtained only at that price (although modestly and with the air of a man passionately in love), I placed her under the necessity of either granting my desire or at least allowing me to take it. She preferred the one better than the other, and we at once became good friends, or at least everyone would have thought so who saw what she allowed me to do. She then very cleverly tried to persuade me, as if only from affection, to revenge her without risking my life, telling me, to get me to agree, that however brave a man might be, his triumph over another was never certain, especially in the case of an enemy like my opponent. She bade me realise her sorrow should she lose me, were I by ill-luck to fall in the encounter, declaring that she must die of sorrow, which I could not doubt after the favours she had just accorded. She took good care not to make mention of the vengeance which it was her real object to thus make sure of. But as I much suspected that this was the sole reason of her endeavours, I took this for granted without nevertheless letting her perceive what I thought. I contented myself with saying that even

should I be killed in this duel, I should much prefer it to soiling my honour by any act of cowardice. At this she burst into tears, as if afraid of losing me. I almost began to place some small faith in her, so easily do we believe what flatters us! So trying to console her with caresses, I promised that I would be invincible now that I was happy enough to possess her friendship.

I did not risk much by this promise of being invincible. I had not the least desire to fight, and, being more than ever charmed by this siren, I now thought only of confessing the trick I had played her, so that by so doing I might soothe away all her resentment, and, having delivered myself from the combat I was to engage in, enjoy my good fortune in peace. It was necessary for me to do so soon, for she was persecuting me to keep my word without a moment's delay; however, just as I felt most embarrassed how to proceed, I had an unexpected respite. I learnt that the Marquis de Wardes had fallen ill of fever, and, as he had to keep his bed, an excuse arose which she could find no objection to. This fever lasted seven or eight days, during which time this lady tried to avoid granting me the favour of passing a night with her which I had asked; her excuse was that she did not want her maid to know it. I wanted to undertake to gain her over, feeling sure that, after what had passed between her and myself, she would be obliged to abandon her jealousy when I resolutely told her to do so; but milédi would never consent, declaring that not for all the gold in the world would she give the girl such a hold over her.

If I had cared, I could have told her all I knew about this maid, and by so doing have taught her what I felt

very sure of, that, whatever means she might choose to adopt, she could never, in her opinion, pass for a vestal. Not thinking, however, that the time had yet come for me to tell her what I thought, I pretended to agree with her reasons. Consequently, I proposed another plan to her, which was that I should hide in her room while she sent her maid away somewhere, so that on her return she should think me gone. To this scheme she tried to find further objections, but on my pointing out that, the Marquis de Wardes being now almost convalescent, she ought not to refuse me this satisfaction, for in three days I should be no longer able to ask her for the same thing, she at last consented. I was, consequently, not obliged to trouble about gaining over the maid, which perhaps might have been more difficult than I imagined, because every day she became more and more jealous.

I had resolved not to allow this night to pass without confessing to my charmer that there was no cause for her hatred of the Marquis de Wardes, since its reason was but a fiction. I fancied that such news could not but be pleasant to her, since, instead of a lover who she believed despised her, she would find one who had always been so devoted that he had resorted to a great piece of trickery to stop her throwing herself into the arms of another. Everybody would doubtless in my place have formed the same opinion, and, besides, it should have been a great consolation to her to know that, if she had made a false step, it had only been in favour of a man who passionately adored her. I considered that I ought to carefully choose my time to explain this, so as to obtain a good reception for my confession. I could not have desired a more favourable opportunity than this one, and having further studied

the moment when she should seem the most disposed to listen to reason, I was extremely surprised to perceive that, instead of being full of ardour as she was before, she became of a sudden a thing of ice. I attempted to revive her transports, not only by words which seemed to me very persuasive, but also by my caresses. My idea was that there could be nothing which would touch her more, and that either from friendship or reason she would thank me for having delivered her from a courtier to whom she had been about to give herself without knowing whether he bore her the least affection. I even expected to point out to her in a moment that, even should he have been fond of her, it was to be feared lest, after the custom of his like, who are great criminals in love affairs, he might have abused her confidence. Anyhow, she would not permit me to do as I wished, but gave me such a furious kick that, had it been delivered with as much strength as rage, it would have thrown me out of bed. This behaviour surprised me to a degree which may be easily imagined. I deemed it no longer the time to reason with her, nor to have recourse to tenderness, and, asking her pardon as earnestly as if I had been begging my life, she was no more appeased by my submissive attitude than she had been by anything else.

She was even so indiscreet as to awaken her maid by the noise which she caused. It is true that she did not care, for as she had learnt from what I had just said that she had been my accomplice in the trickery practised upon her, she wanted to awaken her in other ways as well.

The lady's maid, who had no idea what all this

meant, and who, far from believing her mistress with me, thought me gone, as she herself had told her, having come, candle in hand, to see what was the matter, was extremely surprised to find me, whom she thought so far away, there. She might perhaps have been the first to complain had she dared; but, her mistress giving her no time, heaped upon her every term of abuse which ever came from woman's mouth. She reproached her with having assisted me in my deception, and, the maid having been bold enough to answer that, even if she had deceived her (as she had done three times), it was not she who, that night at least, had been the means of my sharing her couch, I believe that milédi would have killed her with a light heart, or at least, well beaten her, had she been able to do so without awakening all the household. At last, a little reason having returned in place of her terrible rage, she told her to pack up her boxes at daybreak, as she would never see her again. To me she made a speech calculated to be no more pleasing. She ordered me never to show myself in her presence, unless I wished her to plunge a dagger into my heart. I seized my clothes that very moment, without waiting to be told this twice, from fear lest she should snatch my sword to effect what for lack of a dagger she was unable to do. This was the first thing I took care of. The rest of the night I passed in her maid's room, who was no more in a laughing mood than myself. Her mistress owed for all the wages due to her since she had entered her service, and as her brother, rich as he was, sent her no money, she did not know where to go in case her mistress's fit of rage should last, of which there was every appearance. I clearly perceived what was the matter, because, instead of reproaching me, as she

would doubtless on any other occasion have done, she did nothing but lament her fate, like one who did not know what to do; so, not liking to witness this despair, I told her to calm her mind, for if her mistress should treat her badly, she would always find me ready if she was in need of anything.

My words restored the peace of mind she had lost, and would have robbed me of mine had I had any left after what had just happened, for instead of thanking me for my good-will towards her, she began to call me traitor and wretch, just as if I had promised her marriage and broken my word! I could soon have quieted her, had I been in the mood to propose that I should pass the rest of the night with her, but not being in a joking mood (far from it, indeed!), I lit the fire while awaiting daylight, and endeavoured to endure it, although with the greatest impatience.

The long-looked-for daylight came at last, and as I was about to go home, the maid seized hold of my arm, telling me not to go out so early, because those who saw me would draw the conclusion that I had been passing the night either with her or her mistress. As to the latter, I had no need to spare her after her treatment of me, and with regard to the other, the only reason for my being more careful might be her sex, which all honourable people should respect. On the score of her virtue, which I knew to be fragile, I did not feel myself obliged to show her any great consideration.

I did not, however, confide all my thoughts to this girl, for it would not have suited her nor myself either. Indeed, had I done so, she might then pardonably have abused me in the way she had done. Be this as it

may, my good nature, or rather my politeness, having gone so far as to yield to her arguments (although no one could have been more bored there than I), her mistress, between nine and ten in the morning, rang a little bell for the maid to go to her room. This was her usual signal when she wanted to tell her something. Our disagreement had occurred at least seven or eight hours before, a time sufficient for her to have regained control of herself again, but so far was this from being the case, that she only sent for the girl to repeat the order she had already given her, to leave the house immediately. A woman less infuriated than herself would have taken good care not to do this! Taking everything into consideration, milédi should have reflected that the despair she was about to plunge the girl in by dismissing her without money would be the cause of her picking her character to bits in fine style; however, far from thinking of this, she told her further that, should she ever discover that she had been talking about her, it would be a certainty it would cost her her life. It was no use for the maid to protest that one did not throw a girl on the streets in this way, but at least paid her when she was sent away; she might just as well have said nothing as talk so. Accordingly, having been obliged to surrender the keys of what she had under her charge, she came and told me before leaving that I should do well to go out with her, now that the hour was no longer an unusual one.

From these words I perceived that she was not any longer so careful either of her own reputation or of her mistress's, since, instead of stopping me from leaving before dusk, as formerly was the case, she was now the first to advise me to do so. She even counselled me to go out with her, which was throwing

overboard all the scruples of which she had some hours before made so much show. Nevertheless, I did not deem it wise to take her advice, more from love of myself than from any consideration for her. It seemed to me that I should be discredited if people said that I had slept away from home to go and pass the night with a lady's maid; so I told her to be off, and that as I had waited so long to take my departure, I would wait yet longer till nightfall, so as to spare her mistress, as she had advised. She replied that I might do as I thought best, but that if I would take her advice I would be very careful, for when she had advised me as she had done, it was under the impression that when daybreak came her passion would have cooled down; but, as it had not done so yet, there seemed little chance of her changing her mind. Consequently, she added, after thinking matters well over, it was to be feared that when a crowd of English came to see her, as was their custom, her mistress might beg one of them to stab me when I was least expecting it. She knew her well enough to think that her rage might go as far as that, and I ought to profit by her warning, for otherwise I might want to do so when there was no longer any time.

Her words made me inwardly think that she might very well be right, especially after reflecting that milédi had sacrificed everything to me in consideration of my having promised to kill the Marquis de Wardes, and that very likely she might behave in the same way to another, provided that he also promised to avenge with my blood the insult she imagined herself to have received. Having, therefore, no longer so much consideration for her nor for myself, I told the maid that I would take her advice at the risk of whatever might

happen, and that she was to let me go out before her and not follow me till a quarter of an hour later, so that we might not be so much noticed as if we both went out together.

She agreed to all I wished, and on my going out first, she followed some time after, as we had arranged. These precautions did not prevent my being observed, and, as it was palpable that I could only be coming out of the house of Milédi ——, which I was known ordinarily to frequent, perhaps I might have been suspected of having just left the mistress, had it not been that the maid was seen to leave the house a little time after me. She was taking away her box, and a man, being curious enough to follow, noticed that I was waiting for her a hundred paces away, where I had appointed a meeting-place. I had been desirous of learning whether her mistress had said anything to her when she had gone to say good-bye, which I had advised her to do, although she had been dismissed so definitely that it appeared to me somewhat unnecessary.

What this man did, justified Milédi ——, as I will presently explain, although it was not a very convincing proof for her. Indeed, one might have thought (and it even seemed very likely) that, if I had had something to do with her, it could only have been through the help of the maid, and that, consequently, I might well speak to the girl without having any particular business with her. However, the box did marvels for the mistress, and this is how it did them.

The man who had observed me going out a little before the maid, who had followed us, having reported what he had seen to the Queen of England (either because he had a grudge against Milédi——, and thought

it could only do her harm, or only from a desire to amuse her Majesty), the Queen spoke about it to Milédi —— in terms which showed her that, did she not justify herself, she would find it difficult not to believe that she it was, who was the object of my visits. Milédi ——, who lacked neither subtlety nor sense, was not disconcerted at her words. Another woman in her place might perhaps have been very embarrassed. She answered her Majesty that, notwithstanding all the respect she owed her, she must allow her to say that she found herself in no way disturbed by her suspicions, for it was only those accusations which were true which offended. The true cause of the tranquillity of her mind was not, she said, so much her innocence as its proof, which was so easy for herself to produce. She did not deny that I had passed the night in her apartments, but it had been by the side of the maid, not with her. She herself had been the first to perceive this, and no sooner had she done so than she had ignominiously dismissed the girl, without being willing to listen to the stories with which she had tried to justify herself. She added that she had also threatened to have me thrown out of the window, and might perhaps have executed her threat had there been persons at hand to do her bidding. However, as my flight had forestalled her resentment, she had thought it best to let matters alone, and not cause a scandal, which might perhaps have harmed her more than anyone else, reflecting that, as justice was not always done to everyone, she might be accused (as was now the case) of a connection which had nothing to do with herself. As a proof of her words she concluded by declaring that, if what was alleged against her had been true, she would not have made the girl pack her box

on the spot and told her never again to appear in her sight.

As there appeared to be a good deal of truth in this, the Queen of England readily believed all she said. Accordingly, all her rage being now directed against me, although I had not the honour of being personally known to her, she sent word to M. des Essarts, begging him to come and see her after dinner. He took care to do so, and her Majesty having complained bitterly of my having had such small consideration for her as to have made no bones about disgracing her house, he promised to punish me as much as she might expect from the profound respect he bore her. Indeed, the punishment he awarded me was considerable. Directly he returned home, he sent me to prison at the Abbaye St. Germain. I remained there two entire months, and believe I might be there yet, had not the Queen of England herself had the goodness to pardon me.

She told M. des Essarts, one day she saw him at the Louvre, that my punishment had lasted long enough, and that, as there was a likelihood of my having become discreet, there could be no danger in giving me my liberty. I thought myself obliged to go and thank her, and having gone, she told me that she pardoned me on account of my youth, but only on condition I did not return to my bad ways. I thought it best to make no reply to this, deeming that a respectful silence better became such an occasion than all the excuses I might have made. Directly I was gone, she said to some ladies who were with her, among whom was Milédi ——, that I was very well made, and that she whom I had been to see could not have fared badly, adding that I was not the morsel

for a serving-maid, for there were many mistresses who would be glad of such a chance.

This is how my affair with my Englishwoman ended, unless I ought to regard as its result a number of perils from which happily I extricated myself without knowing how I fell into them.

VIII

SOME time after this I was near being assassinated at the Foire St. Germain. Three men, one after the other, pushed me as if by mistake. They thought apparently that, as I was by nature not very long-suffering, I should say something to them which would serve as a pretext for them to carry out the evil design they premeditated; however, as one grows older, one usually becomes more sensible or less excitable, and I had become much more moderate than on my arrival from the country. Besides, knowing that I possessed a very dangerous enemy in the person of Milédi ——, I acted more cautiously than perhaps I should have done if nothing had happened to me in connection with her, and consequently I continued on my way as if I had not noticed this insult. In the meantime the men followed me, and I had not reached the Rue des Mauvais Garçons, for I had gone out by the door which is in the Rue de Tournon, when one of these rogues barred my path and bade me draw my sword. I immediately cast my eyes behind me and on each side, and perceiving not only the two others ready to help their companion, but even four more, whose faces were new to me, but who looked like regular assassins, I placed myself at the entry to a blind alley

which is close to that spot. I thought that here it would be easier for me to defend myself than in the middle of the street; but all the same, as all seven wretches came to attack me at the same time, I should have soon succumbed to superior numbers had I not bethought me of crying, "Help, Musketeers!"

By a happy chance, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis happened to be close at hand, with two or three of their friends. They were at an innkeeper's, who lived close to the gate of the Foire, and as a mere nothing makes everybody crowd together at Paris, no sooner had they put their heads out of window than the people, of whom there were a good number on all sides, told them that a Musketeer was being assassinated.

It was high time they came to my help. I had already received two sword-thrusts in the body, and I could not have escaped from being soon despatched, owing to the way in which my assassins were setting about it. They were brave folks, as will be shown by what I shall relate, that is to say, if such a term may be applied to wretches resolved to perpetrate such a wicked deed as theirs. They were just reckoning that their work would be soon finished, when they found themselves obliged to defend themselves against unexpected enemies. Our fight began now to be less dangerous to me, and I was lucky enough to kill one of these assassins, who had been the whole time pressing me harder than the others. My friends did the same for two of his companions, but on our side we lost two gentlemen of Brittany, who were killed on the spot. In addition to this, Athos received a severe sword-thrust in the body, and the combat bore every appearance of proving even more fatal (although

it had already been sufficiently so), when the assassins suddenly took to flight. The reason was that five or six Musketeers were leaving the Foire, and were hastening to our assistance, having heard the rumour, which had reached the place they were in, that some of their comrades were engaged in an encounter with some people who had tried to assassinate one of their number.

Had matters been well arranged, a portion of our band would have pursued our late assailants while the rest were assisting Athos and myself. We were in much need of help, for we were losing a great deal of blood, and the state our friends saw us in making them think that they ought to make as much haste as possible, they allowed the assassins to escape in order to bear us assistance. Nevertheless, at the end of this combat, we very nearly had to engage in another against a commissaire who came up with a troop of archers to take away the dead bodies. We would never consent to their removing those of the two Bretons, and, four Musketeers keeping watch over them while Athos and I had our wounds attended to, we sent for a carriage, in which we placed the two corpses. We took them to a place where we felt very sure nobody would come to seize them. The place in question was the "Hôtel des Mousquetaires," where, it being useless to keep them, we had them buried that very evening at St. Sulpice.

The commissaire thus obtaining only the bodies of the three assassins, drew up his report of all that had happened, and proceeded in the way which his calling prescribed to make his examination of them. He found upon the corpses nothing to indicate with any certainty who they were, and as nobody claimed them,

he had the bodies exposed at the Châtelet, as is the usual custom when anyone is found dead and nobody comes forward to recognise them.

The suspicions I entertained that this affair had originated from Milédi —— made me, although ill enough from my wound, lose no opportunity of following it up. Through a friend of mine, who was in close connection with the commissaire, I had him sounded, so as to discover if it was in all sincerity that he had declared himself ignorant who the assassins were or whether he had been bribed. My friend reported that he had spoken in good faith; all that he knew was that the dead men were English, and what had made him discover this was that he had found upon them memoirs written in that tongue, and also tablets inscribed in the same way. The official had, my friend said, had this writing deciphered, but had only found unimportant things in it, such as remarks on beautiful things noticed by the bearers since their arrival in Paris, and similar matters.

This confirmed me more than ever in my suspicions, and resolving to take good care of myself should I be fortunate enough to recover from my wound, I did all I could to put aside the love which I still cherished for such a dangerous person. One would have thought, after all that had happened, that I could not have retained any at all, especially after the bad deed I imputed to milédi. But as one does not always do what one ought, I still loved her only too much, and time itself was alone able to cure me.

The state of feebleness which is a concomitant of all minorities of kings caused no further notice to be taken of this affair by the law, although its particulars were brought before his Majesty as if it had been

a duel. I have no idea whose work this was, as there could be nothing more untrue, or more wanting in appearance of truth. In fact, the two wounds I had received before my friends came to my help were proof enough of my attempted assassination, and that I had not commenced the combat. However, as the King on his accession to the Crown had renewed the edicts which the King his father, while yet alive, had issued against duels, some people had taken pleasure in paying him court by their falsehoods, or had tried to do me this injury on account of the ill-will they bore me. Nevertheless, unless it was Milédi ——, I was unaware of having offended anyone, and it is even open to doubt whether what I had done to her can be termed an offence, since, far from really having injured her, I had but substituted myself for a man who might not have behaved as well to her as I did.

Eventually, the agitation which people were trying to stir up against me having disappeared in smoke, I thought only of getting cured, and tried more seriously to recover my health than I had previously done. Athos, for his part, did the same, and his wound was going on as well as mine, when all of a sudden his surgeon began to despair of his life. As we had both been placed close together, and I heard him say that the wound had become quite black, having ceased to suppurate, I said to my poor wounded friend, who had like myself heard the surgeon express this bad opinion, that I was not astonished, since he himself was the cause of his misfortune, adding that, should he die, he would only have himself to blame, and that he would be pitied by nobody, nor would I be the first to pity him, though I was his friend more than anyone else. He asked me why I said this, and I answered that he

might guess without my being obliged to tell him that anyone acting as he did was committing suicide just as much as if he took a pistol and put it to his head. Considering the state he was in, he must either have no sense at all, or be anxious to die like a man who is desperate. No one had ever heard of a man, wounded as he was, making his mistress come to his bedside, for he must be aware how bad such a thing was for a wound, and, should he continue his way of proceeding, gangrene must soon set in.

In reply, he said that I was laughing at him to speak in such a way, for I myself had been a witness of his prudence, so much so that, unless I wished to quarrel about straws, I ought not to mention such a thing. Besides, he added, he had as lief die as not see one whom he loved so tenderly; all the same, he begged me not to say anything about this to his brothers, for perhaps they might have scruples about allowing his mistress to return in future.

Seeing him in this mood, and paying so little attention to what I said, as to wish to continue his rash courses, I rejoined that I would mention the matter no more till they came into his room, for if he was mad enough to want to die when he might save himself, I was not so imprudent as to permit such a thing when I perceived a remedy.

Both of us argued a long time on the subject, so amorous and foolish was my poor friend! At length, his brothers entering while we were still engaged in this discussion, I told them, without awaiting his permission, that, if they wanted to get him out of his trouble and falsify his surgeon's prediction, they must follow my advice. I explained what was the matter, and this was all that was wanted to make them carry out

my counsels to the letter. They went personally to beg their brother's mistress not to come and see him till he was cured, and, as she was more interested than anyone else, she made no difficulty about agreeing. She visited him no more, and her lover's wound getting as well as before the time when she had come, he was soon upon his feet once more as I was.

Gassion had been made Maréchal of France a short time after the battle of Rocroi, on the recommendation of the Duc d'Anguien, who had on that memorable day showed himself such a hero. This new maréchal had been brought up as page to the Prince de Condé, a position which might be called a school wherein to learn how to become great, since four of these pages had afterwards been seen to obtain the batons of Maréchals of France. He was a man whom it would have been difficult to find in the household of any other prince, even in the King's. All the same, he had many more pages than anyone else, and so this was less extraordinary in his case than it would have been in other people's. But what made it more remarkable was that this prince seems to have left all his valour and knowledge of military affairs to his son, and was content to reserve politics for himself,—not that I mean by this to say he was wanting in courage, God forbid my doing such a thing, for I should be talking against my reason, for I know well that the princes of the house of Bourbon have never been wanting in that quality. This being understood, what I mean to say here is, that as he had always been very unfortunate in the expeditions in which he had been employed, it was easier to learn from him how to raise sieges and conduct retreats than to storm fortresses and win battles.

The Vicomte de Turenne had also received the same honour which had been conferred on Gassion. He was not indifferent to it, as has since appeared. The title and baton of Maréchal had not seemed to him unworthy, the one of being put before his name and the other in front of and behind his carriage. Eventually, however, the feebleness of the ministry having soon emboldened the nobles, a good number before long demanded to be made princes. All the highest nobility at once opposed this, since it could only be to their abasement and to the prejudice of their authority. Nevertheless, the greater number of ambitious ones put by their pretensions only to press them once again on a more favourable occasion; but finally the house of Bouillon, having been more persevering than the others, on pretence that they asked nothing that was not their due, since from the time that they had been in possession of Sedan several powers had recognised their right to that rank, it at last obtained what it wanted.

This originated a saying of the Maréchal de Grammont, which he afterwards frequently quoted when desirous of proving that one overcame all obstacles by persevering in one's resolve: "Just as Le Roure is become Paris by pertinacity, so has the maison de Bouillon attained princely rank."

Le Roure is a suburb of Paris, which was formerly far away from it, but as this city has always been growing bigger, there has at last been so much building that it is now a part of it. While the maréchal said this, he, for his own part, was aspiring to being elevated to a like honour. He even did all he could at the King's marriage to attain it, but as one could not do this for him without doing it at the same

time for others, the consequences appeared so serious to the Court, although the maréchal himself was a popular man, that it was not thought expedient to accede to his wishes. It is true, as the De Bouillons boasted, that some foreign powers had recognised them as princes since they had been masters of Sedan. The Emperor and Spain had done so to embroil them with France, who laughed at the idea of bestowing such a dignity upon them, since she had known them as her subjects in all the past centuries, and still reckoned them as such. The Dutch also had done so to please the Prince of Orange, who was a near relative of these new princes; for the late Maréchal de Bouillon, father of M. de Bouillon and M. de Turenne, had married Elizabeth of Nassau, sister of Comte Maurice.

The prince in question had done all he could while alive to persuade Henri IV., with whom he was on very good terms, to grant him this prerogative for himself, but that great King would never accord him such a favour as that.

Louis XIII. had acted in the same way with regard to his successors, who had, one after the other, asked for the title. Not that he did not recognise him as Prince of Sedan, but he would never hear of treating his family as a royal house such as he claimed it to be. However, what the father and son would not do, the King who rules to-day has at last consented to. This makes us know that our sovereigns make princes when they please as much as the Emperor; for otherwise, where would be to-day the princes of that house, who only call themselves so by the grace of the King, and not by the grace of God?

Directly Cardinal Mazarin was installed in the Ministry, and felt himself as it were established there

by the victory of Rocroi, and the imprisonment of the Duc de Beaufort and his other enemies, he began to study the pleasures of the nobles of the Court, so as to amuse everyone in every way that seemed likely to prove agreeable. He perceived that gaming was a passion to which they were not averse, and as he himself was not disinclined for it, he established in his house the game of "hoca," and some other games, which he had brought from Italy.

People clever enough to see through his Eminence soon noticed his avarice on account of his love of winning.

However, as he was far from being as highly esteemed as Cardinal de Richelieu had been, his servants were, almost without exception, recruited from the dregs of the populace. The principal officer of his household was the son of a Parisian washerwoman, and another of his servants, who was even lower, being only the son of a miller of Brittany, also occupied no small position there, having charge of his finances. The latter at first were insignificant, and there was no need for a bulky ledger, but as time went on, they became so important that, had they not been very well arranged, a regular office would almost have been wanted for their administration. The Cardinal was clever enough to make use of a manœuvre in his affairs which no one else would have thought of. He always did good to those from whom he won money, while those who won from him could not get their salaries paid, however importunate they might be. The same applied to people who won the money of others, to whom he would answer when they complained, that they were able to wait, for those who had most need should come first, taking

care not to say that, while they won other people's money, they should not get their due, for he was much too clever to, as it were, pick their pockets so rudely, and made use of great tact.

This kind of behaviour made him little esteemed by those who took the trouble to compare it with that of Cardinal de Richelieu. They remembered that while the latter had lived he had done nothing which was not great and praiseworthy, with the exception of some cruel actions. As to Cardinal Mazarin, he had no designs against the life of anyone, it was their purse which was threatened, and there was no ruse he did not employ to fill his own. It seemed, however, as if he had no need to trouble himself, since the Queen, who was a good princess, and not very apt at business, left him master of everything without exacting any accounts. In any case, whether the Cardinal was afraid of keener eyes than his own, or that, being an Italian as he was, he deemed everything good worthless, unless seasoned by some rascality, he soon taught all who were ready to be corrupted to become rascals like himself. And indeed, before that time, the French were never accused (as they are to-day) of being people to break their word; duplicity was not their vice, and, if they had some faults (and what nation has not its own?), they were those of which they have always been justly accused. For instance, we love our neighbour's wife more than is right; we often like to appear better off than we are; we have a tendency, likewise, to domineer over others, besides a thousand other similar failings which it would take too long to enumerate. Nevertheless, although it cannot be denied that this is regrettable, all this may be said to be nothing compared with the mode of conduct which prevailed

amongst us directly we profited by the lessons given by Cardinal Mazarin.

The first year of the regency having passed in the manner I have described, the year 1644 had no sooner arrived than his Eminence, so as to become sole master of the council, sent the Duc d'Orléans to command in Flanders, and the Duc d'Anguien in Germany. There was now but the Prince de Condé to cause him umbrage; however, having cleverly despatched him to Burgundy on the pretext that the affairs of that province, of which he was governor, needed his presence, the minister began to have everything at his command at Court, just as if he himself had been the sovereign. The French, who are no fools although they often say nothing, either from good nature or policy, were not long in perceiving his scheme. They grumbled amongst themselves, and began to think it strange that the princes of the blood allowed the Cardinal to do everything he liked.

The regiment of guards in which I still remained (in spite of having done my best, with no success, to enter that of the Musketeers) was ordered to go and serve in the army of the Duc d'Orléans. The cause of my not having attained my desire was, that the minister already had his eye on the company. There were nephews of his whom he had not yet summoned from Italy, but whom it was his intention to make participate in his good fortune.

All the finest posts did not seem to him too fine for them, and as being a Musketeer was not one of the least, he tried in advance to disgust M. de Treville as much as possible, so that, when he himself wanted the company, he would not be so unwilling to give it up; with this idea he had made the Queen issue orders

that no one should be admitted a Musketeer without having been first shown to the King.

Here was a regular farce! His Majesty was as yet only five and a half years old, and it would have been much better to have brought him a battledore and shuttlecock to amuse himself with, than to ask his opinion on a matter which was so much beyond his understanding, for, whatever bent he might naturally have for everything great and distinguished (as we have since observed), it was easy to perceive that it was but jesting to make him judge of whether a man was fit to enter the company or not. In consequence, when I was presented to him (for it was enough that I was a countryman of M. de Treville's to make me unacceptable to the minister), this prince, who as yet only spoke through the Cardinal, told me that I was as yet too young to enter, and that before I could hope to do so I must carry a musket in the Guards for at least two or three years. This was purchasing such a position dearly, the more so that the custom then was that, when one had carried a musket eighteen months, or two years at the most, the King gave one the post of ensign in an old corps, and even allowed one occasionally, if in a position to do so, to buy a company in it or some other regiment, if there was one to be sold. It was not often he opposed the sale of such posts by their possessors, especially when they had grown old in their profession, for then it was in a sort of way a recompense for their services. Before M. de Fabert became what he now is, he had negotiated about one in this way, and obtained it with the greater ease, because he had served in the Guards much longer than the required time. Louis XIII. had even told the vendor that, provided the proposed buyer should have served only eighteen months, he might reckon

on his agreeing to the sale on the spot. However, M. de Fabert was so devoid of what is known as a presentable appearance that, no sooner had the King seen him, than he told the man who wished to sell his company that he must keep it, did no other purchaser present himself. That is what was the beginning of the career of a man whom we have since seen Maréchal de France, and as already I saw him governor of one of the best fortresses in the kingdom, I soon consoled myself for the King's refusal to accord me a Musketeer's tunic. I told myself that such a bad beginning might perhaps have no bad ending. It is true that what contributed towards my consolation was that I divined through all the excuses of M. de Treville (who was not very pleased that people should perceive that he was on bad terms with the minister) that my rejection was more on account of him than from anything to do with myself.

Be this as it may, having set out with the regiment of guards going to Flanders, we reached Amiens at the beginning of May. There we stayed two days, very much crowded together in that town, which was quite full of troops, some of whom took the road for Abbeville, and others for Arras, so that the enemy might not discover their real destination. Meanwhile, the rumour was circulated that it was Douai, which was the last place dreamt of. The design was to attack Gravelines, and, with that purpose in view, a treaty had been made with the Dutch, who were at that time our friends. They had bound themselves to furnish us with ships to stop any help the enemy might procure by sea. As a matter of fact, the Spaniards began to be less formidable in this quarter, for they had despatched the greater part of their forces

to Portugal and Catalonia, the recovery of which seemed to them of such great consequence that they did not deem themselves safe till it had been effected. The Maréchal de Gassion came to join the Duc d'Orléans at Bapaume, near which his road had lain. Our regiment found the army there, and turned off to the left suddenly, which enlightened the enemy as to our real plans. We came upon the river Aa, across which we had to make bridges to pass, and, the enemy having erected a fort between Gravelines and St. Omer to keep up communication between those two towns, we had no sooner crossed than we made an attack.

This fort was called the "Fort de Baiette," and was fortified regularly enough; however, it made no great resistance to the Maréchal de Gassion, whom the Duc d'Orléans had sent to take it. No sooner had the maréchal become its master, which he did the same day, than we took, in addition, the "Forts de la Capelle and de Saint Folquin," which the enemy had erected to make the approach to Gravelines more difficult. The Maréchal de la Meilleraye, who had the name of "Captor of Fortresses" bestowed upon him by the soldiers, because he was more skilful in this than many others, arrived before the town some hours after its investment. The Comte de Rantzau, who had marched by way of Abbeville, was the commander charged with the latter task. The Duc d'Orléans established the King's quarters quite close to a convent of nuns close by Bourbourg, and having allotted the other positions to the Comtes de Rantzau and de Grancé, both of whom soon after became Maréchaux de France, he also allotted a post to the Maréchal de Villequier, who had brought to him the *noblesse* of Boulonnois, of which he was governor. This marquis

was also afterwards Maréchal de France, and called himself the Maréchal d'Aumont. Meanwhile, as the Duc d'Orléans had information that the enemy intended ravaging the small province of which Villequier was governor, while he was away, he sent him back there immediately, and made the Maréchal de Gassion, whom before he had intended to keep on the flanks, take his post.

All I have just described having happened in three days' time, the work of making lines of circumvallation and contravallation was begun with all possible diligence. Both were equally necessary, because the garrison was strong, and there was no appearance of the Spanish allowing this fortress to be captured without a struggle. They had still managed to retain a fort which was called the "Fort de Saint Philippes," which was of far more importance than those we had captured, and consequently offered a much stouter resistance. Nevertheless, as its defenders did not think they could hold out much longer against an army as strong as ours, they abandoned it by night and retired silently.

They entered the fortress of Gravelines itself, which we did not at once observe. Our regiment, which had entrenched itself before this fort, had that day, for the second time, returned to the attack. Hearing no more shots, M. des Essarts told a sergeant, who was at an advanced post where I was, to take some soldiers with him and mount the top of a "half-moon,"[1] which our cannon had knocked down, to see the reason of this silence. The sergeant, who was a brave man, answered that he would obey, but that he did not think a great crowd would be wanted to carry out the order, for the more people he took with him, the more

[1] *Demi-lune*, a military term used in fortification.

there would be killed; consequently, he thought it best (subject to M. des Essarts' wishes) to take with him but one single man, as it would make less noise than if he took several. His eyes lit upon me for this expedition, and he asked me, in my captain's presence, if I was ready to follow him on this voyage of discovery. I answered, less with my tongue than by gesture, that I was prepared to do so, and having ranged myself by his side, awaited only his starting to do thè same. This much pleased M. des Essarts, who did not dislike me. In the meantime, the sergeant and I being about to start, M. de Grancé, who that day was on duty at the trenches, arrived, and hearing what we were about to do from M. des Essarts, would not allow the sergeant to risk his life by going all alone. He made him take nine more soldiers, so we were eleven in all, of whom I was not the least eager or the least alert. Having soon distanced all the others, who marched in profound silence and with all the precautions usual on occasions of this sort, I was already well in the "half-moon" before they had even reached it. There I found but one man, who immediately fled at my approach. I cried out, "Kill him!" so as to make my comrades advance, and, losing sight of him a moment later on account of the darkness, the sergeant sent to ask M. des Essarts what he wished us to do, for he had found the "half-moon" abandoned. M. des Essarts sent us a reinforcement of thirty men with pioneers to retrench ourselves in it. Further, he came to see us there himself, and recommended us to make as little noise as possible, for fear lest the enemy might attack us before our work had been completed. He went off to report to the Comte de Grancé what had been done, and, as I observed

that the enemy did not fire a single shot from the fort, where they must have heard us working whatever precautions we took, I told the sergeant that, if he wanted my opinion, the work we were doing was quite useless, for I would wager no matter what that the enemy had abandoned the fort just as they had already done the "half-moon." He replied that this he could well believe, were it not that I had seen a man on my entrance, asking me at the same time whether I had really seen him, or if I had not been deceived. My answer was "no"; upon which he rejoined that that circumstance prevented him from sharing my opinion, for the man would not have been there if nobody had been left in the fort.

I was unwilling to contradict him, since, as he had served a very long time, he ought to have known his profession better than I, who had as yet seen nothing in comparison with him, and it would have been a great piece of boldness to try and teach him his lesson. Nevertheless, as, although I thought him clever, I had trouble at discarding my own opinion to adopt his, I told him that, if he would give me permission to go and reconnoitre the fort, I would soon report which of us was mistaken. He replied that it was not of him I should ask it, for a superior officer was on the spot to whom I might tell my thoughts, and who would doubtless grant my request, adding that, anyhow, if it lay with him, he would not refuse it, for if what I thought was true, the rest of the night might be more profitably employed than would be the case were it passed but in useless labour.

I thought him right not to try and play the master when he had no right to do so; accordingly, following his advice, I went and made my request to M. de la Selle,

who was lieutenant in our regiment, and in command there. He declared himself willing to grant it, and taking another cadet named Mainville with me, hardly had I left the "half-moon" than I saw him disappear like a flash of lightning. He at once re-entered the "half-moon," where he reported that I had fallen into the hands of a small guard, who had at once despatched me with their swords. M. de la Selle was very vexed at this, and would have been glad not to have granted me the permission I had asked. He deemed it the cause of my death, and did not know how to excuse himself to M. des Essarts, whose anger he dreaded, for he was aware of his entertaining some regard for me. Nevertheless, there was not so much cause for regret as he thought. Mainville had only made him believe the news of my death the better to conceal the cowardice which had caused him to be afraid of following me. As he was no more a man of sound judgment than of stout heart, he did not believe the fort to be abandoned, especially after I myself had reported pursuing a man on my entrance into the "half-moon." He was firmly convinced that I should never emerge from the peril into which I had plunged,—according to his ideas, "with unparalleled temerity."

At length, while my friends were lamenting me as being a dead man, and the news had spread to the trenches, where M. des Essarts was not the last to regret me, I appeared safe and sound in the "half-moon."

Directly I was seen, I should doubtless have been taken for a ghost (so much had Mainville's story been believed) were it not that soldiers are rarely susceptible to such kind of impressions. M. de la Selle

declared to me that he had believed me dead, and had already said a *De profundis* on my account. I should have liked, had I been able, to have spared my comrade's reputation, for I was well aware that I should give him a serious shock, by informing M. de la Selle that it was only fright and panic which had caused him to see enemies where there was not a single one. However, not being able to excuse him, no matter how desirous I might be of doing so, all I could do was to tell him that, if Mainville had seen the guard of which he spoke, he must have keener eyes than myself, for I had seen nothing, not even a single man, in the whole fort, although I had been from one end of it to the other. La Selle was as much delighted at this news as Mainville was disgusted. The latter had good reason for viewing the matter so differently, since he well perceived that after his mistake there was no hope of recovering his place in the esteem of his comrades. In consequence of this, he left the army that very night, for fear of being exposed to jests, most of them inevitable, after what had happened.

The Fort de St. Philippes having been abandoned in this way, we attacked Gravelines, which offered a stubborn resistance. This would have given the enemy sufficient time to have conveyed into it men and provisions, had not the Dutch pressed it so closely by sea that there was no hope of anything being done in that direction. On our side, we pressed them quite as hard, which placed them in great perplexity. Meantime, as they had splendid troops, and as it seemed disgraceful to see such a strong fortress fall into our possession without at least making some attempt to save it, Piccolomini, who was in command, advanced to within sight of our army. This

made everybody believe a battle imminent, and the generals thinking so as much as anyone else, the Duc d'Orléans ordered powder to be distributed to all the regiments. The artillery was applied to for it, but none was to be got, or at least the person whose duty it was to serve it out told the majors that so much had been expended since the investment had begun that we should have to wait till more arrived. It is true that the fort had held out for a long time, but the excuse in question was so feeble that, far from its being accepted, he who made it deserved to be punished. Accordingly, complaints were immediately made to the Maréchal de la Meilleraye, whose business it was to do what was right in his capacity as Grand Maître de l'Artillerie.[1] A complaint might certainly have been made directly to the Duc d'Orléans, who was, of course, his superior in every way; but, as this maréchal was an honest man, and well known to have nothing to do with any malversations in connection with the artillery, did they exist, all the officers thought that he, in preference to any other, should be informed about the matter.

No sooner did the maréchal hear what had happened, than he sent for the man against whom the complaint had been made, being resolved to do him a bad turn. He took care, however, not to carry out his intention without speaking to the Duc d'Orléans, which he determined to do directly he had ascertained from the man what had made him give the answer which I have spoken of. The officer of artillery, who was well aware that he had to do with a violent man, and one who did not understand trifling, especially on the part of those who were guilty of breach of trust, would not

[1] Grand Master of the Ordnance.

go and see the maréchal without first taking his precautions. He searched about in a chest, and, furnishing himself with a document, set out to learn what was wanted of him. Directly the maréchal saw him, he told him, without further prelude, that he was going to have him hung, and would only give him a quarter of an hour to prepare for death. He had indeed sent to the Duc d'Orléans, to point out how necessary this punishment was in order to stop others from offending in the same way. The duc was careful to raise no objection, since the case required an example to be made, and, besides, the maréchal knew better than anyone else the importance of the matter, for he was the culprit's superior officer. However, the individual in question allowing the maréchal to pour forth the flames of his anger without appearing in any way disconcerted by all he could say, at last answered that he might have him hung if he liked, especially if the Duc d'Orléans consented, but that when both of them should have heard his justification he did not think they would proceed so fast. No sooner did the maréchal hear this than he flew into a greater rage than before. He asked him if he had not ordered the provision of a certain quantity of powder for the siege, and if more than half of it should not still be in store? The man in reply said that he did not dispute his words, and even admitted their truth, but a superior order was in existence, which he had deemed it his duty to obey. The maréchal, hearing speak of superior orders, feared lest, after so much noise, he might yet get the worst of it. He could only conclude from what he heard, that it was the Duc d'Orléans the man meant. Consequently, at once adopting another tone, he would have much liked the words, which he believed he had

imprudently uttered, unsaid, after what the other had just told him. He had no time to ask him to clear up his suspicions, for at this moment the man whom he had sent to the Duc d'Orléans entering his tent, he became more intent upon observing his face, to see what he had to fear or hope, than upon questioning the man against whom he had just exhibited such anger. He saw there nothing disconcerting, and being further reassured by the answer, which was that the Duc d'Orléans begged him to do whatever he thought fit, he at once assumed his former tone, and told the man he had just condemned before so many people, that apparently he did not deem himself sufficiently guilty with what he had already done, since he further added lying to imprudence. The man let him speak without showing any astonishment, a fact which made the maréchal even more furious, He took a fresh oath that he would either die himself or deprive him of life before a quarter of an hour had elapsed. The man, as if insensible to these threats, once more replied that he would not stop him from doing anything he liked, since it was beyond his power, but that, great noble as he was, he did not believe he could do what he proposed with impunity. He had done nothing, he added, except by order of the Prime Minister, whom he thought even more powerful than he, adding that, if he entertained any doubts about this, he would give him proof of it. At the same time he drew from his pocket a letter of the Cardinal's, which was couched in these terms:

"Remember the oath you took when you were inducted into your office. You then promised to be faithful to the King. The fidelity he asks of you is, that you should prevent him from being robbed as much as is in your power. Every year there is

a great waste of powder, without anyone knowing what becomes of it. Your superiors seize the slightest alarm as a pretext to order a great quantity to be distributed; nevertheless, either they do nothing, or the value of the powder makes its way into their purses by roundabout ways well known to his Majesty, which it is not necessary to explain. In such a case, and in all similar ones, always take care to have your orders repeated at least three or four times, and seek some pretence not to obey promptly. Otherwise, not only will you make yourself unworthy of the promised reward, but, in addition, you will be deemed a participator in these robberies."

On perusing this letter, the maréchal was much surprised at finding himself stigmatised as a thief, and even as the chief of them all, since he was the head of all the ordnance. Nevertheless, as he did not wish to have the Prime Minister for an enemy, he did nothing to his chief officer after what he had just learnt. He spoke about the matter to the Duc d'Orléans, who told him it seemed a small thing to surprise such a clever man as he (for the maréchal was now as angry with the Cardinal as he had before been with his confidant), who should know that, when in the mood, one easily believed others to be just like oneself! The minister in question blindly adored money, and this he had reason to know on account of his having, some days before his starting, informed him that the regiment of guards cost the King a great sum, and yet there was no appearanee of its officers being braver than any others; indeed, since he had become Prime Minister, not one of them had as yet been killed, from which circumstance, he was of opinion that all the money bestowed upon them was wasted!

It is true that his Eminence had made this speech to the prince, or at least said something to the same effect. For, as they were discussing the expenses of the State together, he had told him, while speaking of the regiment in question, that, owing to its cost to the King, it could only be made good by reselling the posts in it when any happened to be vacant. However, as his Eminence was already known to be inclined towards parsimony, to say nothing worse, and as it is a pleasant task to carp at the words of those in whom there is some reason for discontent, this version of the duc's was so close to the truth that only the persons who had been present at the interview could really have known what had then happened.

This answer did not satisfy the maréchal. He replied to the duc that, whatever his Eminence's mood might be, a subordinate officer should never be allowed, according to his ideas, to take upon himself to disobey his superiors on the pretext of pleasing that minister; disobedience of such kind as this, he added, had something quite exceptional about it. The question was one of the army's safety, and, had Piccolomini got to know the state of affairs, and taken an advantage of his knowledge, he would only ask the duc to imagine what would have happened, adding that he (the duc) being general, it concerned him even more closely than himself. It concerned his honour, and this was why there was nothing more to be said. The duc clearly perceived that the maréchal was trying to kindle his indignation, so as to make him take up his own quarrel. Nevertheless, as he was far from always being so complaisant as might have been desired, his only reply was that he would not interfere in any way with his command, and as the matter

was a question of a fault committed by one of his officers, he would leave him a free hand to inflict such punishment as he might deem proper. The maréchal pretended not to notice that there was more cunning than good-will in his answer, as he had seemed to want him to believe, and having had the delinquent handed over to the prévôt, he was found in the night strangled, without anyone being able to ascertain for certain whether that officer had thus got rid of him, or if any other person had lent him a hand by way of assistance. All the same, the rumour that despair had led him to take his own life was circulated as widely as possible. If this was so, at any rate somebody had obligingly lent the would-be suicide a rope and a nail, wherewith to hang himself from the ceiling of the wretched house where the poor wretch ended his existence!

This affair would have created no stir had it not been for the circumstances which had preceded it, but as they had made a great sensation, the death of the man did not decrease it. Slander is to some a great delight, and therefore the opportunity was taken of spreading a rumour everywhere that the maréchal was very pleased to have got rid of an inconvenient witness. To disseminate such a report was proof of a great tendency to vilification, since, far from there being any ground for reproaching him for the way he had fulfilled his duties, never had man done so with more integrity, and less self-seeking. For this reason, any adverse conclusions the Cardinal might have formed must have originated rather from his own distrustful nature than from any proofs he held against the maréchal. To tell the truth, he would, in spite of this, have been very well pleased to pick a quarrel about nothing with the

maréchal, so as to find some pretext for depriving him of his command. He already regarded everything great and fine in the kingdom with envious eyes and heart, and as "this slice" was not to be had each day, he coveted it more than all the rest. Not that it was suitable for himself, although one invested with the purple, as he was, has before now been seen to be Admiral of France and General of the Army in Piémont. He had, however, nephews and nieces, whom he wished to make participate in his good fortune, and whom it was his desire to get into France as soon as possible, so as to establish them in the best positions he could.

After the punishment I have described, powder was no longer lacking to the army. He who filled the dead man's place did not need much pressing to distribute it; all the same, it was only useful during the whole of that campaign for shooting at sparrows. Piccolomini, after having advanced within cannon-shot of our lines, as if with the design of forcing them, retired without daring to attempt anything. Gravelines did not hold out any longer after this, and on its surrender on the 28th of July, we remained some few days before that fortress so as to repair its defences. On their completion, we made a feint of being about to attack the other maritime strongholds of Flanders, so as to lure all the forces of the enemy in this direction. Our good friends the Dutch, with whom we were working in concert, held the sea in a way, even if by no preconceived design of their commander. The Spaniards allowed themselves to be deceived by these false appearances, so much so that, when they least expected it, an attack was made upon

Sas de Gand. They tried to make haste and save it, but, arriving there too late, they experienced the grief of seeing it surrender on the 7th of September.

As for us, we finished our campaign by the capture of "l'Abbaye de Houatte" and some other forts, which the enemy had taken care to fortify to stop our entering their country. This was the last campaign I took part in as a guardsman, and having entered the Musketeers about a month after my arrival in Paris, I thought my fortune made, since I had at last attained what I most desired. I cannot depict my delight at this, for I already deemed myself something, although as yet I was nothing at all. I tried to make myself appreciated as much as I could by the ladies, whose assistance had not been a matter of indifference to me since my arrival from Bearn. My idea was to make my fortune as much through them as by following the career of arms, and as I was yet young and had not that experience which was yet to come, my hopes were founded much more upon the good opinion I had of myself than anything else. All the same, had I to begin again, I should not place entire reliance upon that opinion. However good-looking I might have been, there was yet a number of people at Court and in Paris who were fully my equals. If perchance I had up to that time been fortunate in my love affairs, I owed it much more to the weakness which I found among the fair sex, of which quality (if I may be pardoned) it is full, than to any of my fancied merits. Nevertheless, I must to my own shame confess the strange opinion which I entertained of all women. I did not believe one of them proof against any blandishments, and, having found some who had taken pleasure in listening to them, I judged all the rest cast

in the same mould. In spite of this, I had but to remember my Englishwoman to change my opinion, but, as one is very ingenious in deceiving oneself, especially where one's own pride is concerned, whenever the thought of her occurred to me, I either struck her out of the list of women whom I deemed sane, or attributed my failure to the small experience I had then possessed, which defect I thought I had considerably remedied since.

IX

CARDINAL MAZARIN, meanwhile, was persevering in attempting to obtain the company of Musketeers for the elder of the Mancini, who began to be seen at Court. The latter was well-built and handsome, and looked the man of birth which he really was. The house of Mancini is not one of the least among the Roman nobility, although, in the slanders which were soon afterwards circulated about his Eminence, it was not spared any more than the authority and person of that minister. M. de Treville, although he had lost the late King, who had supported him against the attacks of Cardinal de Richelieu, had not in any way abated his pride, and thought that, after having resisted the authority of such a man as he, he might well resist that of his successor. Accordingly, giving way no more to the one than he had formerly done to the other, he showed him a bold front, and declined to listen to all his promises. To the Cardinal's agents he replied that, his post having been conferred upon him as a reward for his good service, he meant to keep it as long as he had a moment of life left. He was well pleased that his Majesty, to whom

he had not the honour of being personally known (for it was in truth impossible for this young prince to know anyone as yet, considering his age),—he was well pleased, I repeat, that when his Majesty should find him in his place, on attaining his majority, he should discover from those in closest attendance upon him the reasons which had made the late King, his father, prefer to select him for the post in preference to anyone else.

This answer did not at all please the Cardinal, who saw no post more fitted than this one for his nephew, and wished to get him into it at all hazards. He perceived that the King, child as he was, had already great ideas, and that the company in question had every appearance of some day being his favourite one, as indeed was afterwards the case. But, if these ideas influenced his Eminence, they also influenced Treville. The latter had a son who was about the same age as his Majesty, and he had great hopes of establishing him in his own place before God took him away from the world. Nevertheless, the Cardinal, having secretly declared war against him, did everything he could with the Queen to get her to order his adversary to relinquish his office. The pretext he alleged was that, having a great number of friends in the Guards, he was, in consequence of this and of the company he commanded, master as it were of his Majesty's person, and might therefore take advantage of his position whenever he cared to do so. The Queen, however, who had always held Treville in great esteem, did not think it right to share his suspicions. She remembered that, far from this officer having ever taken part in any plots, he had always shown his fidelity by an inviolable devotion to the King's person.

She even called to mind that it was this which had led to his being persecuted; hence she concluded that it would be a piece of injustice on her part to treat him as the Cardinal proposed.

The minister in question was not as yet firmly enough established in the estimation of this princess to oblige her to regard his advice as a necessity; therefore, pretending that his words were but dictated by his zeal, he relegated the matter to a more favourable occasion. None the less, he took great care to point out to her Majesty everything that might assist his designs, and as Treville was a frank man, and one who believed himself beyond all suspicion on account of his fidelity, it was not his fault that a number of his actions, which were not only very innocent, but were done with a good intention, were, owing to the Cardinal, interpreted in a bad sense. All our company were aware of this, owing to some words which M. de Treville could not repress, and as there was not a Musketeer, who did not, so to speak, adore him, if one of us by chance found himself on the Cardinal's path, he would immediately turn away so as not to be obliged to pay him the respect which was his due. This was reported to his Eminence, who, being, however, a diplomatist, pretended not to notice it. He was aware that, should he admit his knowledge of it, he would be obliged to make show of some resentment, which he conceived might alienate the mind of the company from his nephew, and might be the means, should he ever succeed in his intention, of hatred instead of friendship being his portion.

While all this was going on, I fell in love with a young lady of quality, who was pretty enough, but believed herself to be much more so than she

really was. Above all, she had such a great weakness for being admired, that such of her servants as knew her faults profited so well that there was not one who had not enriched himself by means of them, their only merit consisting in the capacity which they possessed of cleverly turning their compliments. He who admired her the most, and was the most indulgent towards her, was always more welcome than anyone else. I soon discovered her failing, as others had done, and as I was in love with her, it was not difficult for me to get into her good graces. It was no trouble for me to tell her she was beautiful, since she appeared to be so in my eyes. In short, although no great admirer of many of her doings, I did not fail to conduct myself like one, for I clearly perceived that that was my path, should I wish to continue to please her. She was a widow, and had only kept house with her husband for eighteen months. He had been killed at the battle of Rocroi, and, though she had been a widow long enough to contemplate marrying again, such an idea had not as yet presented itself to her, for she had not been too happy with him. Having had a mistress when he married her, his attentions to her had not been such as she merited. He had continued to visit her rival, which she had felt the more deeply, owing to the good opinion she entertained of her own charms. She had thought, as was only right, that it was herself who should monopolise all his caresses, and, consequently, the lack of justice with which she had been treated would doubtless have caused her to resolve never to run such a risk again, had she been able to abstain from receiving the homage of admirers.

Any intrigue with such a woman was dangerous,

and would have been a certain danger to anyone of a jealous disposition. However, as I felt no leaning towards a passion so fatal to human tranquillity, I did not cease to press my suit with the object of uniting her riches to my own poverty. The lady was extremely rich, an attribute which appealed to me quite as much as her beauty, although I was not indifferent to that. I also reckoned that, if ever she became my wife, I should soon cure her of her faults, especially as I tried to act so nicely towards her as to easily gain her confidence. I was the first, if I may say so, to arouse in her any desire to exchange the state of widowhood for that of a married woman. Her first impression of me pleased her. I told her frankly that, should she listen to me, she would make my fortune in every way, and so, gratitude and love working equally upon me, she might be sure I should love her a good deal less as a husband than I should as a lover.

This speech of mine seemed to her made in good faith, for in it, contrary to the usual custom of people of my province, who, according to their own account, are never poor, I admitted of my own accord that there was no great reliance to be placed upon the letters of credit which came for me from Bearn. My suit seemed every day to be prospering better and better, and already I began to secretly settle the style I would keep once we were married, when I perceived a cruel opposition arising against me. It did not originate from my rivals, although I had a good number, and some well-to-do enough, who might by their distinguished merit have given me reasonable cause for apprehension. Of these rivals the most to be feared was the Comte de ——, who, like myself, aspired to

marriage, and who, besides being of excellent appearance, held a position at Court which might in addition to his other good qualities have frightened me. However, whether it was that the goddess of Fortune interfered, or, as I have always believed, the lady heard talk of something which was to his disadvantage—namely, that he had only the appearance of being a great lady's man, and that his real worth as such was nil—it happened that a little Gascon carried the day against one of the most celebrated courtiers of that time!

The lady made me appreciate the value of this victory, the price of which she might perhaps have considerably lessened had she taken care to verify matters, but I did not tempt her to make any awkward investigations, being too wise to do so from fear lest she might repent of the favours which she was according me. I even exaggerated my devotion to her as much as possible, so that she might estimate my gratitude for what she was going to do in the future by the sentiments I displayed about the favours she had already granted.

However, as I was least expecting it, the storm I have just spoken of burst upon my head, and was not long in crushing me. The lady's servants perceiving that, no sooner should her mistress remarry than her benefactions to them would cease, began to do me all the bad turns they could think of, and succeeded only too well in their endeavours. One of them told her that I had all my life been a flirt, and would remain one as long as I lived, pointing out how she had suffered on this score with her first husband, and that the same thing would certainly occur again should she be foolish enough to marry me. Another said I

had married my first mistress, and yet another, that the English lady had entertained a contempt for me only because I was a man of more show than deeds; that we had been on intimate terms, but that she had no sooner found me out than she had at once sent me to the right-about.

Of all these accusations, which were all equally untrue, only the first made any impression upon her. She feared, from having heard talk of the fickleness of characters of the kind which I had been described to be, lest when I was married, I should return to my old mode of life. This made her act with great caution towards me, so much so that, not being long in finding it out, I enquired the reason, without her condescending to give it me. As I had no idea whence this blow came, and was even far from surmising its origin, instead of being able to apply the necessary remedy, I made a mistake which rendered the evil irreparable. Since the beginning of my love-making, I had thought it best to try and bribe her companion, who, according to report, had a good deal of influence over her mistress's mind. She was a girl of good family enough, but her father having managed his affairs badly, she had been only too happy at the time of her mistress's marriage to enter her house as a lady-in-waiting. She was a fairly fascinating brunette, and as she retained something of the sphere in which she had formerly moved, there were many who, putting aside other considerations, might have been as fond of her as of her mistress. Since the girl's residence in the lady's household, she had not done too badly, although it had up till now only lasted for three years. Having at once gauged her mind, she had not failed to take advantage of her failing, and had flattered her more

than a passionate lover might have done. Her complaisance had been carried to such a pitch that her interests must indeed have exercised considerable influence upon her to make her every day do what she did. No one except herself was allowed to do anything for her mistress, unless she herself was unable to do it, and she left her alone no more than the shadow leaves the body. Her own interests being the cause of all this, without friendship having any share in it, she began by accepting the money which I offered her to do me a service with her mistress. She was already in the habit of taking her mistress's, by way of recompense for her flatteries, and undoubtedly would have accepted money from all the human race, for everything which might extricate her from the misery she had sunk to possessed an inconceivable charm for her.

Had my purse been sufficiently well furnished not to be soon drained dry, I should have long remained on friendly terms with her, so keen was her appetite; but her rapacity and my lack of resources having soon caused me to see its bottom, I soon found that, instead of her performing the good offices on my behalf with her mistress which she had promised, there was no enemy of mine more dangerous. Sleeping with her one day, for she was treated more as a sister than a servant, she began to cry and sob as if she had lost all her relatives. Her mistress immediately enquired what was the matter, and the girl, who was more deceitful and covetous than I can express, having pretended to make great difficulties about answering, her mistress had to repeat her question two or three times before she obtained an answer. At last, however, thinking she had played her part sufficiently well, the girl replied that she could not contem-

plate the day when her mistress was about to give herself to a fresh husband without dying of sorrow; while saying this she began once more to sob, or at least pretended to do so. These simulated tears made her lady believe that her grief was but the result of the friendship she bore her; and she was so much touched that she embraced her companion in a tender manner, even declaring by way of consolation that I should never become the master of her heart to such an extent as to preclude some place being left for her in it.

This girl, who was as clever as she was wicked, and was even more vicious than agreeable, replied that what caused her sorrow was more the thought of her interests than any solicitude for herself; were she about to marry anyone else than me, she would not be so afflicted, since at least she might be sure of being treated as she deserved. This was all she said, for she was well aware that the longest speeches do not always contain the most subtle poison. In consequence, her mistress having reflected over her words, as was inevitable, enquired what the meaning of them might be. The girl, who, the better to play her part, had up to that time pretended to be on my side, then said that, did her condition permit of her throwing herself at her feet, she would do so without losing any time, to ask pardon for the mistake she had made, when people had declared that no sooner should I marry her than I should be unfaithful, and she had said that those who made this accusation against me were bringing it only from ignorance of my character, or from a wish to do me harm. Now, however, she had changed her mind, in spite of herself, and thought me a greater villain than she could say; so, without waiting

any longer, she preferred to wash her hands of the matter in her presence rather than be the cause of an irreparable misfortune through not admitting the truth.

This, indeed, was plain speaking. Nevertheless, as there was yet one ingredient lacking in her poison to give it the full strength she desired, and as this ingredient consisted in the reason of her sudden change of mind, she told her mistress that, so careless was I in my deceitful doings, that it was to herself that I had come for my first outburst of infidelity, and that it was not my fault that she was not made to believe that she possessed my heart, whereas in reality she had received nothing but my compliments. She added that she had pretended to listen to me, so as to enlighten her, and that, should she wish it, she might hear the truth with her own ears.

Her words were a knock-down blow for the lady, for she loved me, and consequently was much upset. All the same, she concealed her emotion, for she did not think it would be dignified to make a show of any good-will towards a man who was made out to be so unworthy. Nevertheless, in spite of all this pretence, this girl would not have had much trouble in divining what was going on in her heart, had not the darkness concealed the lady's face from sight. In spite of this, the girl did not fail to draw her own conclusions from the surprise which she observed her words to have produced. The lady was quite abashed, and having kept silence some time, only broke it to enquire some particulars which would place the truth of what she had just heard beyond doubt.

This girl, who was now accusing me of rascality the better to cover her own, and the more easily to take advantage of her mistress, had pretended some

days before to be unable to keep control of her heart in the face of such merits as she declared me to possess. I had been much surprised at hearing her speak in such a way, for I had always considered her as very chaste, which indeed she was. It was no frailty, such as might perhaps be believed, which had dictated her words, but the desire of retaining the same power as she had hitherto possessed over her mistress's mind. It was her design to break off my engagement without hope of renewal by means of the snare which she was so cunningly setting for me. Alas! she succeeded but too well in her miserable schemes. I went so far, either from a desire to oblige her, or from fear of making her my enemy, as to protest that, if she loved me, I loved her no less. Nor was it my fault that I gave her no tangible proofs of this, the way of the world making me believe that I could grant her such a satisfaction without entangling myself or failing in any way in my duty to her mistress. She, however, was too prudent to allow this, and too wicked at the same time to make me believe that her refusal must rob me of all hope of better success on a future occasion. We stopped where we were that time, and the impetuosity of my nature and a little pride making me try, the next time I saw her, to begin the same story again, I found cause to repent of doing so. Indeed, I could have chosen no worse time than I did, for she had concealed her mistress behind some tapestry, whence she could hear and see all I did or said without my being able to find out where she was. Imagine my surprise when I saw the lady come out of her corner and appear before my eyes! The astonishment into which I was plunged rendered me so confused that I had not the sense to perceive the trick which had been played me, and, had I been

surprised in the blackest deed possible in the world, I could not have been more confused. I had not the strength to say a word, so much so, that the lady overwhelmed me with a thousand reproaches without my finding a single word as excuse. In short, I believe I should have remained dumb as long as I was there, had she not ended her speech by forbidding me to set foot in her house again. If I had been but in love, I might perhaps have obeyed without daring to answer ; but, as my fortunes were concerned, as well as the tranquillity of my heart, in making her revoke this sentence, I took up my defence, and said everything which I thought likely to abate her resentment. Had I told her the plain truth, mayhap I might have succeeded, but, thinking it unworthy of an honourable man to boast of the advances made by her companion, I held my peace about this, which was the only thing capable of justifying me in her estimation, for she would thus have learnt the extent of her companion's spitefulness, which she was far from suspecting. The lady, without consenting to hear me further, at once left the room, and, my only hope now being in her companion, whom inwardly I knew to be the cause of my misfortune (but not in the sense she really was), I proceeded to entreat her to utilise the influence she had over her mistress's mind to re-establish me in her good graces. In reply, she retorted, so as to make me abandon all hope, that, after what had happened, she could not promise to obtain anything for me, since perhaps she herself might need an intercessor to make her peace, for her mistress appeared in a greater rage than she ever before remembered her to have been. Eventually, all I could extract from her was that she would do her best for me, according to what mood she might find her mistress in.

I could say nothing further, since I thought she was right, and even believed that the lady was as enraged with her as with me. It is easy to divine after all I have said that I was soon sacrificed by this deceitful wench. She told me some days later, that there was no chance of obtaining any mercy from her mistress, that, far from being inclined to forgive me, she could not bear even the mention of her name. This I easily believed, for, having by chance met her in two or three houses I frequented, she hardly showed a sign of ever having met me before. She even went so far as not to set foot in them again from fear of meeting me there on future occasions; in consequence of all this my cruel dismissal made me so melancholy that I was not long in feeling its effects. A slow fever, which strangely disfigured me, seized upon my frame, and I thought that if I were to show myself to my inamorata in my present condition it might possibly arouse her compassion. Matters, however, turned out quite contrary to my expectations, for the lady, seeing nothing more in me agreeable to her, did not look at me, or at least, if she did so, it was only to despise me more than ever. My vexation was greater than I can express, and in spite of its being difficult to find consolation for having missed a good chance, as I had done, I resolved to put up with her scorn no longer, since after all it could do me no good. It is a great thing once one has gained a victory of this kind over oneself. Everything else is soon managed, and this happily was the case with me. I made up my mind that those who despised me should be despised in turn, and that there were plenty of other women to console me for the one I had lost.

Thus little by little I got cured, and the gambling I indulged in, which continued to assist me in the

absence of letters of credit from my province, contributed in no small degree towards my cure. At one sitting alone I won at "trictrac" from the Marquis de Gordes, eldest son of M. de Gordes, captain of the Gardes du Corps, nine hundred pistoles. He paid me three hundred of them which he had on his person in ready money, and as at that time men were very punctilious (as is still the case to-day amongst honourable people) about paying what was lost on one's word, the other six hundred were sent me the next morning as I was getting up. I made good use of this money, and at the same time many friends. A good deal of it I lent to my comrades who had none; and Besmaux, who was still in the Guards, and who was none too well to do, having heard speak of my luck, begged me to treat him like the others. I willingly did so, although he had no great resources, and in spite of his manner of life and my own being entirely different. He had adopted the calling of what is known as a borrower, and this had helped him to tide over his indigence. Its assistance had not, however, extricated him from want to such a degree that he had not been often observed in a difficulty as to where he should procure the money necessary for a dinner! When I think of this, and see him in his present opulent condition, I cannot sufficiently admire the different effects of fortune, or rather of divine providence, which delights in humbling some and abasing others as it pleases. For, while he has accumulated immense property, the Comte de la Suse, the greater part of whose estate he has had, is fallen into such great poverty that he is nearly reduced to betaking himself to the poor-house to die. Nevertheless, the one had more to spend in a day than the other in the whole year, and even should I say three times as much, I could not be accused of telling an untruth.

Having distributed part of my money in this way, I made use of the rest to try and advance my interests. Nor did I forget to pay my court to the ladies, and as I had not forgotten the one of whom I have just spoken to such an extent as not to sometimes recall her to mind, I once more saw the companion, to ask her if her mistress had not spoken of me again to her. The answer I received was not more favourable than the former one. I was easily consoled, and wishing to make love to the companion, and obtain some kind of satisfaction by hook or by crook for the loss she had occasioned, I was astonished to find her quite different from what she had hitherto been. She made answer that I was too late now to win her over, for after having neglected her as I had done, I could hope for none of her favours. My belief was that she only spoke like this to make me show more ardour, and as, at the age I then was, one is always full of amorous feelings by the side of a pretty girl, I should have had no trouble in giving proof of its strength, had she consented to listen to me. However, as she had never fancied me, whatever pretence she may have made, she showed herself so indifferent to all my advances, that I had no difficulty in recognising that I had been her dupe.

The end of the year 1644 and the beginning of 1645 having passed in this way, I prepared to take the field under the Duc d'Orléans, whom the Court was despatching to Flanders. Cardinal Mazarin, who was well pleased to be left in sole charge of affairs, had sent him back there that year, on the pretext of doing him honour. The Cardinal was delighted at amusing him with this useless command, and l'Abbé de la Rivière, who had great influence with this prince,

joined hands in the scheme, in consideration of the favours which, in addition to a good income, he from time to time received from his Eminence. Cardinal Mazarin would have much liked to play with the prince in the same way, but as his was a different kind of mind from that of the Duc d'Orléans, he was not the man to fall so clumsily into the trap. He insisted in taking part in what was going on, and carried out this resolve to the end of his days. And indeed, although the Cardinal as Prime Minister appeared to alone bear the weight of affairs, he dared not do anything of importance without having previously come to an arrangement with him. Meanwhile, the Duc d'Anguien was still at the head of an army, and as the victory he had obtained at the battle of Rocroi had been followed by a number of others, which had increased his reputation more and more, it happened that the father, important as he himself was, became less so on account of his own achievements than on account of his son. This young prince, after having culled laurels in Flanders, had, as it were, mowed them in Germany, where he had gained a great victory near Fribourg. This success had the more redounded to his glory on account of its having been disputed for a long time, and by reason of his having done his duty as a soldier in addition to having done so as a captain.

These great triumphs did not at all please the Cardinal, since they made the father bolder in asking and himself more timid in refusing. He perceived that all were running after the young duc, and that it seemed as if everyone else was becoming quite insignificant in comparison with him. His Eminence, who had a good many wily ways (but wily ways which were more proper to an obscure citizen than to a great minister),

(perceiving that the Prince de Condé was too wise ever to make a false step which would give him a hold), won over a person of great quality to make the son do that which he could not hope from the father. The individual in question enjoyed a good deal of his confidence, owing to a certain similitude of disposition which was common to both. Each of them possessed a good deal of cleverness, and, besides, had other qualities much alike, which drew them the more together. It was difficult enough to guard against such a man as this person, especially one who had the sense to arrange matters from afar, and as if they were none of his doing. Besides, the Cardinal, who was of opinion that, if anything could deal a blow to the fortunes of father and son, it would be to embroil them with the Duc d'Orléans, worked at this scheme in concert with the Abbé de la Rivière. The Prince de Condé, who was a great politician, soon perceived their design. He warned his son, and recommended him to be on his guard. In the meantime, he tried to gain over the Abbé de la Rivière, and having made him understand that he would find it no less advantageous to be on their side than on the Cardinal's, he, little by little, drew him away from the engagements he had entered into with him. This disconcerted his Eminence, and just as he no longer hoped for anything from this quarter, a circumstance occurred which might have rekindled his hopes had not the Prince de Condé found a remedy for it by means of his astuteness. M. de —— was on good terms with the Cardinal, and he it was whom he made use of to get the Duc d'Anguien to make some mistake. Accordingly, this gentleman, after having implanted in the young prince's mind a considerable lack of respect

for the Duc d'Orléans, left him firmly convinced that his words would have some effect in due time and place. The duc did not perceive the trap, and the same M. de —— told him that there would that day be an orgy at the Palais d'Orléans, and asked him to come and take part in it, promising to go there himself, which he really did, after having arranged to meet him there. Meanwhile, as there were more of the Cardinal's friends present than his own, the Duc d'Orléans no sooner reached the palace than he gave an order that no one else was to be admitted, on pretence that there was a goodly company enough present without any need for more.

The Duc d'Orléans did not dream of the Duc d'Anguien, or, if he did, he thought that as his rank raised him above such an order, the guards would not enforce it in his case. Nevertheless, whether an officer had been bribed, or that he showed himself punctilious in exactly carrying out his orders, no sooner had the duc presented himself in the hall, than the man placed himself in front of him to announce the instructions he had received. The duc, while laughing at him, replied that such an order might concern others, but could not apply in any way to himself. The officer rejoined that it applied equally to everyone, and, having tried to bar the passage where his master was, the duc became so scandalised that he snatched the staff from the man's hands, broke it in front of him, and threw the bits in his face. The whole hall witnessed the affront put upon the officer, who had but done his duty, after the order he had received to allow no one to enter. Immediately a simultaneous murmur was heard, which might perhaps have been followed by some disturbance, had not the Comte de

St. Agnan, who was then captain of the guards of the Duc d'Orléans, left his master's room to find out its reason. Being a great courtier, and the Duc d'Anguien the last person he should choose to quarrel with, he declared the officer to be in the wrong, and, on this soldier perceiving that he whose duty it was to support him was the first to condemn his conduct, he withdrew. The Duc d'Orléans did not, all the same, share the view of his captain of guards, and it would have taken a good deal of trouble to convince him to change his idea that the affront concerned him more than anyone else, had it not been that he was the kind of man to be persuaded. M. le prince won over those most in touch with him, so that they might make him forget what his son had done. Nevertheless, he did not forgive the Comte de St. Agnan, and, as the latter noticed this, he sold his post, and bought that of first gentleman of the King's chamber. In this he did none too badly, as the sequel will show, since, had he always remained in the service of the duc, he would never have become (as he since has) duc and peer.

The Cardinal secretly did all he could to prevent this reconciliation, but the Duc d'Orléans, who possessed the quality of hating ministers, no sooner discerned his interference than he abandoned the objections he had before made. Lovers of disturbance were annoyed at his good nature. Many accused the Comte de St. Agnan of weakness, while those of more judgment and less impetuosity deemed that he had very luckily extricated himself from the delicate position in which fortune had placed him.

In the interval we took the field, and I asked to join the detachment of Musketeers which the King was

sending into Flanders. As for the Duc d'Anguien, he returned to Germany, where the Vicomte de Turenne had allowed himself to be surprised at Mariendal. General de Mercy had there played him a trick of his profession, and after having conducted the campaign during the depth of winter, had feigned to go into winter-quarters a long distance away, so as the more easily to surprise him. The Vicomte de Turenne had believed him to be really doing what he pretended, and having deemed it opportune to do the same with his own troops, Mercy had retraced his steps and defeated him without difficulty, on account of his army being divided. In consequence of this defeat we did not dare any longer show our noses in the country, and a general of the Duc d'Anguien's reputation was wanted to reassure the troops, who were thoroughly alarmed.

Mercy, aware of whom he was about to deal with, and that the duc's courageous disposition would deem nothing impossible, being unable to defend the passage of the Rhine, of which he had made himself master by his conquest in the preceding year of the fortress of Philipsburg, attempted to stop him on the Negre. He put a garrison into it, and, as he was of opinion that a great point, when dealing with a nation like us, was to resist its first onslaught, he ordered the men quartered in these positions to defend themselves to the last extremity. The Governor of Wimpfen, who was the first to be attacked, remembered this injunction but badly. No great trouble was experienced in taking the place, and, the army having thence proceeded to Rothenburg, its commander showed himself more careful in obeying the orders of his superior. He resisted the assault which

was made, in the hope that, whatever the result might be, he and his garrison would always have time to retire safe and sound. He believed, I repeat, that it would not be difficult for him to set fire to the bridge over the river, but, having been attacked in the night, and the duc's men having set fire to the town before he dreamt of a retreat, he was taken so much by surprise that, before he could carry out his plan, he found himself buried in the flames.

The duc, having thus made himself master of these two crossings, would not stop at Heilbron, where the enemy had posted the principal part of their forces. As they looked upon this fortress as a place which the duc would never leave behind him, they had fortified it quite afresh, although it had long since been strengthened. It was their opinion that it would be dangerous for him to leave a powerful garrison in his rear, and that consequently, while he was engaged in its attack, they could take all precautions which prudence might suggest to get out of danger. However, the duc, who knew that they were playing with him, having crossed the river, followed them up so closely, instead of stopping at the fortress, that they were unable to reach Nordlingen, to which place they had hoped to retire.

Everyone was astounded at seeing them give way, after the victory they had gained at Mariendal—a victory which had so much surprised our allies, that they were quite ready to abandon us. Seeing us thus superior to our antagonists, when they least expected it, they became reassured, and the lady Landgrave of Hesse, who herself commanded the troops of the Landgrave, her son, having come to join the duc with her soldiers, it was resolved to attack Mercy, who had pitched his

camp on two mountains whose approaches he believed inaccessible. The latter defended himself bravely, and the victory was long in doubt. The two first assaults were even so much to his advantage, that the duc, had he been the man to be afraid, might have thought everything lost. As it was, he saw before his eyes the Maréchal de Grammont, who commanded the left wing, defeated, and even taken prisoner; but, coming at once to his help, he set everything right so well, that the enemy, who already thought they had gained a complete victory, found themselves driven back, while they were only thinking of following up their advantage; and, finding the duc in all directions which they took, they could not help saying, as a tribute to his valour, that there must be as many Ducs d'Anguien as there were soldiers.

Their defeat followed close on their first rebuff. They could rally no longer, and Mercy, who, after having flattered himself on having won a victory, could not be reconciled to surviving his disgrace, having attempted to pass from one wing to the other to check the growing disorder, was killed while doing all which could be expected from a great general. His death was followed by everything which usually succeeds a disaster of that kind, the more so as General Gléen, who might have commanded in his place, had already been taken prisoner. The latter some days later was exchanged for the Maréchal de Grammont, whom we had not been able to recapture, in spite of the wing which he commanded having done everything possible to that end.

We learnt of this success in our army, a success which finally raised the reputation of the Duc d'Anguien

to such a height, that had the times been pagan, altars would have been erected to him, as was formerly done in honour of those who distinguished themselves beyond ordinary men. I do not know if the Duc d'Orléans was as pleased as other people, but at any rate, I perceived, on an officer's having exaggerated before him all that had happened, that this prince enquired of him in a vexed manner if he had been present, to be able to speak with such certainty as he did? The officer with much respect replied that the letters he had received were in conformity with the account he had just given, adding that their writer must have been deceived, since his Royal Highness found fault with their contents. This taught us that jealousy is as common to the great as to others; and nobody daring any longer to discuss the victory before our commander, people contented themselves with admiring the deeds of the young prince when out of his presence.

All the same, the Duc d'Orléans had gained some successes over the enemy which should have made him hope that, if people were praising the youthful leader, he himself too would be well spoken of. If he had not, like his rival, gained a great victory, he had yet once again at least enjoyed the pleasure of seeing Piccolomini give way before him.

The general in question having tried to stop him at the passage of the river Colme, a warm enough skirmish occurred, in which he came off worst. It forced him to retire pretty quickly, and this slight reverse being followed by the loss of Mardick, we took in hand the attack of Bourbourg. In the early days of this siege I found myself so eager in pursuit of the enemy, who had sallied out against our trenches, that I was very near entering their fortress pell-mell with

them. Five other comrades of mine, who were in the trenches with me, having accompanied me in my enterprise, we were all equally embarrassed when it was time to turn back. The enemy made us, so to speak, run the gauntlet, and four of us having fallen stone dead at their first fire, the one left with me said that the shortest follies were the best, and as there was nothing worse than death, he would rather surrender than take the risk which must be run if we attempted to retreat. At these words he returned towards the town, begging for quarter from those whom he saw on its outskirts; but whether they had already aimed at him and did not hear, or whether they took no trouble about granting what he asked, they fired another volley at him, and sent him to keep the others company. As for me, I received three shots in my clothes and one in my hat without getting the slightest scratch on my body. This taught me that, when God watches over anyone, he is well protected, and that the only thing is to entrust oneself to Him in the morning and fear nothing all the rest of the day. Some other shots were fired at me, but, as they were from afar, it was but a waste of powder and shot.

I reached the trenches head first, and finding there M. des Essarts, who had seen me set out, he asked what had become of my comrades. I let him know their fate, and how the last had perished in trying to escape. On this he said that, had he known, he would have begged me to search him before returning, for he was much deceived if my comrade had not upon his person some tokens of the affection which a great lady bore him. At the same time he offered ten golden pistoles to

a soldier of the company if he would go and empty out his pockets. He declared that there was yet time, and that as one could catch sight of the enemy over the top of the trenches, not one of them would dare make his appearance. The soldier was quite willing, and, setting out immediately, five hundred musket shots were fired without one hitting him. He did what Des Essarts wished, and having taken the breeches of the dead man without wasting time to search them, from fear of being too long, he brought them back to the trenches, after having taken from them all that he deemed worth anything. Des Essarts would not let anyone else but himself examine the things, and, having very carefully perused the letters, we perceived from his countenance that there was one which interested him beyond all the rest, for he was noticed to change colour of a sudden without giving us any explanation. Not that it was for lack of asking, though perhaps it was not very seemly on our part to show ourselves so curious.

As for myself, I believed, being suspicious of all ladies, that he had discovered some letter from his mistress by which he had learnt of her having committed some indiscretion. I whispered my idea to an officer who was near me, and who had observed, just as well as myself, the emotion of M. des Essarts on reading the letter. This officer nodded to me, as a sign that he agreed with my opinion. Nevertheless, both of us were deceived: the matter was one which was more important to him than we thought. Had it only concerned a mistress, M. des Essarts might have settled it by looking for another of a more faithful nature, but, in reality, it had to do with one of his nearest relatives, whose conduct interested him no less

than if she had been his wife. This I discovered when I was not thinking about it, two days after my return to Paris. The lady in question, whom I knew but slightly, sent to beg me to come and see her, which I did not think right to refuse, since she was well worth the trouble. She told me that she had learnt of my being close to the dead man when he had been killed, and entreated me to let her know all the circumstances of his death. In reply, I said that that could soon be done, and that, as I myself had been a witness of his end, she could have addressed herself to no better person to learn all particulars. At the same time, I described to her all I have just spoken of, and, when I came to the story of the soldier, I saw her blush. She even asked me if I could not bring him to her, and, on my replying that I would undertake to do so whenever she liked, she took to musing for a short time, like some one weighing matters in her head. Eventually, after a moment's silence, she began to talk again, and said that she thanked me for my good-will and my zeal in offering to oblige her, but that, nevertheless, after serious consideration, she preferred confiding in me to having recourse to the man she had enquired about. She would frankly own to me that it had been with no feeling of hatred that she had regarded the dead man, which had caused a great deal of trouble with Des Essarts. It was certain that the soldier had given the latter one of her letters, but, as she was unaware what he had done with her portrait, which the deceased had on his person when killed, she would beg me to make enquiries about it of the man, and, if still in his hands, would be much obliged if I could get it, and spare no pains to that end. It was with this object in view, she added, that she had first

of all asked me to bring the soldier to her, but, having thought well over the matter, she did not think such a course would be a wise one. I promised to do what she asked, and as I found the lady very much to my taste, not only set seriously to work, but further resolved, if I could, to fill the place in her good graces which the dead man had occupied.

I at once set out to find the soldier, and as we had been comrades, the intimacy which had existed between us precluded any necessity for beating about the bush concerning what I wanted. I asked him without parleying if he had got rid of the portrait which he had found on the Musketeer he had gone to search before Bourbourg. I observed him blush, and discerning that the cause was his fear lest I should denounce him to his captain as a man who had concealed part of what he had found upon the deceased, I told him to make himself easy, for that my intention was not to play him a trick, since the danger he had braved had been great enough to deserve a larger reward than he had received, and that, far from wishing to take away what he had secreted, I should be the first to shield him.

These words of mine reassured the man, and having without further ado confessed that he knew of what I was speaking, he told me frankly that if I only wanted the picture he was ready to give it me that minute, but that, as to the case in which it had been enclosed, there it was out of his power to satisfy me, since he had sold it, with the diamonds which were on it, and, moreover, spent the money, which was the reason of the inability he had just mentioned. I believed that he spoke in good faith, and did not oblige him to take an oath. I knew that

he was a man of sufficiently good appetite to do what he had described, and that even had it been a much bigger business he would have got through it quite as easily. Meanwhile, as I believed that it was the portrait which the lady wanted more than anything else, I begged him to give it me. This he did, and not having had the curiosity to look at it (in such a hurry was I to take it to the lady), I left it wrapped up in the paper, just as he had given it to me. No sooner did the lady see me than she enquired if my mission had been fortunate. To this I answered that it had not been entirely so, but that at least she would receive part of what she had asked for; the soldier had not been able to give me the case, as he had disposed of it, but I was bringing her the portrait. She rejoined that that sufficed, and having undone the parcel while she spoke, was quite astounded to find, instead of her own picture, that of a rival of hers whom she had regarded with great jealousy. The dead man had never made up his mind to tell her the truth, but as now, after what she saw, she could no longer entertain any doubts, she said to me in quite a natural way, which showed she believed what she said, "Oh! what rascals men are, and what fools women are to trust them!" I enquired what she meant by this, and asked whether, because she chanced to have known one who was unfaithful, she ought to suspect all the rest of being the same? She made reply that, since the man she had spoken of was certainly so, all the others might well be like him. I myself was sufficient witness of what she had discovered, and, without boasting, she thought that if she was abandoned for another woman, the same thing might well happen to those who had been the cause of her lover's unfaithfulness.

At the same time she explained this enigma to me, which I should have understood nothing about had it not been for her, and, having shown me the portrait, enquired if I knew whom it represented.

To me, this picture did not seem half as beautiful as if I had painted her own, and, not knowing whose it was, I pointed both of these things out to her at the same time. She told me that I was very complimentary in giving her the advantage over the woman depicted in the portrait, whose name she was quite ready to inform me of, and, when I heard it, I might perhaps accord the preference to her. It was, she added, Madame ——, the wife of one of the richest contractors in all Paris. I rejoined that the position she occupied might perhaps have made me incline towards her, did I allow myself to be ruled by greed, but, as I had always esteemed worth more highly than riches, I should continue to affirm that I loved the end of her own finger better than the whole body of the other woman. In reply to this, the lady declared that she would fall into no other trap after the deceit such certain proofs of which she had just received, but that, putting all question of love-making on one side, she would be obliged if I would see the soldier again, so as to discover from him whether, when he found this portrait on the deceased, he did not find another with it.

I did what she wished, and the soldier told me that there was another one, but that on the former occasion he had not thought that it was the one I wanted, since it was in such a common case as to make one easily perceive that its owner from whom he had taken it had not esteemed it as he should. He then gave it to me in the same case he had found it in, which was, it

is true, a very common one, for it could never have cost more than twenty sous. Meanwhile, not wishing to make the same mistake as before, that is, taking it to the lady without first examining it, I opened the case, and saw that it was the portrait she wanted. I took it to her, and perceived on presenting it that she was very pleased at its recovery. At the same time I seized the opportunity to express the feelings I began to regard her with, and choosing to interpret this as a piece of politeness, though it would have been easy to perceive that I spoke seriously, she replied that, having just been deceived, she believed me to be actuated by such rectitude that, if she were to ask my advice, she did not doubt but that I myself would advise her never to put her trust in words.

All I could say by way of persuading her that I spoke the truth availed me nothing. Accordingly, it was useless for me to entreat her to leave me the portrait, although I protested that I should set such store upon it as would make her soon realise that she might rely on my fidelity. I did really become so much in love as to make concealment appear impossible. All the same, I did my best, and especially with regard to Des Essarts, whose jealousy I knew too well to trust. My behaviour pleased the lady extremely, who, in consequence, drew more favourable inferences about me than from anything I might have told her as to my affection; she allowed me to visit her often enough, and, as every day I became more and more in love with her, she deemed that she ought to be just towards me, from fear lest, if she played with me any more, I should become indiscreet from believing myself to be unfortunate.

The lady enjoined me to preserve secrecy as well as

to be faithful to her, declaring that both of these qualities were judged by one another, and that an indiscreet man could never be true to his love. This piece of good luck made me entirely forget the loss of favour I had sustained in connection with the other lady whom I have before spoken of. Up to that time a sad remembrance of her had always remained in my mind, and it only began to disappear from the day that I felt assured of my new flame's being inclined to do me justice. Not that this conquest could equal the previous one in the matter of establishing me in a good position, since she whom I now desired was married, and even had she not been, I was not the man to wed a woman who had herself confessed to me another attachment. However, as solicitude for my prosperity did not monopolise all my desires, I was sufficiently satisfied with what had happened to put aside any other cause for discontent.

Be this as it may, our intrigue having for some time remained a secret, no one, I think, would ever have discovered it, had we been able to dispense with the assistance of others to maintain it, but as it is an unfortunate necessity of lovers that they must confide in someone, we placed our trust in the hands of a lady's maid, who deceived us. Directly the lady had proposed her as a person to be confided in, I had my suspicions. I had found her both coquettish and mercenary, qualities quite opposed to what were wanted in a person such as we were seeking. However, the lady declared that she knew more about her than I did, and had had time to prove her discretion during ten years' service, and so I was obliged to believe her, contrary to the dictates of my heart. Nevertheless, it was not the woman's coquetry which

caused her bad faith, but the fact of the contractor's wife (who gloried in robbing my mistress of her lovers, and had even sworn to get hold of them all) having bribed her.

These two ladies had become jealous of one another in a convent in which both had been before marriage, and as each had no mean opinion of herself, they had often quarrelled, sometimes about one thing and sometimes about another. The Marquis de Villars Oroondate had fallen in love with the wife of the contractor, who had just married on leaving the convent, and her friend, either because such a conquest appeared to her flattering, or to annoy the other woman, had not been sorry to take away her lover. The discarded love had really been near dying of regret; but however, as time consoles one for everything, she had eventually forgotten the affront. This she had the more easily done because Villars, who flitted from one beauty to another (as do the bees from flower to flower), had in the end quitted her rival to give himself to a person of high rank. The Musketeer then took Villars' place, and the contractor's wife, becoming aware of this, had won him over with her money. Thinking therefore that she could do the same with me as she had done with him, she wrôte me a letter the tone of which I found so agreeable that I do not think that I shall ever in my life forget it. Besides, as I am sure that all people of good taste will endorse my opinion, I shall here give the letter at full length, so that I may be told whether I am right or not. Here is the letter:

"I am sufficiently attractive to believe that, when anyone comes to see me, he will fall in love with me without my being obliged to make a compact to that

effect. But even should I exaggerate my charms in expressing this opinion, I may let you know that my husband possesses a well-furnished coffer which I dip into when I like. I have the key, so I can go to it at any time, and this is my way of making a first gift to those I find worthy of my esteem. As you are one of these, or rather, the only one who has discovered the secret of seeming amiable in my eyes, this will be your good fortune, should you not show yourself unworthy of it by very inopportunely priding yourself upon a foolish constancy. I am aware that you love Mademoiselle ——, but anyhow, however amiable she may be, she cannot be compared to my coffer, so if you will take the trouble to come to-morrow at nine o'clock to La Merci, look out well for a lady who will be holding a little black and white dog in her hands, and perhaps you may agree that when I deliberately propose to love you, you will have every reason to congratulate yourself on your good fortune."

I was very surprised at receiving this letter, and as I did not know the lady's handwriting, I thought, to tell the truth, that it was the other one's doing, for since she was by nature extremely jealous, she seemed to me the most likely person in the world to have played me such a trick. This idea made me resolve to tell her of the missive, although I sometimes reasoned that it would not be right, and that, if honest people got to know of it, I could not fail to be blamed, always supposing that the letter did not come from her. Nevertheless, in spite of all these ideas, I did not fail to succumb to the temptation, the fear of my suspicions being true overcoming everything else. The lady was delighted at my giving her such a proof of my attachment, and, appearing at the appointed

meeting-place instead of myself, insulted her rival in such an outrageous way that she could not fail to divine that she had been sacrificed to her. Not that she said anything to her, for they did not speak; had they done so, considering the feelings they entertained for each other, I am sure the conversation would have been very piquant. But, my mistress having looked at the lady with eyes filled with contempt, her looks told more than her tongue could have done. Besides, as I had not appeared at the rendezvous, and as the contractor's wife knew from first hand that the letter had been delivered into my own hand, what had happened was so palpable, that the slighted woman would have been the first to flout the idea of the matter being doubtful.

Her disgust at all this was extreme, and, her resentment being no less so, it is easy to judge that the mass she listened to was not heard in the right spirit, and that she would have done much better not to have gone. To crown everything, she chanced to find herself, when near the holy-water basin, quite close to my new mistress, upon which the latter, so as to let her know that she knew all, sneeringly remarked that, if she had brought her dog there to find a little husband, her time had only been wasted, since the intended husband did not find her pretty enough even to think of, which she knew from the way in which he had looked at her. At these words the poor woman was quite dumbfounded, although her tongue, as a rule, was ready enough, and it was not her custom to be at a loss in that respect. Besides, as the ladies were in a place which enjoined respect, and where they could not have fallen out without each equally injuring herself, the matter remained where it was and went no

further. Each of the two got into her carriage, but with indescribably different emotions,—she who was offended turning over in her head nothing but schemes of vengeance, while the other was well pleased with herself for having inflicted such a great mortification upon her rival.

That very day I went to visit my mistress, and, on hearing what she had done, blamed her severely, saying that she had not reflected on its results, and should have been content with my missing the rendezvous. I added that, to affirm her victory in such an open manner was not to guard against what sometimes occurred in war, when, if one desires to do too much, one often but destroys what has already been accomplished.

This lady was not the wisest person in the world; she possessed far more beauty than wisdom; so my remonstrances had no effect upon her, besides coming a little too late for her to profit by them. I found myself unhappily only too good a prophet in my predictions, for her enemy, perceiving the affront which had been put upon her, resolved to have revenge, and, though the particular kind she meditated had necessarily to recoil upon herself, she gave no thought (so great was her rage) to the future, as long as it could be satisfied.

My mistress had a husband who was neither handsome nor well-made, and she had only accepted him on account of the compulsion of her relatives. His wealth had made up for everything else. As it is but seldom that such marriages succeed, especially when the lady has a leaning towards gallantry, it had turned out that the Musketeer of whom I have before spoken had not perhaps been the second of her lovers, nor consequently

Villars Oroondate the first. Perhaps I, too, was not the third! Be this as it may, in spite of this husband's having none of the qualities pleasant to a lady, the contractor's wife did not fail to want to make acquaintance with him to the detriment of her honour. She imagined that, when they became intimate, it would be easier to mould him to everything she wished, and that so her revenge would be more certain against his wife and myself, whom she thought she had as much reason to hate as the lady, after the trick I had played.

Had the husband been clever, he might easily have perceived that there was some hidden plan in this lady's advances. As not only was he unaccustomed to receive them from anyone, but also unused to his own being accepted, everything should have seemed to him suspicious. However, as, whatever reason one may have to complain of nature, it is rare that anyone does himself justice, he blinded himself to such a degree as to believe that he was worthy of the chances proffered him, and profited by them as if his due. The lady, who did not want to hasten her vengeance, for fear of missing it, treated him for some time as a favourite, and said not a word, thinking in this way to attach herself to him the more, and make certain of striking home. I was not long in finding out their connection, and no sooner did I do so than I clearly perceived the storm preparing against my mistress and myself. I warned the latter, so that she might not let herself be surprised, and that both of us might in good time adopt all the measures which prudence might dictate. Nevertheless, as one never knows how to ward off misfortune, all our efforts proved useless, and I very nearly fell a victim to the woman's artifices, and, if I did save myself, it was only by a miracle. As for my

mistress, she was not so lucky, and the affair cost her her liberty. The measures which her rival planned to obtain revenge having dragged on for some time, the campaign began. I took part in it, as I had in the other, though it was not for me to do so. As a matter of fact, as every year only a detachment of Musketeers were sent to join the army, it was not usual for those who had been in one campaign to take part in another. Everyone had to go in turn, and this was the custom every year. But the wish I had to get away from Paris to avoid what I foresaw having overcome all else which might have kept me there, I intrigued with M. de Treville to take the place of one of my comrades who was ill. He made great difficulty about granting my wish, for fear of getting his company put upon a footing of not serving when it should be its turn. However, M. des Essarts, who was growing jealous of my attentions to his relative, intervened for me without my asking him, and I once more took the road towards Flanders, whither a bigger army than usual was being despatched that year.

X

THE Duc d'Anguien had become reconciled to the Duc d'Orléans, and had apologised for what had occurred. Accordingly, they appeared to be the best friends in the world, although at bottom both were jealous of each other. The Duc d'Orléans perceived, but with regret, that the young prince's reputation eclipsed his own, and the Duc d'Anguien, for his part, was not too well pleased that the other's superior rank obliged him to show a deference to which his disposition could but with difficulty accustom itself. Being by nature haughty, and inclined to think that everything should be regulated by merit, he thought too much of his own, while not always doing others justice. Those most in contact with him confirmed him the more in this opinion, so much so that, having in consequence become more than ever an object of suspicion to the Duc d'Orléans, the latter induced the Court to make him his subordinate, so as to mortify him somewhat. Indeed, the Duc d'Anguien was much mortified when he knew what his fate was to be, and not having been able to avoid it, although he made use of all his own influence, and that of his father, the two princes set out for Flanders to take

up their commands, the one as general and the other as lieutenant-general. There was good cause for them to do so, for the enemy had recaptured Mardik, and as they clearly perceived that we wanted to attack Dunkirk, they could in no way better prevent its capture than by retaking that town.

The Cardinal, whose idea was to fill his purse in preference to everything else, but who, to amuse the French, pretended to entertain the finest schemes in the world, took it into his head, while great plans were being thought of in this direction, to undertake the conquest of Orbitelle. This place, which is in Italy, in no way suited us. Anyhow, the expedition failed, and, as he was already growing unpopular, this was a fresh reason for wishing him ill. His enemies reported that he had only been induced to undertake such an enterprise for his own interests, otherwise he would never have embarked in anything so far away, since it was quite obvious that we had nothing to do with conquests in that country, since others far more suitable were within our reach. In order to make these rumours, which injured his reputation, cease, and to make people speak better of himself, the Cardinal took the King to the frontier of Flanders. He had taken away the women from this young prince, in whose hands he had up to that time been, and had given him instead the Marquis de Villeroy, as a tutor. This selection had created a good deal of jealousy at Court, on account of this marquis not being of the most ancient nobility of France. However, as he was a man entirely devoted to keeping in favour, and one who professed he would do everything the ministers wished, his Eminence had decided to prefer him to everyone else, since he felt much more certain of being his

master than that of many other people. In any case, to make him more worthy of such great honour, the marquis had a short time before been sent to command before La Motthe, a castle situated in Lorraine, which a certain governor had promised to defend to the last gasp. He had shut himself up in it with a number of brave folks, who, however, were great robbers, and devastated the country for more than twenty leagues round. Already they had been the death of an Italian called Magalotti, a relative of the Cardinal, whom his Eminence had sent there so as to make him worthy of the baton of Marshal of France, which he had in store for him should he have survived hostilities. It was with the same idea that he had also sent there the Maréchal de Villeroy, so that not only might he become more submissive to his wishes on account of this favour, but also that people might be less jealous of him when he should be invested with the dignity in question. The Cardinal was aware that the honour done the marquis by calling upon him to assume the tutorship of his Majesty would create much discussion, and knew that the grandson of a man who admits in his memoirs that his son was not of sufficient rank to take part in an embassy to Rome would not appear quite the right person to occupy such a position. However, things turned out quite differently from what he calculated. As it is impossible to please everybody, the enemies whom the new maréchal chanced to have were of opinion that he merited the one honour as little as the other. The Cardinal let them say what they liked, and making a halt with the King at Amiens, he ordered the Maréchal de la Meilleraye to set out and revenge the affront the King's troops had received before Orbitelle by the capture of Porto-

longone and Piombone. It was his design, so his detractors have since declared, to create a principality in that direction, so that if, as he had reason to fear, the number of his enemies in France should chance to increase, he might take refuge in it and there console himself for his evil fortune.

I had followed the King to Amiens, from whence I had not yet set out to join the army of the Duc d'Orléans, in which I was to serve, when his Eminence happened to ask M. de Treville to give him two Musketeers who were gentlemen and possessed but "cloak and sword," so as to be under obligations to him for their welfare. M. de Treville, who was always kind to me, selected me without hesitation for presentation to the Cardinal, and, being a little more doubtful about his other choice, eventually let it fall upon Besmaux, who had joined the Musketeers some time after myself. Both of us, when we found ourselves so luckily chosen for the minister's service, deemed our fortunes made. Everyone in our place would have thought the same thing, but, as he was a long way from being as benevolent as the Cardinal de Richelieu, we had to wait a long time before seeing our hopes fulfilled. Very far from doing us the good we had anticipated, all that our new position of being his "gentleman" gained for us was our employment on missions, as a recompense for which he caused orders to be given us, sometimes for five hundred crowns, sometimes for one hundred pistoles, and occasionally less; but, as we had to expend a good part of this money, what was left was so little as to always cause us to feel what we were. By this I mean to express that, even if we had stockings, we had no shoes, especially Besmaux, who had not found in

gambling the same assistance as myself, and who had not as yet repaid me the money I had lent him.

In the meantime, I soon became as badly off as he was, for fortune suddenly turned her back upon me, and I began to lose everything I possessed; consequently, as I found my anticipations falsified by the avarice of my new master, it chanced that the moment at which I had expected to be best off turned out exactly the one when I found myself in a sorry plight. My repeated losses soon stripped me of everything, and, as one like myself, who had become a gamester by accident (although I had never been one by inclination), always imagines he will repair the breaches made in his defences, I plunged still deeper into the mire the more I attempted to extricate myself. I at last learnt wisdom, and, reflecting that God, having sent me succour at a time when I had nothing, was pleased to refuse it me now that I ought to possess some resources, I determined not to play any more. Accordingly, in spite of its being usually said that "he who has played will play again," and that this proverb is believed to be an infallible one, I soon proved by my behaviour that there is no rule without an exception. If I did happen to play any more, it was nothing to the way I had played before, and having so far conquered myself as to have become master of my conduct, Fortune was, in spite of herself, obliged to grant me a respite in this respect. All the same she was the cause of another misfortune which was just as painful to me, although it did not plunge me into want. The lady whom I had warned of her folly having been too late in taking advantage of what I said, her rival informed her husband of our intrigue some time after I had left Paris. He was upset by the affront put

upon him, as everybody usually is in such a case. He was all aflame directly, and having no doubt about the matter, on account of the proofs which the contractor's wife had tried to give him, determined either to revenge himself or die in the attempt. Unluckily for us, he surprised further two letters which we had written to one another, so that, losing patience after this, he sent a man to Amiens to assassinate me. This individual arrived there two days after I had left the town by order of M. le Cardinal, who had despatched me to the Maréchal du Plessis. The latter was in Italy, and he sent him orders to cross into Provence, so as to embark with the Maréchal de la Meilleraye.

This mischance prevented the assassin from being able to carry out his purpose, and, not knowing where to find me, for his Eminence kept my mission secret, the man returned to Paris, where he told his employer the reason he had returned without having done anything. My "jealous gentleman" wrote to one of his friends at Court to know what had become of me, but, nobody being able to tell him, he did not allow his rage to burst out against his wife, for fear of spoiling his designs against me. He waited patiently till I should have come back, and, not having been long on my journey, I had no sooner returned to Amiens than he was informed of it by his correspondents. He immediately sent there the same man who had missed me before, and, he again missing me, this time on account of his Eminence having, directly I returned, sent me to Courtrai (to take some orders to the Duc d'Orléans, then before that town), followed me there, well knowing it to have been my destination. The Comte Delpont, a Savoyard by nationality, was in command, and, as he was a clever man, both in the attack and defence of fortresses,

he had, with might and main, asked the Governor of the Low Countries to send him the munitions of war and provisions which he lacked. The governor in question, who did not think this fortress would be attacked, because it was well within the country, took these precautionary measures for false alarms, and, having sent word that Delpont was not to be uneasy, and that nobody was dreaming of attacking him, the latter was not satisfied, and wrote back that, although he yielded to his advice in everything and respected his orders, he must be allowed to say that either he was badly served by his spies, or that he was paying no attention to the enemies' movements. He added that it was easy to perceive their plan from their proceedings, and that he must indeed have lost the time spent at the wars if he was wrong in the idea that his fortress would before long be attacked.

As to possess any real worth is enough to raise up enmity and jealousy against oneself, Delpont, who had enemies on the governor's staff, did not fail to be laughed at as being a man liable to panic-terror. Some of his friends having informed him of this, and that he was considered a dreamer, he contented himself with once more writing to the governor, so that he might not be able to accuse him of having failed in his duty through having been too much influenced by resentment; but his letter being received just as badly as the first one, he stopped there and said nothing more. In the meantime he was besieged, and this having shown his enemies that he knew more than the lot of them, they became very confused at having spoken in such an inopportune manner. As there is nothing which can discourage a brave man, the bad condition of his fortress did not make Delpont lose

heart. He gave the general of the army of Spain time to prepare for his relief, and this general having approached our lines, reconnoitred them, and did all that is usually done when one intends not to allow a fortress to be taken without striking a blow.

Matters were in this condition when I arrived in the camp, and as the Cardinal had not instructed me to make great haste, I deemed that I should appear ridiculous to return so quickly to him, now that it was the eve of a battle. I went so far as to join some volunteers who had asked permission of the Duc d'Orléans to go and reconnoitre the enemy. In this way we lured them out of their camp, provoking them to come out within pistol-shot. Thus we engaged in a sort of battle, which might have turned out more serious than our general desired, had he not taken care to restrain our ardour. As it was his duty to await an attack, he had the retreat sounded, in which he showed himself much wiser than ourselves. Obeying his orders, we retreated, and as he was henceforth very particular not to allow any volunteers or other people to do the same thing as we had just done, we awaited the enemy, whenever they might choose to approach us, with a stout heart.

Their general, whilst he remained master of his reason, did not dare undertake any forward movement, but, having lost it in a debauch which he had organised with his principal officers (amongst whom were some Germans who had courage for anything when there were four glasses of wine too much in their heads), he allowed an attack to be made upon us when we had almost given up thinking of such a thing. It soon appeared from the direction of the enemy's onslaught that there was more heat than sense

in it, for they made straight for the quarters of the Maréchal de Gassion, who was a man of sufficient vigilance to know how to defend himself. It might have succeeded well enough had they attacked those of the Maréchal de Rantzau, who had this in common with them, that, at whatever time he was aroused, one would never find him fasting. At least, they might have hoped that, being on an equality with him in these matters, only fortune could have decided in other things; but in taking Gassion in hand they found a man who could never be surprised, and who repulsed them in such a way that, bold as they were from wine, they were not long in taking to flight.

Having succeeded so badly in their attack, they made another, which appeared as senseless as the first, upon Rantzau's position. As the latter had fortified his quarters by redoubts erected at intervals, they made for him through the trenches. This was just the way to put him on his guard and stop him drinking. However, whether the enemy had heard say, as was true, that when he had drunk, provided it was not to excess, he only fought the better, or that they thought that they would thus succeed in their design more easily than in any other way, they wasted a good deal of time on the trench without any result. Rantzau, who was reinforced, made frequent sallies upon them, and had the besieged done the same to us with equal success, they would have delayed the loss of their fortress much better than by all else they did, but, as the small number of men which Comte Delpont disposed of prevented his taking the initiative in anything, he was obliged to content himself with making what defence he could, and with being a spectator of what was happening in Rantzau's direction.

Nevertheless, he expected nothing good, perceiving that, in all that maréchal's sallies, the advantage seldom lay with himself. Delpont deemed this a forecast of what was about to happen, and was not deceived, for his men were obliged to abandon their efforts after having persevered for some time. The Duc d'Orléans profited by the consternation this was bound to create in the minds of the besieged. He summoned them to surrender, but the governor (whose courage did not waver amidst the unfortunate events which had happened to his side), not thinking it honourable to do so, while he saw an army ready to succour him, awaited its retirement before treating about a capitulation. No sooner, however, did he lose sight of it, than he thought the moment had come for not delaying longer, and surrendered.

Two days before this happened, the man sent to assassinate me, and who, unknown to myself, had kept me in sight ever since he had discovered me, having come to the trench where I was, received a musket-shot while he was seeking an opportunity to strike his blow. The wound was mortal, and, on his being told that he must prepare for death, he asked to speak to me, and confessed to me, in secret, with what purpose and from whom he had come to the camp. At the same time, he bade me take care of myself, since the man who had sent him was so full of resentment that he looked very like not letting matters rest where they were. I profited by this advice and kept on my guard. In the meantime, thinking I ought to warn the lady who was the cause of all this trouble, so that she, as well as myself, might take precautions, I sent her a letter by my valet, whom I despatched to Paris for some money which I had lent when I won the nine

hundred pistoles which I have before spoken of. He gave this letter into her hands without her husband knowing of it, for I had before his departure instructed him how to manage this. The lady was very much surprised at the contents of the letter, and thinking that, as her husband was behaving in this way to me, there was every chance of his treating her no better, resolved to be beforehand with him. She won over an apothecary, who for fifty pistoles gave her a dose of poison; this she cleverly made her husband take, and as it was only to act gradually, he who had such strange schemes against both of us had time to ponder over his revenge. He looked out for another assassin to despatch me to the other world, and not being able to make up his mind to treat his wife, after the affection he had entertained for her, in such a cruel way, determined to dedicate her to the church. The contractor, being a careful man, took some time in fixing on the man for me. As for her, he thought the less scandal made the better, and sent her to her father, who was still alive, a gentleman of distinction in the province of Normandy. Pretending that he had received letters from that part of the country informing him of his ill-health, he told his wife that it was necessary for her to go there, so that, should her father die, she might keep an eye upon another daughter, his only other child, who was married to a gentleman of quality belonging to that province, and prevent the seizure of her own inheritance.

The lady believed all this to be true, and, as she loved him none too much (in which case a wife asks no better than to be separated from her husband), she set out not only without repugnance but even very joyfully. She believed that, while she remained with her father

or relatives, she had nothing to fear, but, when she got there, she found great cause for mortification. Instead of finding her father either dead or dying, as she expected, she found him in good health, and not in any way anxious to die. No doubt this would have made her rejoice, had she not perceived from her reception that he was not altogether well-disposed towards herself. She even fancied that he already looked at her in a threatening way; nor was she mistaken. Her father had received a letter from his daughter's husband, which, after having informed him of what she had been doing, ended by begging him to get rid of her as soon as possible, on account of the writer's being afraid of yielding to the temptation he sometimes felt of doing his wife an injury. This good man, who understood the hint very well, would certainly have concealed his annoyance had he been as deceitful as the people of his province usually are; but it being a peculiarity of his that he did not resemble them in this respect, not only did he look at his daughter askance, but also told her the cause of his manner. The lady was extremely surprised at the reproaches heaped upon her. Meanwhile, not knowing how to exculpate herself, because her husband had also inserted in his letter the two notes he had intercepted, she stood with downcast eyes, which she would not have raised so soon from the ground had not the gentleman, after at first appearing sufficiently self-contained in his resentment, flown into such a rage as to make her fear his proceeding to extraordinary lengths. In consequence of this she thought that, no matter what bad excuse she might make, it would always be better than nothing, and answered that, if he would have the patience to listen to her, he might perhaps not find her as guilty as he thought. He should remember, she

said, that he had married her to her husband against her own wishes, since she had entreated him to choose another man on account of her feeling sure she could never love this one. In spite of this he would not do so, which had produced tears; but as these tears had had no more effect than her prayers, she had thus been forced to enter the house of a man who was even more disagreeable on account of his temper than his looks, although they were not very attractive to a woman. This alone, putting aside any delicacy, was enough to disgust the most virtuous of her sex; consequently, she had not been able to be as caressing as she might have proved with another man, and her husband had been displeased. Nevertheless, she added, all this might perhaps have been set right had he not somehow discovered her feeling towards him when an unmarried girl, which had made him miserable, and, being by nature not too sensible, he had made it a reason for accusing her of having a lover. Nor had he been content with reproaches, for he had soon proceeded to extremities, to the extent of several times laying violent hands upon her. In conclusion, she said that she had not intended to complain, either to her father or anyone else, trusting that eventually her husband would become himself once more, but as his jealousy had gone so far as to invent love affairs on the strength of some innocently written letters, she could not longer abstain from making her misfortunes known.

The worthy man, who did not believe all he was told, and especially in the case of a woman who gave such cause for suspicion as his daughter did, replied that, if what she said was true, it made her fault less serious, though it did not entirely excuse it. A husband was wrong ever to behave so, no matter

for what reason. It was, however, he said, far worse for a woman to have done the things she was accused of for the pleasure of revenging herself. To this she retorted that her husband was only a jealous man, whose words did not deserve to be believed. Her father rejoined that, both from love of her and love of himself, he hoped what she said was true, but that, as it was a matter for investigation, he would all the same take her to a convent. At the same time he ordered horses to be put in his carriage, and having conducted his daughter to Rouen, left her in the hands of an abbess, who was one of his relatives. The lady allowed herself to be taken there without any violence having to be used, for she flattered herself that her captivity would be no long one. She knew that she had got her husband into such a state that he could not live much longer, so she reckoned that, once he was dead, she would be mistress of herself without being obliged to recognise anyone's authority.

On her arrival at the convent she played the part of a devout person so well that the abbess, letting herself be taken in, sent word to the father (who had confided his misfortunes to her, so that she might look more closely after the behaviour of his daughter) that everything told him about his daughter appeared to be but slander, since there was no one more well-conducted or more modest; nay, that far from being displeased, he ought to be satisfied with her to the last degree. The lady, however, was not cleared any the more in her father's opinion by the good reputation the abbess had given her. Being aware that the women who want to deceive others are usually those who make a point of appearing the most virtuous, he suspended his judgment until he should have made a trip to Paris.

This gentleman was determined to clear matters up with his son-in-law, whom he had informed of the place where his wife had been put, so that, should he have a desire to see her again, he might do so as often as and whenever he might choose. He knew that this was a desire which often attacks poor cuckolds, and that cuckold for cuckold, they had rather be deceived by a wife than by any mistress they may take. However, before the father of the lady could go to Paris, her husband fell into a decline caused by the poison he had taken, so he did not dare mention the matter to him, for the report was that the man's illness was only produced by grief. In consequence, he feared reopening his wound, the more so as he was inclined to believe his daughter guilty rather than innocent.

In the meantime, the illness of the poor man got more serious every day, and his father-in-law, who had found him getting into a worse state every minute (and anything else would have been impossible after what he had taken), fearing that his presence was unpleasant to him, went away after wishing his son-in-law a speedy recovery. This, as things were going, the sick man was far from having any hopes of, and so, feeling himself waning every minute, his confessor asked him if he did not forgive his wife, for he had told him at confession of his suspicions, and that they were what was making him die. His answer was neither yes nor no, which forcing the confessor to repeat the same question as often as four times, the poor man made an answer exactly like that given by an admiral of France to his confessor about a somewhat similar matter. This admiral had an only daughter, by whom one of his gentlemen had had a child. The seducer had fled to England after the affair, not only to avoid the thrashing which could

not fail to follow, but also the hanging, inevitable in such cases, or at the very least, beheading. The admiral had already had the condemnation made out when he fell dangerously ill, and his confessor not concealing his condition from him, and being bribed by the gentleman's friends, asked his penitent if he wished to carry his vengeance with him to another world. God's wish, he said, was that he should pardon, and did he not do so, he would not like to be in his place. The admiral replied that he was asking a very difficult thing, but that, as this was the only way of salvation, he would pardon the gentleman and his daughter, should he chance to die. The confessor answered that this was not enough, and whether he died or was cured, he must do it. The sick man then declared that what was said was said, and that it was no use expecting anything more. He did actually die without consenting to change his mind, and this being enough to secure the tranquillity of the two lovers, directly his eyes were closed the seducer returned and married his mistress. This couple were the ancestors of many "cordons bleus"[1] and other people of great distinction, in spite of the husband being only a petty gentleman of Provence, and petty to such a degree that, although in Berri there are some in such poor circumstances as to do their ploughing themselves, I strongly suspect him to have been in far worse plight than they!

To return to my own affairs: the husband of my mistress having only given his confessor a conditional answer, just as the admiral had done to his, he further imitated him by departing to another world without consenting to change his mind. On his death, the lady

[1] Knights of the Holy Ghost.

immediately declined to remain longer in the convent, and left it, her father thinking it best to give his consent without much pressing, from fear that, should he offer any opposition, people would be convinced that his son-in-law had had reason for acting as he had done. When she had thus returned to Paris, I thought that there was nothing to prevent my visiting her, and I went as had been my custom. Apparently, I was as well received as ever, but on my begging for the same favours which she had formerly granted me, the lady frankly told me that the time for them was gone. If she had once been foolish, said she, she would be so no more; but if her favours were dear to me, she would accord them whenever I liked, provided I was ready to deserve them by a marriage. Many people in my place would have taken her at her word!

Young, pretty, and rich as she already was, and would be even more after her father's death—surely all these were more than enough to tempt a Gascon who possessed but cloak and sword. Nevertheless, being of the opinion that there were enough cuckolds already without increasing the number, I remained so cold and unresponsive in reply to her proposition, that it was impossible she could misinterpret my intentions. She reproached me a good deal, saying this was the result of obliging an ungrateful man. I was on the point of retorting that "had she obliged only myself, perhaps I might not have looked into the matter so closely"; but considering that I should irritate her more by such a speech than by any bad excuse I might find, I answered that I would gladly accept the honour she wished to confer upon me, were it not that I felt such an aversion to marriage that I feared making her, as well as myself, unhappy. She clearly understood

what this meant, and being greatly annoyed with me, sought another buyer, since I would not act in that capacity towards her. There was no lack of people in Paris whom the "horns[1]" did not frighten, provided they were gilded. The Chevalier de ——, a cadet of a good house, but whose only wealth was a moderate income which his elder brother allowed him, became a candidate and gained the day. I did not envy him his luck, since it had only rested with myself to win the lady; but as I should have been well pleased to have made her my mistress, I presented myself before her, once they were married, to see if she might be in the mood to treat me in the same way as she had done in the lifetime of her first husband. The chevalier, in whose estimation she did not pass for a vestal, and who was afraid of her frailty, thought it better to speak to me rather than to her. Without further ado, he told me that everyone was master in their own house, and that he did not like my returning there again. I had nothing to reply to this, and being obliged to do as he said, should have been much bored, had not Paris been ready to provide me with a thousand other mistresses, who soon consoled me for my loss. In truth, I was not long in discovering one not perhaps really so pretty as the chevalier's wife, but as some compensation she was a good deal richer. The compliment she paid me directly we were good friends was much to my taste. She told me that, when one was on intimate terms, everything should be in common, and so I was at liberty to put my hand in her coffer when I wanted anything, and she would never make any objection.

[1] The "horns" were, and are still in France, the appanage of cuckolds. To wear the horns=to be a deceived husband.

Her husband was "President," and they did not get on too well together, neither of them caring much about the other. He it was who caused the disagreement. In the early days of marriage, instead of living with her as he should have done, he had begun by a thousand love affairs. This had thoroughly scandalised her, and she had told him her mind, but as he would not allow her to curb him when she wished to, he declared that her remonstrances did not at all please him, and begged her to discontinue them. This speech of his had much more the air of a command than a request, and, as a husband does not like to be controlled by his wife, nor a wife to be despised by her husband, the lady became so outraged by his conduct and his answer, that she determined to give her heart to another. The way he continued to behave towards her soon incited her to carry out this resolve. He always had an infinite number of mistresses, and, as that kind of business eats up much property in a short time, there was no one who did not advise his wife to have a separation of property. Her relatives even urged this with much warmth, and, as she could have no great consideration for her husband, on account of his behaviour, she consented, without troubling much about the scandal it might produce in society.

The president made use of all his authority to prevent the Châtelet[1] from according his wife what she asked. This made the matter drag on a long time, but, eventually, as the dissipation she accused her husband of was palpable, and, as there are some rules in law which cannot be overridden without one's

[1] *Le grand Châtelet* and *le petit Châtelet* were the names of two courts, civil and criminal in existence at that time.

becoming guilty of prevarication, the tribunal was about to pronounce against the husband, when he bethought himself of a trick of chicanery to delay his condemnation. He made a difficulty on the score that the civil lieutenant was one of his wife's relatives, and having by this obtained a hearing from the council, he demanded other judges. The council, where, as in the other tribunals, he had friends, would not dispose of the affair so quickly, so as to give time for his wife to be reconciled to him and for their mutual friends to make efforts to such an end. The president did all he could for this to come about, but as her former affection for him had not only disappeared, but had even been replaced by a good deal of hate, she would never listen to any of the propositions he made her, nor to those he caused to be made by his relations and friends. Perceiving this, and that in spite of all his influence with the council he must soon lose his suit, he played another trick, which alone was enough to ruin him in her estimation, even had he not been ruined enough already. The husband found two or three false witnesses, who promised to declare how they had seen his wife enter a man's carriage with her hood lowered, like a woman who did not wish to be recognised, so as to conceal the evil she was about to do. These false witnesses also promised to say that the carriage had gone towards the Bois de Boulogne, and that, having stopped at the village of that name, she had got out and entered a hostelry where she had remained two or three hours alone with the man who had been in the carriage with her.

This was a grave accusation, and as it concerned the lady's honour and reputation, it but served to alienate her heart the more from her husband. However, as it was only a slander, and as she wanted to

obtain reparation at no matter what price, she took the witnesses in hand and convicted them of falsehood. By good luck for her, it happened that, the very day they had accused her of being at the rendezvous, she had been shut up in a convent the whole afternoon, and as all the nuns testified in her favour, her innocence (which her husband had wished to attack, so as to get rid of the lawsuit she was bringing against him) was generally recognised by everybody.

The progress of this affair having interrupted the other, the lady began once more to pursue it with all the warmth which the affront which her husband had tried to put upon her called for. She was successful in her efforts, and the council having non-suited the president, the Châtelet afterwards granted all she wished. She obtained a separation of property, and was quite ready to try and obtain a judicial separation as well, on the grounds of his adultery, but, having debated over this before undertaking it, the lawyers told her she would not succeed, as he had done nothing except according to witnesses whose evidence might be rebutted. Consequently, she went no farther, although very sore at heart against her husband. He, for his part, tried to soften her by conducting himself better than before, but as he only did so by exercising restraint, and as, when a man is once debauched, he soon returns to his former way of living, an unfortunate adventure occurred to him, although at first he deemed it but an ordinary love affair.

The president possessed a fine house four leagues away from Paris, where he often went to enjoy himself with his mistresses to his heart's content. His wife chancing to be indisposed for some days, he repaired to this house quite alone, and made there a rendezvous

with one of his fair friends. He kept her there for two or three days, and having well amused himself with her, sent her back to town, while he remained for the rest of the week.

The neighbourhood of Paris having brought together a joyous company during his stay, one of his friends appeared with a lady whom he passed off as a first-cousin. He told the president she was married to a gentleman of distinction of the province of Burgundy, and that a lawsuit she had at the Parlement had brought her to Paris. It was true that the gentleman had a married cousin in that part of the country, who lived there still, but she was very far from resembling the lady he brought with him. The latter was as disinclined to be cruel as the other was chaste, and her friend and herself had chosen the president's house to go and spend a few days together, as they were under the impression that he was not the man to look very closely into their affairs, and that, even should he do so, he was not of a disposition to be scandalised at their making use of his house for their pleasures. Indeed, he was not very precise about such matters. Nevertheless, suspecting that the couple were on good terms, although they made a mystery of their intrigue, the president resolved to verify this himself without being obliged to ask them. To this end, he made them sleep in two rooms next each other, which communicated the one with the other. To the lady he gave an "angel-bed,"[1] which, instead of being on an ordinary bedstead, was in the middle of the room, suspended by the four corners. He reckoned that, if the couple were on good terms, the man would visit his mistress,

[1] An open bed without posts.

and with regard to this he had arranged a plan which was to make clear what he wished to discover.

Accordingly, after having well entertained them, and the hour for retiring to rest having arrived, he had each of the two conducted to their room. When they perceived how close they were to one another they were delighted, and especially so when they found that, as there was a door of communication, there was nothing to prevent their visiting one another. The man went to the lady as the president had expected, and got into the bed with her. This bed, which was suspended in the air, was more like a swing than a regular bed. No sooner did the president believe the couple to be asleep, than he had them hoisted up to the ceiling of the room by means of ropes in the pulleys attached to the four corners. The lovers were so tired out, either by the journey from Paris, or by something else which one does not speak of, but which one easily guesses, that they did not feel themselves being hoisted up; in consequence, they were very surprised the next morning when they found themselves near the ceiling of the room. The chamber they were in was at the least fifteen feet high, and as they could not jump to the ground without the risk of breaking an arm or a leg, their condition was just as bad as that of a man who finds himself caught in a trap when he least expects it. They remained where they were till noon, when the president thought the time had come to go and relieve the guard. When he saw them in bed together, hoisted up to such a height, he pretended to be astonished; but having soon exchanged his feigned astonishment for chaff, he told them that, had they cared, they might have spared themselves their discomfiture, since they had only to tell him of their

intrigue, and he, not being a punctilious man, would have been delighted to be of use to them. He went on joking a good deal more, and although the lady was not entirely devoid of shame, any more than her friend, they both made pretence of treating the matter as a joke, since this was the best thing they could do. Nevertheless, a secret feeling about it remaining in their hearts, they had no sooner returned to Paris than the man determined to be revenged. He pondered a good deal how he should manage to succeed in his design, and as he could see nothing which held out more chance of success than an idea which had occurred to him, this is what he immediately did with a view to carrying out his plan.

Feeling sure that, if some pretty girl were brought into contact with the president, he would plunge headlong into the trap, the gentleman selected one who was just as much ruined in health as she was pretty. He had her brought to his house with another woman, whose morality was similar, and making them dress as nuns, gave the one who was unwell, and who was the prettier, all the ornaments which an abbess usually wears, so as to distinguish her from the others.

This done, he gave her, in addition, a carriage with six horses and grey liveries. This carriage set out by way of the road "des eaux de Bourbon," on which was the president's house. The sham abbess, whose illness caused her to look pale, having stopped in his village about five in the afternoon, on the pretext of being so indisposed that she could go no further, sent, an hour later, to ask the president if he would be pleased to allow her to stroll in his park when she had rested. It was then the month of May, when the days are long

and fairly warm, and she went there about seven in the evening, having heard from the president that not only was he pleased to grant her request, but further that he himself would show her everything of any beauty in the house, and he, on hearing of her arrival, came to the door to meet her. The president thought that the abbess only lacked a good complexion to be one of the most beautiful people in the world, and this defect he attributed to what one usually accuses ladies of—being in love. Being by nature well-disposed towards the fair sex, it occurred to him to offer his fair visitor a remedy which is said to be a sovereign one in these kind of maladies. He did not, however, like to declare at once how well-disposed he was towards her, and, wishing to ingratiate himself first, there was no attention he did not pay her. The sham abbess, for her part, pretended not to be untouched by his attentions, and having given the president to understand that, when her parents had obliged her to enter a convent, it had been against her own inclination, he, on his side, showed much concern for the violent treatment she had received. Finally, becoming more and more passionate, he said a great many soft things to her, which, from her manner of receiving them, he had no reason to think wasted. She heard them like a woman who did not know what in the world they meant, that is to say, like an innocent soul, who believed everything she was told. This the president attributed to her having been shut up in a convent since childhood, so much so that, believing her just as new to love as she was in reality old and used up, he deemed himself the happiest of men. He thought himself lucky to have found such a choice morsel all to himself! In this idea he was much deceived, and having

accomplished his desire after some fuss (made by the lady the better to play her part), he was not long in perceiving that he had better have taken poison than done what he had. In a few days he became ill, and his complexion having grown more like a dead man's than that of a living one, he was obliged to admit, when he looked in the glass, that if pale-faced people were to be laughed at, he was now of their number just like his new friend.

The sham abbess stayed four or five days with him, and the two had a table and bed in common. She then left to proceed on her pretended journey; no sooner, however, did she reach Corbeil than, instead of going on, she crossed the river Seine to return to Paris. He who had despatched her had promised, in case of her journey being successful, to give her a handsome reward. She was well-pleased to go and inform him that, unless she was much deceived, it had answered his expectations. The gentleman was delighted at this good news, and having given her amply sufficient to satisfy her, she abandoned the costume she had assumed. Meanwhile the president felt great pains all over his body, and as he was far from dreaming of what they might signify, he approached his wife at such times as they gave him any respite. This she allowed, notwithstanding the bad terms they were on, either because she liked it better than nothing at all or because her confessor had made her have scruples about refusing to be dutiful to her husband. All the same, this did not occur without her sharing in the "present" he had received, and finding this out sooner than he, she abused him in a way to make the most self-contained man in the world lose patience. He dared say nothing, for the illness he was suffering from made him fear that he really was

the culprit. Indeed, not failing to realise that the pretended abbess was but base coin, he threw himself at his wife's feet to entreat her forgiveness, even telling her how he had been caught, with the idea that such a novel trick would arouse her compassion, or at least make such excuses more acceptable. Had he been wise, instead of so frankly avowing his guilt, he should have thrown the blame for the illness upon herself. His wife, who was more frightened than he thought, pretended to forgive him, so that he should not another time make any difficulties about admitting what he had just done, and, consequently, thinking himself fortunate, considering his ill-luck, he did not, when she was pleased once again to bring up the subject, have any scruples about telling her the story of his adventure again. He had no idea that she had concealed two people at the foot of her bed, so as to be witnesses against him when wanted. Thus, being duped by her when he least expected, she sought redress at law, and brought a suit for a separation against him. He then wanted to deny what he had said in privacy, thinking that no one could convict him of falsehood, since an admission or denial of his guilt only depended on his own good faith; but, being confronted with the two witnesses, he had nothing to say, except perhaps that his wife was cleverer than himself! In this way she obtained her separation from the Châtelet, while the Parlement, according to its wont, did not think it ought to decide so quickly. It was desirous of giving the couple time to think over what they were doing: this is why, having decreed that they should have six months to decide whether they would separate or not, that period of time had no sooner

elapsed than she recommenced her suit. The Parlement could not refuse to confirm the decision of the Châtelet: so, thus being rid of a husband whom she had such slight grounds to be content with, the lady took up her abode with one of her relations, who was an intimate friend of mine. I did not waste any of my time with her there! She did me good in the place of M. le Cardinal, who did me none any more than he did Besmaux, who by his orders had been in Italy with the Maréchal de la Meilleraye.

Besmaux managed to get a pistol-shot at the corner of his eye, or at least he caused it to be believed that he had received one there. All the same, it was nothing, and had done him no more harm than if he had scratched himself with his nail, but from fear lest its recollection should be forgotten, and that it might serve as a proof of his having been in the war, he has ever since worn a patch there, which he even very carefully retains to-day.

I was not long in making the lady love me, and, as she had never had any children by her husband, she flattered herself that she was running no risk in any favours she might grant me. Nor was I sorry that she should be free from the fears any other woman might have entertained in her place, and, living with her as husband and wife usually do (except that, instead of doing things with drums beating, we did them in secret), she became *enceinte* when she least expected such a thing. No sooner did she become aware of her condition than she was in despair. Nevertheless, as it was done now, and there was no remedy, she had recourse to me, to tell her what to do to prevent its becoming known to her husband and relatives. I could think of no better expedient than to make her enter

a convent at such time as she should become afraid of appearances betraying her secret. She agreed with me, and, having given her a midwife instead of a lady's maid, so that, when the time of her delivery came, she might receive the necessary care, it turned out that, when everything had been contrived with so much care and secrecy that this affair was only known to her maid, myself, and the lady, the whole of the convent heard of it by a misfortune which neither I nor anyone else could have foreseen. The lady had one of the worst accouchements woman ever had, so that the midwife, not knowing whom to apply to, found herself under the fatal necessity either of letting my mistress die in her arms without help or of getting assistance from the town. However, she could not do this without asking the superior's permission, and as a woman's life was at stake and that of her child as well, after much reflection she had no difficulty in coming to a decision. The person who was very surprised was the lady superior, when she heard of the lady being in labour. She immediately assembled the discreet mothers to know what they would have done in such a delicate case as this. These women were about as embarrassed as they could be at such unlooked-for news. Those of charitable mind, after having thoroughly thought the matter over, declared that, no matter what might come of it, the mother and child must be helped, but others being of a contrary opinion, the time which elapsed before both parties could agree was the cause of this lady's dying while suffering agonies more easy to conceive than describe. Meanwhile the child still remained in her womb, and although the midwife told them that by performing an operation it might yet, perhaps, be saved, they would never allow a surgeon

to be summoned, from fear of its dealing a blow to the reputation of their convent.

The death of this lady having terminated our intrigue, and having some time after become consoled about it, since in this world the greatest afflictions end just as lesser ones do, I resolved to marry, so as to be no longer exposed to such an infinite number of adventures as had happened to me with my mistresses. Such a determination was not difficult to arrive at, especially in the way I did; I wanted a young person who should be rich and passably pretty, even if she were not altogether so, and, as one does not come across this every day, especially when one has no establishment, as was my case, I had to look out a long time without being able to find what I desired. At last a lawyer's lady to whose house I went every day, and who was a relation of Madame de Treville, told me, knowing my plan, that she was acquainted with a young widow who was just the person for me; she would, she added, do me the service of obtaining an introduction to her, and it would lie with me to do the rest. Should I lack anyone to speak in my behalf I might rely that she would do all she could. I was delighted at this promise, and having thanked the lady, as was right, begged her to give me some tokens of her good intentions as soon as she could, declaring that, if I appeared in such a hurry, it was because the campaign could not be long in recommencing, and as I was on the footing of being one of the "post horses" of M. le Cardinal, I feared lest, when I had once begun my operations with the lady, he might upset everything by some disagreeable mission. Indeed, Besmaux and myself were wont to undertake most of his messages,

which did not please us at all, since they were not of a kind in which lay any honour or profit, but rather of the sort in which there was trouble without any use. Before I enlarge any further upon this scheme of mine, I must say something about the affairs of the State.

XI

THE Duc d'Anguien, after having returned from before Courtrai (the Duc d'Orléans having left the army after some other victories), being now left in command, had asked permission to besiege Dunkirk. This had surprised the whole Court, since the campaign was already very advanced, and there did not seem time for such a considerable undertaking; besides, the fortress in question had as governor a certain Marquis de Leide, a man well-skilled in the profession of arms, who, having the preceding year foreseen, through the siege of Mardik, that we had only undertaken that enterprise to pierce a way towards him, had taken precautions against our schemes.

The Cardinal pointed out all this to St. Evremont,[1] whom the Duc d'Anguien had sent to Court to obtain the permission he wanted. He had chosen him in preference to many others for this mission, for as he had a good deal of sense, he hoped that he would

[1] St. Evremont eventually fell into disgrace and withdrew to England. Charles II., ever quick to recognise clever men, gave him a warm welcome. He died, aged 90, in the year 1703, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. He was in later life celebrated both as a philosopher and writer.

answer pertinently all the objections which might be made. He was not mistaken; St. Evremont smoothed away all the difficulties in the minister's mind. Nevertheless, perceiving that the Cardinal was always giving way to his natural timidity, which made him tremble in the middle of his enemies even when guarded against them, he enquired of him if he thought that M. le Duc d'Anguien, covered with glory as he was, would be likely to undertake anything beyond his strength, to make him afraid, as he was, if he were not aware that his own reputation, as well as the glory of the State, were at stake. Thus he might be sure that, having always been very jealous about this point, he was not the man to engage rashly in a foolish project. On the other hand, the Cardinal urged that this siege could not be undertaken without the Dutch, and, as there was no treaty with them, the season would be over before one could be concluded. St. Evremont said in reply that the duc had provided for this by sending to that people the Baron de Tourville, his first gentleman of the bed-chamber. The baron was to negotiate a treaty, subject to the approval of the Court, so that, should it ratify his plans, no time would be lost. The Cardinal saw clearly, from St. Evremont's way of speaking, that this siege had been decided upon in the mind of the duc, and as he had much confidence in him, he sent his messenger back to him, with orders to say that the King left him free to do whatever he might think best.

There was a little spite in this prompt compliance of the Cardinal's. This minister, who was beginning to wish to rule quite alone, never perceived, as I have already said, a good post vacant, either of a military

kind or at Court, that he did not cast longing eyes upon it for his nephews and nieces, whom he had sent for from Italy. It chanced at that time that one of the greatest and most considerable had been vacant for some months. It was that of Admiral of France, which the Duc de Bresé, brother of the Duchesse d'Anguien, had held before his death. He had been killed by a cannon-shot on the coast of Italy, where he was commanding our naval army, in order to assist the expedition which the Cardinal had undertaken before. This had succeeded better than the one against Orbitelle. The Maréchaux de la Meilleraye and du Plessis had captured them, and, as the campaign in Flanders had been equally successful, the Cardinal claimed nothing less for the services he believed himself to have rendered than to have the disposal of this great office. He destined it for the Duc de Mercoeur, eldest son of the Duc de Vendôme, to whom he wished to give one of his nieces; however, he found objections on the part of the Prince de Condé and the Duc d'Anguien, who maintained that it ought to belong to the sister of the dead man. This pretension could only be founded upon the services of the Duc d'Anguien, which had been such that his victories were counted only by the number of campaigns he had taken part in. Such conspicuous glory made the minister jealous, and caused him to fear lest his power should, unless something unlucky happened to him, transcend his own. Accordingly, flattering himself that, in spite of whatever conduct and courage the general might display, he must have trouble in overcoming the difficulties of the season and vanquishing so experienced a governor, the Cardinal agreed to everything he wished.

St. Evremont having set out with these orders, and Tourville having returned from Holland with good news, the duc made for the fortress, and surmounted, by means of his good management and bravery, all the obstacles which the enemy and the time of year placed in his path. The Marquis de Leide, nevertheless, did everything which could be expected of a man who was brave and well-skilled in his profession. Meanwhile, the Comte de Laval, of whom I have before spoken, being on guard in the trenches, was wounded by a musket-shot in the head. I was close to him when the accident occurred. M. le Cardinal had despatched me to the duc to get him to relinquish his pretensions about the office of admiral, in return for which he promised to let him have the government of Dunkirk for whomsoever he liked, directly it should be captured. He promised him some other Court favours besides. But the duc laughing at these overtures, I was at liberty to retake the road back to Paris whence I had come; nevertheless, I would do nothing of the sort before I had seen the trenches. That day the Comte de Laval, who was maréchal de camp, was in command, and as I had not yet seen him, he asked me if I had no news of his wife, when he received the wound of which I have just spoken. He fell to the ground as if he was dead, and I really thought such was the case, when he suddenly got up, telling me it was nothing. He even sent for ink and paper before being carried to his tent, and wrote to his wife, for, as he was certain she would be alarmed at the news of his being wounded, which would soon spread, he was well pleased to let her know himself that it was not so dangerous as might be reported. He either did not feel his wound or was eager to save her from being alarmed. I re-

mained no longer than an hour or two in the trench, and having inspected its condition, went to take leave of the Duc d'Anguien, who had told me that he wanted to give me letters to his Eminence. The duc did give me one, and as it informed him that the Comte de Laval's wound was quite different from what the comte had told his wife, the whole of Paris was soon filled with rumours of his approaching death. These rumours were concealed as much as possible from Madame de Laval, but having got wind of it, she did not believe it, for she placed more faith in her husband's letter than in anything else. The chancellor, who had seen the letter in his daughter's hands, knowing that it was I who had brought the news which cast doubt upon its contents, sent to beg me to come and see him. He asked me confidentially about the condition of his son-in-law, and which he ought to believe—the letter which the comte himself had written to his wife, or the news current in society. I tried to give him hopes, but at once perceiving my intentions, he told me that he would ask nothing more of me, for I told him more by telling him nothing, than if I confirmed all that he heard elsewhere. He begged me to speak to everyone as I had to him; for, did I report differently, he was afraid of his daughter hearing it, and it might make her lose her reason. She adored her husband, and he must take measures to prepare her by degrees for the news of his death, which probably would not be long in taking place. To this I would say nothing, more from fear of being cruel to him, if I disguised the truth any more. He guessed aright if he really believed what he was saying, for two days later a courier arrived from the army who brought the sad news.

Meanwhile the Duc d'Anguien took Dunkirk, contrary

to the expectations of the Cardinal, and this capture having further heightened the hopes of the Prince de Condé, he sent word to his son not to return from the army until he was certain that the minister was in a mood to do justice to his claims. Both sides were negotiating about the matter, and the Cardinal, who thought that, if he could but keep the post of Admiral of France at his disposition, there was nothing he ought to refuse the duc, offered him a number of things in its stead. The Prince de Condé, who acted for his son, thought that these should be accepted, and that it would not prevent the duc from renewing his claims on another occasion. Thus an understanding was patched up, after which the duc came to Court, where he was regarded as a hero whose like had not been seen for a long time.

It was about this time that Madame de Treville's relative proposed to me the marriage which I have mentioned. I had shown her that the idea pleased me, so as to make her lose no time. Nor did she do so, and, having spoken to the lady, she said so many nice things about me that she consented to see me at her house, in order herself to decide if she ought to believe all she had been told. She pleased me extremely, on account of the impression of virtue which her whole appearance conveyed. Her beauty was not altogether so striking, although there was nothing repulsive about her. I conversed with her some time, and, having left the first, so that my friend might ask what she thought of me, I took great care to go and see her that very day, so that she might give me her report. My friend told me that I had not been displeasing to her, and also that, as she was very rich, she would not mind whether I had any fortune or not.

This good news delighted me, and, having begged her to procure for me some time another interview with the lady, so as to converse with her, and increase any good opinion she might have formed of me, she promised, and kept her word.

This lady was called Madame de Miramion,[1] and is the same lady who to-day is so much talked about in Paris on account of her piety. I was fortunate enough to continue to please her more and more, and as there are no attractions like those which proceed from virtue, I fell so much in love with her, that I could not rest till she had given her word to my friend that she would consent to the project I had formed with regard to her. She would do nothing till she knew me more thoroughly, and so she answered that it was not enough to feel some inclination towards me, in order to conclude a bargain which was to last such a long time. First of all she must know whether I was deserving, and that time alone could teach her. I must therefore have patience, for often everything was spoilt by being in too great a hurry. I could find no fault with this, and as I saw her again from time to time, and always at the house of the same lady, matters apparently were going on in the best way in the world, when my hopes were suddenly shattered. The great wealth of the lady

[1] "Madame de Miramion" was born in Paris in the year 1629. She married Jean Jacques de Beauharnais, Seigneur de Miramion, in 1645, who died the same year, leaving her a large fortune. The shock she sustained owing to Bussi-Rabutin's attempted abduction was the cause of her devoting her life to charity. During the times of the troubles in Paris she sold her necklace, valued at 24,000 livres, and her plate, and gave the proceeds of the sale to the poor. She founded several charities for women, and died in 1696.

produced many lovers, some of whom avowed themselves as such, whilst others had not yet done so, I know not for what reason. Bussi-Rabutin,[1] whom we have since seen lieutenant-general of the King's armies and maître du camp of the light cavalry of France, was among the number of the latter. He was a man of great vanity, and even should I not say so here, one has only to read his "Histoire amoureuse des Gaules" to judge that I am not here attributing anything to him which is not his due. Nevertheless, vain as he was, he did not deem it expedient to trust in the rare qualities which he himself boasts of in his eulogy of his own person. He resolved to abduct the lady, so that after he had made himself master of her no one would think more of her, when they knew that he had got by force what he could not have hoped for from friendship. No sooner had he planned this than he proceeded to carry it out. He provided himself with relays of horses and with carriages, and, posting them on the road to Brie, where he intended to retire to a fortified house belonging to one of his relatives, he seized his opportunity, when the lady was going from St. Cloud to Mont Valerien, to execute his design. She was already religious, but religious in a moderate degree, which did not in any way forbid her marrying. She was going there on a pilgrimage, when he had her carriage seized by his relatives and friends, of whom he had made provision. At the same time, he com-

[1] Roger Comte de Bussi-Rabutin, born 1618. Besides the "Histoire amoureuse des Gaules," Bussi-Rabutin wrote many other works; although undoubtedly clever, he was eaten up by an inordinate conceit, and, as courtier, soldier, writer, and lover, thought himself *facile princeps*. He deemed himself braver than Turenne and more gifted than Pascal!

plimented her, and, as his tongue was glib enough, it was not his fault that he did not make her believe that she was further under an obligation to him for his seizure of her person. Unluckily for him, she was not very credulous, so much so that, after she had showered abuse upon him, instead of using the moderate language to which he wished to predispose her, he abandoned his gentle way of speaking, and told her that, whether she consented to being abducted or not, it would be just the same thing. At the same time, he made her get out of her carriage and into another, and took the road between St. Denis and Paris, so as to avoid the town. He believed that he had arranged everything so well that he would reach the place he wanted before what was happening could become known anywhere. However, the carriage into which he had made her get having broken down near the Bois de Boulogne, which he had also tried to avoid, it was two hours before it could be repaired.

This gave one of the lady's lackeys time to go and inform her friend of what had just occurred. By good luck I was at her house, and on hearing this bad news, immediately left to fly to her help. I should have been there much sooner had there still been an " Hôtel des Mousquetaires," but there was no longer one, and Cardinal Mazarin had been so determined on having M. de Treville's company, that, perceiving that he would not give it to him, he had somehow contrived to break it up. I had, therefore, much trouble before I was able to collect seven or eight of my friends. Less than that number I did not think would be sufficient, for I had learnt that Bussi had as many people as that with him and even more.

I made all haste, and as I knew pretty well the road he had taken, I was soon at his heels. He descried me from afar, just as he was about to enter the house to which he intended to retire, and as one does not like fighting when in the wrong, he left me the field of battle and the lady. I went to her and expressed the joy I felt at having delivered her from the hands of her ravisher. I thought that she was going to give me some proof of her gratitude, and thank me in return for this service, but she looked at me almost as if I had been one whom she did not know. This I attributed to the fright she had had, which apparently had rendered her insensible, so, not being upset at this, I took her back to Paris, where I believed she would be more in a condition to tell me what she thought of what I had just done for her. However, my expectations were vain; I perceived no sign of such a thing, or, did I see anything of the sort, it but served to persuade me that I had nothing more to hope from her than if I had left her in the hands of Bussi. Indeed, she declared to me that after what had happened, no man could ever be anything to her, since she did not wish to expose herself to the reproaches which might be levelled at her of having been in the hands of another. She added that God, who knew all things, at all events knew that no attempt had been made upon her honour; but, as it was not enough for oneself alone to be aware of one's innocence for to do right, everyone else should know it too; if she was ever so foolish as to marry again, she would take measures to guard herself against what she feared. These words of hers touched me more than I can express. Indeed, I was so dumfounded by them that it was impossible for me to make any reply. The lady

seized this opportunity to leave me, either because she too, perhaps, was as much overcome by grief as myself, or, perhaps wishing to escape pitying me in this way, she avoided remaining in the presence of one who, least of any being in the world, deserved to be ill-treated by her. I cannot tell whether, when leaving me, she said anything else than what I have just stated; this, I repeat, I cannot exactly say, all that I do know is that, when I went to the house of her friend, who was also mine, to tell her of my misfortune, I did not even have the consolation of being able to discuss the matter with her. She had joined in a masquerade, and had hastened to a ball, from which she did not return till the next morning. As I was in no mood to seek her in such surroundings, I went home, where I passed one of the worst nights I ever experienced in my life. It seemed of interminable length, and the morning proved just as long to me, for, as the lady had been up all night, I had to allow her to rest, and could not go and see her until the afternoon. I did then, at last, go to see her at such time as I thought she would be visible. She was well aware of my having gone to her friend's help and with what good use too, but as she did not know of the reward I had received, she was under the impression that my plans would be well furthered by what I had done. Consequently, she no sooner saw me than she addressed me in terms very different from those she would have employed had she known what had occurred. Yet she had been to see her friend half-an-hour after I had left her, but there had been so many people at her house that she had not been able to speak to her alone. When I informed her in what way I had been received, she was extremely surprised.

She declared that such a thing was not credible, and on my confirming what I had said by an oath, she became serious and told me she would see her friend that very day, to try and get her to change her mind, and would make use of all the warmth possible, and after she had promised me to do all she could, I returned that evening to see her and learn what she might have done in the matter. Directly she saw me, she said there was no help for me, adding that she pitied me quite as much as I deserved. Never had such a misfortune as mine been heard of, and I must have been born under a very unlucky star, to thus witness the overthrow of my hopes at a time when everything seemed to favour them. In short, she lavished upon me a great deal of flattery; but, as all this was but smoke, I asked her what the lady might have said, so as to have in some measure at least palliated the severity of her behaviour. In reply, she declared that she had nothing more to say, except what the lady herself had told me. Madame de Miramion would not, by her own account, lay herself open to the reproaches I might heap upon her were she to become my wife. This was all she could extract from her, but it was certain that this idea was so firmly implanted in her head that she was much mistaken if ever I or anyone else would be able to get it out.

This was the only explanation I could obtain from both; so much so that, having as much reason as I had to be disgusted with ladies, I resolved to waste my time with them no longer. I did indeed break with them for at least five or six months, and would have done the same thing with respect to the Cardinal had I been able, finding him such a bad master. Never

did he make Besmaux or myself a present of anything, and, although we were in attendance on him as his gentlemen, we did not even enjoy sufficient influence to allow us to secure admission for one of our friends to his room. Did it chance that some of our friends begged us to do so, we had either to avow our inability or at least discover some pretence to get out of doing so. In short, we were regular slaves, a circumstance which would have made me think of siding with someone else, had I known to whom to apply to better my position. No one, however, paid us any attention while we were with his Eminence. As it was now some time since he had given people reason to perceive that he was as great an egotist as a cheat, it made us appear like him, since we were his servants. This prevented people of quality attaching themselves to him, so much so that it may be said that his following was composed more of riff-raff than honest people. About that time was included in it (or at least, that I may not tell an untruth, there had been admitted into it, some time before) a little man whose birth was not more considerable than his height. His first calling had been that of waiter at a tavern in Bearn, but having exchanged the red cap he used to wear for a laced hat and white feather, he became so proud of having thus changed his dress and condition, that he quarrelled with almost everybody. Nevertheless, as he had got the better of several people, he got into high favour with his Eminence, who some time afterwards even made him one of the principal officers of his Musketeers. To tell the truth, he was a brave man, and as there was in the company an officer who was just as truculent as himself, but who was of good birth, the two soon came to blows.

At that time duels were so rigorously forbidden (as is still the case at the present day) that the antagonists were obliged to conceal their purpose from everybody, so as to effectually bring about a meeting. The King had just given a great example in the person of La Frette of the stern treatment meted out to those who infringed his edicts. This had frightened everyone to such an extent that, no matter however great their animosity might be, an attempt was made to cloak their actions with a veil of darkness. They fought in a room at Charenton, where they were quartered, and La Vergne, as the gentleman was named, was killed dead on the spot. Nantia, his eldest brother, who was the écuyer-in-ordinary to the Queen, thought it better to hush up this affair rather than to make it common property by taking proceedings. He had the dead man secretly buried, and the murderer was lucky enough to escape the King's ever hearing any talk of the encounter. Consequently, it did not prevent the little man from making his way. He remained sub-lieutenant of the company when the King took it for himself, but the good fellow Marsac, who had been its commander, being dead, and M. Colbert, Minister of State, having had it given to his brother, who soon put it on another footing to its former one, the little man became so stuck up that, forgetful of his birth, he refused to obey him. He preferred to resign his post, which made M. de Montbron's fortune. For although he was of quite different birth, he esteemed it an honour to serve under the new commander, who soon assumed the name of the Comte de Maulevrier in the place of his former name. This comte was all the same but the son of a taxpayer, that is to say, a well-to-do citizen; but as his brother's good fortune

enabled him to aspire to the highest honours, not only was he called M. le Comte, as large as life, but soon wanted to become governor of a province. He negotiated about the government of Metz and all the Messin country with the Maréchal de la Ferté, who in addition held the governorship of Lorraine. It was his certain belief that his hopes would be realised, partly on account of his brother's influence, which was then at its highest point, and partly on account of his own bravery, which, not to tell a lie, was by no means inconsiderable. For instance, the Comte de Maulevrier served in a little war which took place in Holland shortly afterwards, where the King sent six thousand men to help the Republic against the Bishop of Munster, and M. de Pradel, who was in command, used to say that he would like to be his heir, because he was so fond of the trenches! Nevertheless, although everyone did him justice in this respect, and no one was prejudiced enough to speak otherwise of his courage, the King refused to grant him his wish in the matter of this governorship. No one knows precisely what was the cause of this refusal, unless it was that his Majesty was offended at his having been so intent on getting it without first speaking to him, or whether his pride, which surpassed even that of the little man I have just mentioned, was of a kind which was unpleasant to him. The Comte de Maulevrier was so much upset at this refusal that he left his company. After him M. de Montbrun had it, and has only now just left it to place himself at the head of the Regiment du Roi, in which post his Majesty has intimated that his services would prove more agreeable than anywhere else.

I have anticipated events a little, and I do not know whether those who seek out the slightest excuse for criticising a book will not blame me for passing as I have done from the year 1648 to 1672? However, let them do as they like; if that is the only fault they can find, I shall soon obtain absolution from the public. There are often subjects which carry one away, the interrupted thread of which might be more displeasing than to continue it in defiance of chronology. Be this as it may, Madame de Miramion having dismissed me, as I have just said, I had at least the consolation of seeing that she was not abandoning me for another. Indeed, she soon afterwards inaugurated that institution which has edified all Paris and is of great assistance to a large number of people.

Up to that time the Cardinal had treated Besmaux and myself coldly enough, and as we had been comrades in the Guards, then in the Musketeers, and eventually fellow-aspirants to fortune in his house, it seemed as if he desired that both of us should receive exactly the same treatment even in the matter of rebuffs. Eventually, however, when we least expected it, he suddenly altered his way of behaving to us. I wanted to discover the reason, being of opinion that we deserved his favours less than ever, at least I did, for seeing how little he esteemed my services, I was not so assiduous in rendering them to him as formerly. I did not fail to find out the cause. I perceived that his fortunes were tottering, and as he began to think that he would soon have need of everyone, he was trying to win us over. I told Besmaux my ideas, who replied that, whether it was so or not, we must profit by it. This was his constant solicitude, so his answer did not surprise me.

The Cardinal had made himself a number of enemies by the sordid selfishness which he had shown on a thousand occasions; if ever a post was vacant, whether of a military kind or other sort, it could never be reckoned that services or worth would weigh with him in its allocation. He who offered him the largest sum was always preferred to others. This had rendered this minister so odious to all concerned that, had it but lain with them, they would long ago have sent him back to Italy. As to the populace, it was not well affected, being weighed down by edicts, and whether truly or slanderously, it was declared that the Cardinal had sent to his own country part of the money extracted from the people. The discontent which had thus arisen since the year 1645 might perhaps have then produced bad results, had not M. le Prince prevented such a thing by his prudence; but when he died, at the end of the year 1646, the Duc d'Anguien, who took his name, did not show the same consideration for the minister as his father had done, either because he was less prudent than he had been, or because he deemed that he had reason to complain of his behaviour towards himself. He accused him of having sent him to Catalonia the year after the campaign of Dunkirk, and of having wrecked his reputation by maliciously causing his embarkation for the siege of Lerida, where he allowed him to want for everything.

The Cardinal, to whom it was only necessary to show one's teeth to obtain all one wanted, no sooner heard of his accusations against himself than he did all he could to recover his friendship. For this purpose he made use of everyone who had any influence on the Duc d'Anguien's mind, and as the Duc de

Châtillon had a good deal, and as he was afraid of his being angered on account of having just been refused the governorship of Ypres, the minister promised to have him given a bâton of Maréchal de France, provided he would do his duty and forget the past.

The duc in question, whose family had already enjoyed this dignity twice before, and who thought himself as worthy of this dignity as other people, was offended at this proposal instead of being satisfied as the Cardinal intended. He told the person sent to discuss the matter on behalf of the Cardinal that the proposed honour was his due, on account of his services, and not owing to the intrigue now suggested. This he would leave to those better fitted for such work than himself; for his part, he would look only to his sword for any good fortune which might fall to his lot. This answer convinced the Cardinal that he was incensed against him, and he opened negotiations with Guitaut, who for some time had been the prince's favourite. This individual did not display so much pride as the other, and in consideration of twenty thousand crowns, which he gave him in ready money, promised to make his peace with his master. The prince, who could refuse him nothing, granted his request, and forgave the Cardinal for the insult he believed himself to have received. Both of the two promised to do nothing in future which might again embroil one with the other, and they put the seal upon this promise in the shape of a great banquet which the Maréchal de Grammont, a mutual friend, gave them.

Meantime the campaign of 1648 began, and as the enemy had recaptured Courtrai and made some other conquests, occasion was again taken to declare that

the minister was delighted at things resulting in this way, since it gave him an opportunity for raising money. Rumour said it was his wish that the war should drag on for some time, for should it come to an end (which there was nothing to stop its doing if he would but apply the proper remedy), there would be no pretext for his levying fresh taxes. On this pretext the Parlement of Paris refused to ratify some edicts, and as at that time one could only raise money from the people with the consent of that body, it was approached in different ways to get it to do what the King desired. It was thus that the Cardinal termed the resolve which he formed in his closet, with others "of the same stuff" as himself, who were interested in following his wishes and policy. As it was these men's habit to get fat on the blood of the people, he knew very well that they would contradict him in nothing. The Parlement, in which there were members who at least took as much care of their own interests as of those of the people, did not see fit to satisfy him. Nevertheless, some among them whose reputation was held in esteem did not make an open opposition. On the contrary, they tried to reconcile the King's rights with those of the people by making certain propositions which appeared reasonable to them; but the others who did not take such a straight path having caused their good designs to fail, more obstacles than ever arose about the ratification of the edicts which the King, or rather his minister, had sent to this body. They did a good deal more, contriving secretly to have a seditious petition presented, in which his Eminence was formally accused of fomenting the troubles of the State for his private ends. Besides this, they had one presented against the contractors, who were accused of a number

of peculations, in reparation for which a criminal prosecution with a decisive sentence was demanded. As such a thing could not be done without making an enemy of the Council, to whom the King had deputed the duty of dealing with such matters, as I repeat, the Court could not but be very sensitive on such a subject, since, had such a petition been granted, its authority must have been very much impaired, those of the councillors who were wise and fond of the public peace, refused to have anything to do with it. A man named Broussel, who was Conseiller aux Requêtes,[1] did not take this course. Under a feigned zeal for the public welfare he concealed great ambition, and having no cause to congratulate himself on his fortunes, which were bad enough, sought to repair them by making himself feared. With a view to this, he pretended on every occasion great devotion to the people. He spoke to everyone in a familiar way, thinking that to prevent him from taking the populace under his protection, the Cardinal would soon have a word whispered in his ear. For this reason, he took charge of the petition with much boldness. As the minister did not yet understand what power the Parlement possessed, and had never learnt from personal experience or from anyone what weight it had given to a party when civil war had arisen, instead of managing this councillor as he should have done, he at first despised him. Taking, therefore, advantage of a fresh victory which M. le Prince had

[1] Master of Requests, referendary. Broussel attained great popularity with the Parisian populace by his opposition to the Government on the question of taxes. This popularity was, however, short-lived, and he died at an advanced age, quite forgotten.

just gained in Flanders, and of his reconciliation with him, he had Broussel with some other members of the Parlement arrested while they were coming away from the *Te Deum*, which had been sung at Notre Dame as a thanksgiving to God for this success.

The blow was a daring one, since it not only offended all the Parisian populace, who looked on Broussel as their protector, but also the Parlement, which could not be in a mood to allow its liberty to be attacked in this way with impunity. Accordingly, a terrible disturbance immediately arose, and one which the Court would never have thought possible. The people becoming aware of what was going on, erected barricades from Notre Dame to within a pistol-shot of the Palais Royal. This was done in a moment, and so to speak, in the twinkling of an eye. News of it was brought to the Cardinal, and as the King at that time lived in this palace, the minister had the guard reinforced, not thinking himself in safety; at the same time he held a council whether the King ought not to leave the city. For his own part he was of that opinion, for the fear he was in did not leave him free to carefully look into the inconveniences which would result. However, M. le Tellier, who was one of the council, a man in whom he placed especial confidence, pointed out that, besides its not being certain that the people would allow him to take the King away, it would be much better to try and disarm the populace by soft measures. He sent me to the first barricade to cunningly discover what the state of mind of those who held it was. I set out that very hour, although there was danger enough if by chance I should be recognised there. Directly I reached it an artisan, armed from head to foot, appeared before me, just as if he had

wanted to frighten small children. So that everything might accord with his get-up, he cried out to me in a thundering voice, "Who goes there?" To this I replied, "Vive le Roi!" and "Vive Broussel!" which answer being extremely to his taste, he opened a barrier to me, and let me into the barricade. There I found several bottles of wine with some cold meat upon a barrel, and the man in command, insisting on my drinking with him, apparently with the intention of making me ratify the words I had just uttered by drinking the health of this magistrate, he succeeded in getting me to do so, and then let me go.

While I was in the barricade and hobnobbing with this riff-raff the better to learn its secrets, the Maréchal de Grammont came to the Palais Royal, after having given orders to the regiment of guards, of which he was colonel, to have some soldiers conducted there one by one. Some officers of this regiment also went there, and the Queen-mother, who regarded what was happening as a dreadful attack on her son's authority, believing that should she make the soldiers who had been collected march against the rioters, they would soon disperse, commanded the Maréchal de la Meilleraye to himself lead them. The Maréchal deemed that he ought not on an occasion like this to display less courage than the princess, and that, since she possessed so much boldness as to form such a resolution he must certainly have sufficient to carry it out. Accordingly, he set out at once, but instead of frightening the mob, as the Queen thought, it was insolent enough to fire upon him. The game was not an even one, so having immediately retired, and even retreated secretly, for fear of worse happening, he had the Queen informed that unless night

should make the populace wiser, he did not know how it was to be made to return to its duty.

While this was taking place I was inside the first barricade, and having proceeded further, after having drunk three or four cups, in spite of myself, wherever I wended my way I saw such turbulent spirits that I was horrified at many things I heard said against the government of the day, and especially against the person of the Cardinal. One man there was in particular who spoke such nonsense as to make me think that I ought not to pardon him for it. All the same, as it was dangerous to let him perceive my resentment, not only did I pretend to enter into his ideas, but even to go further. I told him that he could give no better proof of his zeal for the public welfare than by manifesting the hatred he bore towards the Cardinal. Nevertheless, I continued, that was nothing unless "action was added to the wish." I knew the secret of making the minister feel the ill-will he bore him, and if he would share the danger with me he might also divide all the glory. This I said not only to get him into the Cardinal's hands, but besides to see if he was capable, as he bragged, of one day killing his Eminence. I soon perceived from his answer that he was just as dangerous as he wished people to think, for he immediately told me that not only was he ready to divide the danger of which I spoke, but, further, that he would risk it alone were I unwilling to take part in the affair. Upon this I made more pretence than ever of being no less bitter than he against the minister, and on his pressing me hard to let him know how the stroke I proposed could be carried out, I replied that I knew

of a place where the Cardinal was wont to pass quite alone when going to the Council, and that there revenge might be taken upon him. The man was simple enough to believe me, and, having enquired of me whether one should set out on this expedition with a sword, a poniard, or some firearm, I made reply that the poniard was more certain than anything else, for the reason that once the blow had been struck it could be dropped, so that if one should chance to be pursued and searched, no suspicion would fall upon whoever made the attempt.

Two or three of his comrades who had been indulging in debauchery with him all day, and who were incapable of any reasoning, heard me speak as I have described, and not only declared that I was right, but encouraged him further in his scheme. There did not appear to be much need for this, that is, at least, if one could believe what he said. Be this as it may, finding him eager to set out with me that very hour, to commit this murder as soon as he could, I deemed that I ought not to permit such a thing, for it might be that this project was only the result of the fumes with which wine had filled his brain. Consequently I wanted to put off the affair to the morrow, and this, in spite of himself, I obliged him to agree to. He appointed a meeting-place in a cabaret near enough to the Palais Royal, where he made me swear to be between seven and eight in the morning. This I promised him, without reflecting too much that it would be dishonourable for me to make him fall into the trap I was preparing, but having thought of this after leaving him, I had resolved to break my promise, when one of my friends to whom I spoke of the

business, told me that, as a matter of conscience, I ought to pursue my point, since the safety of the State was concerned, and I should by my action be preventing the disorder which must unfailingly result did this man, sooner or later, succeed in assassinating the minister. As a final reason, he declared that I should not have the slightest scruple, since to nurture such a dreadful thought, whether against the King himself or against him whom he entrusted with his affairs, was nearly the same thing.

I was not so satisfied by this casuist as not to be well pleased to consult with another man. I set out to find a worthy man to whom I had sometimes addressed myself, to clear away some doubts which had occurred to me on the subject of my conscience. Without diminishing or adding anything, I laid the case before him, and finding him of exactly the same opinion as my friend, I determined to take their advice, lest persistence in my own view might make me a criminal against the State. Accordingly, the next morning I betook myself to the meeting-place, flattering myself on the way that night would have instilled wisdom into my man and would have made him put some water into his wine. However, this was the last thing he dreamt of, so much so that, although I was not later than the hour on which we had mutually agreed, he had yet been awaiting me in the cabaret for I do not know what length of time, so fired by passion was he!

Directly I had been told that my conscience obliged me to have the man caught, I had informed M. le Cardinal of his plot. His Eminence, who was easily overcome by fright, trembled when he heard me tell of

this man having conspired to kill him, and highly approved of the casuists who had advised me to deliver him into his hands. For I made no bones about confessing the dilemma I had been in, so that he might not deem me a flatterer, nor one who paid him court on account of his having all the powers of the State in his hands.

Be this as it may, my man being already impatient to reach the place where he hoped to strike his blow, would only drink one bumper before setting out. He posted himself in the place I designated, and I took up a position ten paces higher up, on the pretext that should he by chance fail in his attempt, I should be so placed as not to do the same myself. For such a wicked man as he was, he was very credulous; at least, it is unusual for anyone capable of undertaking such a wicked deed as this to take his precautions so badly. However, his passion blinding him to such a pitch as to dispose him to believe everything one wanted, hardly had he taken up his position in a place where it was so dark that we could not see one another, when he found himself caught as in a trap.

His eyes were at once opened, and as he began to perceive that it was I who was the cause of his misfortunes, he immediately uttered these words: "Ah! the knave! Ah! the scoundrel!"

Had he dared, the Cardinal would certainly have put him to death without any form of trial, but as we live under a monarchy which does not allow people to give ear so much to their passion, he put off the matter until such time as the Parlement should be sufficiently friendly towards him for him to ask for justice from it; for, although in France the will is not punished as is

the deed, as this unfortunate man had determined on carrying out his scheme, what he had done had to be looked upon not as a thing only thought of in his head, but rather as a design which would have been actually carried out had he not been stopped as he was. His Eminence, not daring to let all his resentment become known, a carriage was sent to the court of the kitchens at two o'clock at night to take the man to the Bastille. Some of the Provost's guards had orders to get inside with him, so as to take him away with more safety; for one did not dare to have the carriage surrounded from fear of the populace attacking the guards should it discover that they were in charge of a prisoner of state. However, all these precautions were of no avail. "The people," who had posted spies at all the doors of the Palais from fear of the King's being taken away, when they learnt that a closely-shut carriage was coming out, stopped it before it could reach the top of the Rue des Petits Champs. The guards of the provostship would have very much liked to have been out of the business when they heard themselves asked their names, what they were, and where they were going. Nevertheless, they were not put to the trouble of answering, for the prisoner spared them this by letting the people know where they were taking him and the reason of his having been delivered into their hands. They at once liberated him, and the guards would have been well pleased had they also sent them away, but they took them off, after having given them a thousand blows on the way. One even died some days later from having been beaten. Meanwhile "the people" believed that the Parlement would espouse its cause, and that even should it not have these prisoners hung it would at least send them to the galleys. How-

ever, that body not being so stupid as to commit so ill-timed an act, nor so unjust as to punish men who had done nothing else but obey the orders of the Court, as they could not help doing, they were soon liberated from prison instead of having the harm done them which their enemies expected.

M. le Cardinal was in despair when the Provost's officers gave him an account of what had happened to their guards. He was afraid lest this man, having thus escaped, might attempt to carry out his design all over again. As an additional annoyance, he had not been examined, consequently he did not know where to catch him nor the measures he should take to be on his guard against what he feared. He sent for me at once to tell me what had just occurred, and to enquire whether the man had not told me who he was in his conversation with me. I replied that I had never dared ask him this, from fear of arousing his suspicions. I had, I said, contented myself with luring him into the snare, because I believed that one would very easily find out who he was when he was once lodged in a safe place. Meanwhile, if he (the Cardinal) had grounds for fearing anything from such a wicked man, I did not see why I also should not be nervous too. As he was aware that it was I who had played him this trick, there was a likelihood of his making an effort to be revenged directly he might think he could succeed; at least, I had grounds for thinking so, especially as the man had learnt who I was after his arrest. M. le Cardinal had insisted on my taxing him with his crime in the presence of several people who had even called me by my name before the man while enquiring about certain details which I did not seem to them to explain sufficiently.

XII

MY fears were based upon no bad foundation, and I may say that my escape was a veritable miracle. The man, after having recovered his liberty, as I have described, cleverly made enquiries about my disposition and ways, and knowing that my besetting sin was always the one of having to do with ladies, was the more inclined to think he would catch me on account of his being ignorant that I had for some time broken with them. He possessed a sister who, though she had neither the ways nor the other adornments which serve in no small measure to enhance beauty, was nevertheless one of the prettiest girls of Paris. He placed her in my path, and I never made a step, so to speak, without finding her before my eyes. Whether I went to church or any other place, she followed me everywhere, just as if she had been my shadow. This I did not fail to perceive, and as one always has too good an opinion of oneself, I at once arrived at the conclusion that she found me to her liking. It made me observe her carefully, and everything I could note about her confirming me in this idea, I said to her one day (as she was preceding me to the holy-water basin, where she

had seen me going to get some holy water), "My girl, you are very pretty, and for a long time I have thought that to be happy one has only to be loved by you." She made me a bow in a graceful way, and as it is usually made when what one hears is not displeasing. My compliment appeared to me well-timed as she had taken it in this way, and having ordered a lackey who was with me to follow her to her dwelling, and to make enquiries in the neighbourhood as to who she was, he reported to me that she was a respectable girl, or at least had the reputation of being one. At the same time he told me that she lived under her mother's wing, and that the two women worked at sewing. My lackey having reported all this to me, I fell in love with the girl on account of the reputation for chaste behaviour which he gave her. It is no small thing in giving one's esteem to any lady to believe her virtuous, otherwise all that a beautiful face can do is to kindle some flames which last no longer than the fire of straw. What keeps them alight is to believe that anyone is possessed of virtue; if one does not feel sure of this, one's love is a plant which dies for want of roots, or an edifice which tumbles down of itself for lack of solid foundations.

The first thing I did after this discovery was to send for this girl on the pretext that a lady wanted to employ her to make up some linen. All the same, I instructed the person I sent not to enter her house before he had seen her mother leave it, for fear he should bring back the one instead of the other. The girl at first refused to come, and wanted her mother to be waited for to take with her, but the person who was speaking on my behalf and who had an answer quite

ready, having told her that the lady for whom he had come to fetch her was on the eve of going into the country, and that should she not come he would go and fetch someone else who would not make so much fuss, she took up her cap and gloves from fear of losing the custom. I had asked a woman I knew to be in one of my friend's rooms so as to receive her. This woman, who was very far from being a vestal, understood her business, so that after having given the girl some men's shirts to do (as if having a commission from one of her friends), she told her that for such a pretty girl as she, the trade she followed was below what she deserved. This compliment did not surprise the girl, for she had often heard it from the lips of people who had employed her. My entry while this was going on surprised her a good deal more, and as she blushed at it I deemed the reason to be the goodwill which I believed she bore me. At the same time, the lady went into another room on the pretext that she had yet another bit of stuff to give her. As all this had been arranged between the woman and myself, I did not let the occasion slip without telling the girl what my feelings towards her were. Meanwhile, the better to prepare her, I did not fail to let her know that I never had worn shirts with such a light heart as those which were to come to me from her hands. Eventually, however, all this being but "whipped cream,"[1] and being desirous of coming to the point, I proposed to her without ceremony to take a room for her and make her my mistress. At the same time I adorned my speeches with everything which usually flatters a girl. I even told her that she might bring

[1] *i.e.*, mere idle words, froth.

her mother with her if she liked, and that I would look after the support of both.

This girl, who was at least as deceitful as she was agreeable, began to cry at my proposition. I had made it boldly, because I supposed that after the steps she had taken it could not prove displeasing to her. Meanwhile, after having already fallen so thoroughly into the trap, I fell into it again just as much as before. Indeed, without having any suspicion of what was going on, I believed everything which she told me as to the cause of the tears which I saw her shedding. She told me in a way which might very well have deceived others than I, that she was very unfortunate to have the feelings she had, since, instead of the gratitude she expected, she found in me but an unexampled ingratitude. It was true that occasionally one saw the love of two people have results like those which I now proposed, but to begin in such a way with a girl (as I was now doing with her), was a proof that I had not the slightest respect for her and was thinking only of myself.

There seemed to me to be so much justice in her reproaches that I did not even think I had the right to apologise for what I had said about the warmth of my passions. I thought that such a course would profit me less than to admit my fault frankly. This I did with all my heart, and declared that she was right to have told me all she had done, that I agreed with her that it was not for nothing that a proverb existed which said that "one must know before one loves." Nevertheless, there was no need of this in my case, for she was so lovable that to see her was enough to make one unreservedly surrender one's heart.

After I had talked in this way to the girl, I told her further that, for her part, she was right to want to have some knowledge of me before giving me hers. I added besides a number of things still in the same strain, and after she had shown me that she was pleased with them, I deemed myself lucky because she gave me permission to go and see her after she had obtained the consent of her mother. This she promised me she would ask for directly she found an opportunity, and so that I might suspect nothing, she declared to me that that woman was so devoted to her that she would never refuse her anything she asked. For the same purpose she begged me to go and see her the next day, as if about my shirts; her mother would be there, she said, and she wanted her to see me, because when she should have done so, she would all the more easily grant her the permission which she had to ask of her.

It was thus that the girl gilded the pill for me, and so eagerly did I swallow it, that I did not fail to keep the appointment next day. Her mother was there as she had told me, and I cannot say for certain whether or not she had informed her of the trick which she wanted to play me (and which she soon afterwards did play me), since the excuse I had for going to her house was such a plausible one, that the woman might well have consented to my coming without being a participator in her knavery. However, if she did not know of it at the time, at least she did some time after, since not only did she allow me to return and see her daughter, but to make her gallant speeches besides. These the girl received with the best grace in the world, and as if much touched by them. I was the more pleased at this as every moment I was becoming

more and more in love. Meanwhile, one day that I was going to her house, I met at a hundred paces from it one of M. le Cardinal's guards, who told me that I was not throwing away my affections, that my mistress was well worth the trouble, and that he knew her well enough to answer for this. I pretended not to understand what he meant by this, and asked him to explain himself. He at once told me that it was useless for me to try and play the shy fellow with him. Every day he saw me enter and leave the sempstress's house, nor could I even set foot in it without his knowing, since he lived underneath her. He added that I might see her as often as I liked, since he himself had never succeeded with her, although he had done his best.

As I perceived that he spoke in this way of his own accord, I did not like to press the point any more. I acknowledged the state of the case to him, and, having asked him if the girl was as virtuous as I had been told, he replied laughingly that it was he rather than I who should ask such a question, because since the time I had known her I could give a better account than anybody else. To this I rejoined that our acquaintance was not so lengthy as he believed, as I had only seen the girl five or six times, so he who lived in her house ought to know more about her than I. He confirmed all the good reports which I had already heard about her, and, having parted in this way, I dreamt only of advancing my suit with her, since I learnt from a thousand sources that her conduct was of a kind which would give me no cause to blush at being in love with her. In the meantime, two or three days after this meeting, having gone to her house as usual about five or six o'clock in

the evening, her brother appeared an hour later accompanied by three of his friends, who had the air of being regular ruffians. I was surprised at seeing them, even to the greatest degree possible, for I at once divined that he had only come there to play me some trick. I had good reason for thinking so, and even had I not been of such an opinion, his greeting was enough to let me know it. He asked me what I was doing at his sister's, and if I thought he would allow such a thing with impunity. At the same time he and his three friends threw themselves upon me, and not having been able to defend myself, being taken by surprise, he bade me prepare for death, since he gave me but a moment to live.

If I had been surprised at his appearance upon the scene, I was even more so at this speech of his. Nevertheless, having presence of mind enough to think of something to which I owed my life, I told him that if I could expect no mercy from him, I at least begged him to grant me time to prepare for death like a good Christian, and allow me to withdraw into a closet which was close to where we were so that I might compose myself. This he allowed me to do, and having shut the door upon myself with a picklock which casually chanced to be there, I began to stamp on the floor so as to call the guard of M. le Cardinal to my assistance. By good luck for me he was in his room with three or four of his friends who were to sup with him. They had heard the noise which my would-be assassins had made on their entry, and especially when throwing themselves upon me. They did not know what its meaning might be, as they were not used to hearing so great a disturbance. However, the

appeal which I made causing them to think that something out of the common was taking place, they went upstairs to see what was the matter. Already my assassins were beginning to try and break open the door of the closet where I was, but hearing these men on the stairs, their rage became changed into fear, for they clearly perceived that before long they would be obliged to give an account of their doings. The guard having arrived at the door with his friends, they would not open it to them. I cried out to him through my door to send for a commissaire to make my assailants do by force what they would not do of their own free will. He heard my voice through the murmur which the assassins were making while they consulted together what was to be done in a pass so serious for themselves. They chose the course which prudence dictated, which was to open the door before the arrival of the commissaire. As one of the guard's companions had been detached to go and search for that officer, they were now four against four, so a good deal of blood could not fail to be spilt, as the despair in which the assassins were plunged had taken the place of courage.

Directly I heard that the door was open I opened the one of the closet where I was, although the murderers had disarmed me when they threw themselves upon me. This was not the way to render any great help to the guard or his friends, but good luck having willed that my enemies should have their backs turned to me, I surprised one of them from behind, and snatched his sword when he least expected it. He threw himself into the closet from fear of my killing him, or of being run through by one of those whom he had before been dealing with. I thought this a good place for him,

flattering myself that he would not have the temerity to come out of it as I had done. We were now five against three, which made the game an unequal one. In spite of this, the despair in which my assailants were plunged making up for the inequality of the sides, they fought with so much boldness and fury that we already had two men wounded when the commissaire arrived. As for them, they were all three of them hurt, and the assistance which the officer brought making us their masters, without their being able to resist us any more, they were all four captured and taken to the Châtelet. The mother and daughter were also taken there, and although I was sorry for the latter, and felt inclined to forgive her, I nevertheless reflected that I ought not to do so after such gross deceit as hers. I took care to inform M. le Cardinal of this adventure that very evening, and as I did not fail to tell him at the same time that I was under an obligation to his guard for having extricated me from this awkward predicament, he was so pleased at perceiving that the man who had wanted to kill him was in the hands of justice, that he gave the soldier a lieutenancy of cavalry in his regiment. In due course he became a captain, and was further in a fair way to become something more when he was killed at the fight in the Faubourg St. Antoine, which took place four years later.

The barricades of Paris, after having begun in the way I have described, had come to an end, which had grieved the Court a good deal. Matthieu Molé, chief president of the Parlement, a clever and crafty man, and one who under an apparent simplicity and a feigned unselfishness concealed a heart full of artifice and self-seeking, had been obliged by his colleagues

to go and again demand from the Queen Broussel with the other magistrates arrested with him. Being obliged to do this had much displeased him, as he was a pensioner of the Court, and was afraid of losing its good-will should he do something disagreeable to it. As he had not gone to the Palais Royal quite alone, but with the deputies of his corporation, he had had to speak to his Majesty in the tone which had been laid down for him. The Queen had received what he had said badly enough, not so much on account of himself personally, but on account of those on whose behalf he came. In consequence he had been forced to return without having obtained anything; but the people, who still remained under arms to guard the barricades, had constrained him to retrace his steps, when he presented himself before them. This had even not taken place without their threatening that should he succeed no better this time than he had the last, he would have to pay dearly for it. Accordingly, this magistrate had presented himself for the second time before his Majesty, and had not concealed from him the coercion which had been brought to bear upon himself. This had thrown the Queen into great perplexity, because she was fearful of compromising the authority of the King her son. However, the chief president having told her all over again how matters had turned out at the barricades, and added that, if her Majesty persisted in refusing to liberate the prisoners, he could not be answerable for the consequences which the disobedience of the rioters might produce, she resolved to believe him from fear of carrying things to extremities by a too great persistence. The King's Council approved her resolve,

and the order being sent to get the men out of prison, the revolt subsided in just as short a time as it had taken to be kindled.

Matters were in this condition when my assassins were taken to the Châtelet. M. le Cardinal, who had creatures there, made them take steps to have the men judged with the utmost rigour, and these did not want to disoblige him for such a trifling matter, for they reckoned the life of these wretches as nothing, rather on account of the lowness of their birth than because of what they had done. They therefore condemned them to be hanged, but on their appealing to the Parlement, all that the Cardinal could do was to get them sentenced to be banished. This sentence did not please him as much as the other had done ; so much so that, fearing that, instead of leaving the kingdom, they would hide themselves in Paris and seize an opportunity of assassinating him, he obtained a *lettre de cachet* to send them to Salses. Had he been able to send them further away, and had he felt sure that they would have stayed there, he would not have failed to have done so. He sent Besmaux to take them to that place with archers, an errand which did not please the latter at all, and one which I would never have undertaken had I been in his place, as I told him without any dissimulation before letting him set out. This I thought I ought to do more than anyone else, for as we were both upon the same footing with his Eminence, I was afraid that his giving in to him would do me harm. In reply, he said that when one had a master one could but carry out his orders and not control them ; this was his idea ; as for myself, I might do anything I thought best without his criticising what I

did. I perceived from this answer that a very little would make him provoke me to quarrel, did he see the slightest chance of doing so. It surprised me, for at first he had shown that this errand did not please him, as indeed it should not have done had he reflected at all about it. Anyhow, being well pleased at not being embroiled with him nor with M. le Cardinal, whom I feared he was trying to pay court to at my expense, I told him that far from disapproving of what he was doing, I was ready to give him my blessing, so that he might set out without a qualm. I do not know whether I said this with a contemptuous air or whether he took it in that way, but, having that evening presented myself before M. le Cardinal, he turned his back without looking at me. This he did in such a marked manner that I could not doubt that he had something on his mind against me. I at once attributed this to Besmaux, and feeling sure that he had distorted what I had told him to the Cardinal, I determined to have an explanation with his Eminence on the first occasion I could find. I was not mistaken; Besmaux, who was the man to sacrifice his best friend, directly there was but a slight chance of benefit for himself, had not failed to play the flatterer to our master. He had told him, when he was taking his leave, "that it was not the fault of one of his friends that he had failed to be persuaded not to set out on his journey, on the pretext that his mission was rather that of an archer than of a gentleman. Nevertheless, as for himself, not only would he play that part with all his heart when his duty to him was concerned, but even that of executioner."

M. le Cardinal was not unduly anxious that people should devote themselves to him in preference to any-

one else, as Cardinal de Richelieu had formerly been. He would even say sometimes, as a means of defaming his memory and enhancing his own reputation to his prejudice, that very far from being like him, he could have no greater pleasure than to see his servants pass into the King's service. Nevertheless, although he thus tried to appear unselfish, he did not fail to resemble many others, who do not like people to find anything too low for them when their interests are concerned. Accordingly, letting himself believe that I was a great evil-doer, because Besmaux had made me pass for such in his mind, he continued not only to avert his eyes from me, but further to look harshly at me. I was neither sufficiently content with him nor guilty enough to bear this treatment with patience. Had I been to blame, I myself would have been the first to cast down my eyes, as a sign that I well deserved it, and had I been under any obligation to him, I might perhaps have told myself that one ought to put up with everything from a man to whom one owed so much; but this minister not having done the least thing for me, and besides, not being in any way of opinion, that he had reason to be offended at what I had said to Besmaux, I one day waited for him in the gloomy passage where the man of whom I have spoken had tried to assassinate him. I was aware that there was no day on which he did not pass through it, and I even knew the hour, and so to speak, the moment. Accordingly, not having had time to get chilled, no sooner did I see him, or to be more exact, hear his footsteps, than I said to him, "Monseigneur, fear nothing, 'tis but D'Artagnan, who having perceived that your Eminence will not look at him, has sought a dark place to enquire in what he is

to blame, without forcing him to lower his eyes." M. le Cardinal was extremely surprised at hearing my voice, and would have been a good deal more so had he not recognised it and had I not given my name. Eventually, however, being reassured by both circumstances, and especially because I showed by my words that nothing but the wish of regaining his good graces had brought me there, he told me that if he did not look at me it was not without reason. If I doubted this, I had only to call to mind what I said to Besmaux before his departure. I replied that I had no need to refresh my memory to remember that I had told him such and such a thing, and that not only did I adhere to it, but further, were the thing to be done over again, I should do no less than I had done. I only asked him to act as judge, whether it well became a gentleman to put himself at the head of a body of archers, whatever service there might be to be done for him. Knowing him as I did for a generous man, I was sure he would not approve of it, although a little prejudice had at first made him show exactly the contrary. If, I added, there was any reason for his making trial of me, it should be in some other way than this, and whatever danger there might be, he would never see me retreat, provided it could be carried through without dishonour, but should there be any of this for me, or did I think so, he would see me at once withdraw into my shell.

He appeared pleased with my justification, and Besmaux having some time afterwards returned from his voyage, I gave him the cold shoulder as I would have done to a man with whom I had no cause to be pleased. Champfleuri, captain of the Cardinal's guards, who was our mutual friend and who wanted to

reconcile us, having invited us both to come and have dinner at his house, without Besmaux or myself being aware that we should meet, and less so that we should drink together, he availed himself of the occasion to beg us to forget the past. Besmaux asking no better, and I not deeming that I ought to make any great difficulty, since all that had occurred was more his fault than mine, did everything my friend wished. He made us clink glasses together, and things having turned out like this, without my having at bottom any great esteem for a comrade who had played me such a trick, I never saw an opportunity of giving him a rap over the knuckles without heartily doing so. M. du Tremblai, governor of the Bastille, brother of the famous Father Joseph who had played a part of great importance under the ministry of Cardinal de Richelieu, having about this time fallen ill, I told our friend that, if he would but give me a thousand pistoles for my right to advise him, I would point out to him something which would make his fortune, should he be lucky enough to obtain it. He was a shrewd man, but did not possess that sort of shrewdness which makes people easily discern with what intention one speaks. All of that quality which he possessed turned only on the question of his own interests, and outside of these he was capable of nothing. Nevertheless, he wanted to be thought very clever, and I was accommodating enough to pretend that this was what I thought him, so that I might more easily make game of him when an opportunity should present itself. Accordingly, at first, nothing prevented him from falling into the trap except his reflecting that, if I knew of such a good stroke of luck, I should be much more likely to ask for it for myself than to give it to someone else. He let

me see what he thought, and on my having rejoined that, if I did not aspire to it, it was because there were some things which, although they might suit certain individuals, might not suit others, he interrogated me as to what reason I might have for thinking that what I had to propose to him would be more pleasing to him than to myself. To this I replied that my reasons were founded upon experience, and on his answering that, after this, he had nothing more to say, he entreated me to open my heart to him. At the same time he told me that I might rely upon the thousand pistoles which I asked for and that he would make out a note of hand for them lest I might doubt his word. I was delighted to see him showing such good faith, and as I had made him nibble at the hook in such a manner that it was no longer possible for him to draw back, I proceeded to tell him of the illness of Du Tremblai, adding that, if he would take my advice, he ought to ask for his governorship. He was so simple as not to perceive, even yet, that I was making sport of him. Indeed, he had asked me very seriously what had made me observe that he was more fitted for the post than myself, and I was obliged to explain to him, before he could understand, that such a thing had not been difficult for me, since in addition to being a good doorkeeper, he had shown that he was a good archer. Besides, he had succeeded so well as the one that it was impossible for him not to succeed very well in the other. I added that I wished him every sort of prosperity in his new office, especially if he took care to give me the thousand pistoles which he was promising me. Besmaux was not pleased at my chaffing him like this, and complained to Champfleuri, whom he tried to draw into his quarrel on the pretext that,

after having been concerned in our reconciliation, he would deem it bad taste on my part to despise the pains he had taken. However, as he was more my friend than his, he did not obtain all the satisfaction he hoped for.

The Cardinal, who up to that time had taken delight in keeping the war going, and who, the more easily to succeed, had not made all the efforts he might have done, had he wished to end it, now changed his policy. No sooner did he see the barricades of Paris than, perceiving from them how hated he was, and how dangerous it would be for him should a fresh revolt arise, he sent me into Germany to our plenipotentiaries in that country. These he had sent there immediately after he had been raised to the Ministry, so as to make everyone believe that he was desirous of inaugurating the commencement of his rule by nothing less advantageous to the State than peace itself. He was as yet not seen through, and the Queen-mother had been the first to be deceived in him, thinking, on placing him in the office he held, that he would fulfil its functions better than anyone else, because self-interest, a poison which as a rule corrupts most ministers, would not have the same influence over him as over many others, for she saw him without children or followers; all the same, it would not have been difficult to discover that he had nephews and nieces, and even a great many of them. However, he had always appeared so indifferent about them that it seemed that to enrich them would be the last thing he would dream of when he should find himself in office. Meanwhile, his appetite having arisen on his seeing himself master of a great kingdom, his only solicitude became to fish in troubled waters, so as to raise himself, not

only above other people, but even beyond their hopes. With this end in view, while making a great noise about his good intentions as to peace, and, as a justification, putting forward the departure of the plenipotentiaries, he had sent secret orders to one of them to contrive to make insurmountable obstacles arise. Consequently, several years had already passed without an assembly of such celebrity having done anything. Clever people had even perceived for more than two years past that all this was but a regular mummery. At last, however, the danger by which he was threatened making him perceive the need there was for him to make peace with foreigners, so as to be able to protect himself from enemies at home, I bore his orders to M. Servient. He was one of the shrewdest men who has ever existed. He used to play with his colleagues just as if they had possessed no common sense. One of them indeed there was who was none too clever, and although the other was more so, this did not stop M. Servient from frequently taking him in.

Servient, having received his instructions, soon smoothed away all the difficulties which he himself had originated. He made the Swedes, who were interested in this treaty, consent to a number of things against which he himself had formerly made them hold out. The Catholic religion was in some measure sacrificed; a number of countries where up to that time it had prevailed, and where insensibly it was beginning to be stamped out, were abandoned to other Powers. In addition, to please the Protestant princes, the Bishopric of Osnabruck was given alternately to the Lutherans and the Catholics. Finally, the Emperor, who was in as great a hurry as the Cardinal to disembarrass himself of the fears which the Hungarians

and some other enemies at home were causing him, having consented to dismember the Empire in favour of Queen Christine, who was then upon the throne of the great Gustave, her father, this treaty was concluded at Munster on the 24th of October, 1648. The King of Spain and the Duc de Lorraine would not have anything to do with it, unless the provinces captured from them were given back, and as this could not be done without disgrace to us, the Cardinal, who would have been well pleased to have made them lay down their arms as well as the Germans, consoled himself for the resistance they were making by the thought that everybody would be aware that it was not his fault that a general peace had not been brought about.

XIII

ON my return from this country I received orders to cross over into England, where strange tragedies were being enacted. The people of that country, after having driven the King out of their capital and fought several battles with him, had eventually reduced him to the fatal necessity of throwing himself into the arms of the Scotch. He whose duty it had been to watch over them was so unfortunate as to be obliged to seek their protection. The English, who as a rule treat this people as barbarians, no sooner saw the King in their hands than they resolved to get him out of them. They negotiated with some of the chiefs, who gave him up in consideration of a good sum of money. The matter was at once arranged and this poor prince made a prisoner by his own subjects. The cause of this revolt has always been attributed to the policy of a great minister[1] who had the glory of the kingdom, the administration of which had been confided to him, much at heart. However, if this be the case, he was thoroughly wasting his time when he attempted to pass for as pious a man as he was a great politician. Such a course of conduct does not in any way coincide

[1] Cardinal Richelieu.

with what is set forth in some books of piety which he composed; perhaps, however, he only gave these to the public to make it understand that he was clever enough to deceive everybody he wanted to. For I recollect that at the same time he composed a comedy, and even that his grief at its not being as successful as those written by Corneille made him undertake to have the "Cid" condemned by the French Academy which he had founded. Apparently he was of opinion that, as it owed its establishment to him, it would be a pleasure for that body to show him its gratitude by a blind compliance with his wishes. However, matters turned out quite otherwise to what he thought, so much so, that he had the additional dissatisfaction of finding his suggestions scouted in this quarter.

Be this as it may, in spite of the imprisonment of this prince (Charles I.), it was a very extraordinary thing. The people did not stop there; after having resolved to proceed criminally against him, and to make him submit to their laws, as the most insignificant man amongst them might be made to do, they had gone on from ideas to deeds. Cromwell, who has made himself famous for all posterity by raising himself from his station of a plain gentleman to that of Protector of the three kingdoms which form that Crown—was already, as it were, master of the nation. He had obtained this power for himself by a marvellous address which had been seconded by the almost universal consent of all the people of England. He was one of the most ambitious men in the world, but he knew how to conceal this defect under such fine appearances that, on the contrary, one would have said that no man existed less proud or less a lover of vanities. In short, it seemed, so well did he know how to play his part,

that the criminal prosecution which was being instituted against his Britannic Majesty was in no wise to his taste, in spite of the fact that he asked no better than to see him lose his head on a scaffold. Matters were in this state when the Queen, his wife, who already, three or four years ago, had withdrawn into France, begged the Queen-mother to interpose her authority to prevent this crime, whose course she clearly foresaw, from going any further. The Cardinal, who was well pleased at the English people's having these internecine difficulties, which would stop them from meddling with those of their neighbours, had not up to that time taken too much trouble to extinguish this fire, all the results of which it was not more difficult for him than for the Queen of England to foresee. However, whether it was that he did not think that matters could ever go so far as they were before long seen to do, or that some of those secret springs which influence most ministers made him shut his eyes to every other consideration than that which concerned the good of the State which was under his care, he had remained a spectator of all these tragedies without deeming that charity and even the interests of the King ought not to allow him to remain so indifferent. From this lethargy he would even not have awoke without the pressing entreaties of the Queen of England. This princess, who wanted, as was reasonable, to set everything to work so as not to see the King, her master, perish, after having several times spoken of the matter to the Queen-mother and her minister, eventually succeeded in again getting someone sent into England to make a last effort there. Many people had already been there without success; it may have been because they had had secret orders to only do things

by halves, or because they had not found circumstances favourable to the success of their negotiations. Be this as it may, his Eminence having cast his eyes on me, to entrust me with a business of such great importance, he gave me orders to come and get my instructions from his own lips. Not but that he had not to give them me in writing, for he even had them drawn up by the Comte de Brienne, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, but as there were some matters which the Cardinal reserved to himself as being secret, he did not care to trust the Comte with them, and explained them to me in private conversation.

I had no official character in this mission, though I had at first expected to have one. I had even congratulated myself beforehand upon it, without nevertheless saying anything to anyone. For I knew that the minister wished me to keep my destination secret, and, indeed, instead of making it known, he wished on the contrary that I should cross into England *incognito*. Further, he made me take quite another road than the one which led to that country. By these means, he was well pleased to put those who were inquisitive as to my journey off the scent, so, instead of making me take my way towards the sea, he made me turn my back upon it. I set out by way of Champagne, and having passed through Sedan I there delivered a letter to M. de Fabert, who, from a small beginning, had raised himself to the dignity of Governor of that fortress, which was at that time one of the most important in the whole kingdom. M. de Fabert had a queer reputation—that of communing every day with what is called a familiar spirit, and it was declared, I do not know upon what grounds, that this spirit was wont to foretell the future to him. All the same, I know

pretty well the origin of all this, which was his having always been fond of certain books which are not of too good a kind, and his having boasted of an apparition while he was at nine or ten leagues from Paris in a château which belonged to the Duc d'Épernon. I could not say for certain whether he really deserved his reputation or not; such a thing is beyond my knowledge, and all that I can affirm is that he was a clever man. For this reason, Cardinal de Richelieu, who had had this governorship given him, thought much of him and did nothing without his advice. At first Cardinal Mazarin had not done quite the same thing, not that he did not pretty well know his worth, but because he wanted his governorships for himself, or for one of his creatures, as he had done in the case of Treville's post. Fabert would not consent to give it up to him, and this had given his Eminence the idea of ruining him. An additional reason had strengthened this resolve of his, which was his great friendship for M. de Chavigni, his avowed enemy. Fabert, who had at once perceived the Cardinal's ill-will for himself, did not trouble much about it. As it was a time when to make oneself feared was sufficient to enable one not to care about being liked, he had abstained from going to Court from fear of finding himself arrested. He played the little king in his governorship, as at that time a number of governors did. The Cardinal had taken alarm at this, so much so that, to stop him from throwing himself into the arms of the enemy, he had changed his behaviour with regard to him. Meanwhile, as his disposition towards him was still in reality the same, he had tried to lure him to Paris on different pretexts. His idea was still to get him arrested. Fabert, however, who was just as clever as he was,

and who did not lack good friends at Court, who let him know of everything which went on there, would never leave his fortress, and had given good reasons for not doing so. At one time he sent the Cardinal word that, should he go away, the enemy would seize the opportunity to besiege Sedan; at another, that he himself had something to do which required his presence. The Cardinal had well understood what this meant, and had not deemed it an opportune moment to demand a clearer explanation.

Matters had remained in this state for some time, but at last Fabert (who nourished the hope of pushing his fortunes even further than their present condition), perceiving that the right path to take was to gain the confidence of the Cardinal, began to study his wishes, so as to be able to get hold of him by his weaknesses. He soon discovered that his dominant passion was avarice, so, proposing to him some plans for minimising the expenses of the garrison and for preventing our troops (who were ravaging Champagne a good deal more than the enemy could have done had they entered it) from continuing their depredations, the two at last became such good friends that matters were not at all on their former footing. The Cardinal wrote regularly to M. de Fabert every week, and, may be, thinking that by means of the spirit I have just mentioned he would be better able than anyone else to give him advice, he began to imitate the Cardinal de Richelieu, that is to say, to consult him just as that minister had done.

As soon as I had presented a letter to this governor which his Eminence had given me to him, I clearly perceived the close understanding there was between the two. For, after having looked at me as if to extract

some words from my lips, and seeing that I for my part looked at him without saying a word, he asked me if I thought that I should succeed in my mission. I replied that I did not know what mission he was speaking of, but on his telling me that I need not make any mystery with him, and that M. le Cardinal let him know about everything, no sooner did I perceive that he was speaking the truth from some words he let drop, than I rejoined that I was not clever enough to speak affirmatively to him on the subject, that all I could tell him was, that it would not be my fault if I failed, and that I would use my best endeavours to succeed. It will not be your fault, said he to me, and of that I am well persuaded without your oath. All the same, either I am very much deceived, or you will return without having done anything. Your journey will but hasten the accomplishment of the evil designs which England nourishes against its King, for it does not like strangers to permit themselves the liberty of meddling in its affairs. I answered that perhaps that country would think twice what it would do, being doubtless afraid lest peace should be made with the Spaniards, just as it had been concluded with the Germans, and that afterwards both Powers would fall upon it when least expecting such a thing. M. de Fabert, in reply, enjoined me to take good care not to threaten the English in this way, because that would be exactly the way to spoil everything, and would make them conclude a treaty with Spain, which was not desirous of peace. This the latter country had shown only too clearly by refusing to enter into the one concluded at Munster. This refusal had only arisen from the hopes which Spain entertained of our soon quarrelling among ourselves in our kingdom, which she was not too far

out in expecting, since the minds of the French were now in such a state that at the first thing which might occur one would see strange revolutions. The Cardinal, he added, had done a foolish thing in having Broussel and his companions arrested. He should have foreseen the result, but now the fault had been committed he must adhere to his course of action at the risk of his life. His releasing the prisoners as he had done was an invitation to his being defied on every occasion, which he would not have long to wait to perceive. Although the storm was apparently allayed, the Cardinal would soon see it burst out afresh, and a thousand times more terrible than before. Besides, the English were too near neighbours of ours, and had too good spies among us to be ignorant of all these disturbances; this was what made them bold enough to try their King, and what would make him perish miserably. Thus, if the Cardinal's idea was to save him he could tell him very well what he ought to do and what I ought to do as well. All my instructions ought only to concern the close relations I ought to enter into with Cromwell and the Parliament of England, for if I undertook to save his Britannic Majesty, very far being able to succeed, I should only destroy myself with him. He concluded by saying that when he spoke in this way of me I would well understand what he meant; under my name he included the whole of France, which was in very nearly as unhealthy a condition as England could be.

His reasoning was very sound. M. le Cardinal had also told me with his own lips, before making me set out, to look well after everything when I should have arrived in England. If I were to observe that things were desperate with his Britannic Majesty, I was

to let him perish like anyone else, since it could do me no good to try and save him. In addition to this, he had told me to keep well in mind, whatever might happen, that the interests of the King and of the State would not be served by the different parties coalescing to such an extent that they might oppose our plans.

I remained two days at Sedan, where the governor entertained me very well, although he had no pretensions to keeping up the delicate table many other governors did. His solicitude was a good deal more directed towards making the fortune of his family, which was numerous enough to make one think he would not die without heirs. After the lapse of this time, I took leave of him, and, having gone down to Liège by way of the Meuse, I went from there to Cologne, where I thought I should find the Elector. I had letters from his Eminence to deliver to him; but, not finding him there, I was compelled to go to Breuil, where he was. This is a country-seat which belongs to those who enjoy this Electorate. I acquitted myself of my mission, which was not a very difficult one, for the letter only contained some compliments, which were indeed very much dictated by self-interest, as usually was everything which the Cardinal did. As he foresaw, just as well as Fabert, that his fortunes were not too safe after what had happened, he was trying to obtain for himself a place of refuge near the Elector, in case he should need one. Meanwhile, as he knew that presents serve in no small way to keep friendship alive, I brought with my letter a portrait of the Virgin, which the Duc de Savoie had presented to his Eminence.

I took leave of the Elector, after having stayed two days at his Court, which, for that of a sovereign

prince, had nothing to recommend it. I even found that his tastes did not accord too well with the greatness of his birth. He was wont to remain shut up all day without showing himself to anyone, and occupied himself in the search for the philosopher's stone, at least if one believes the current rumour. This was the cause of his never having a sou, all his revenue disappearing in smoke instead of his living as a person of his condition should. Not that there was not enough to eat at his table, but everything was so badly prepared that, coming as I did from a place like France, where one finds good cheer, it might be said that one died of hunger. Thence I went to Brussels, where I could go in safety, on account of a passport which his Eminence had sent me at Breuil. I saw no one at that place, and having but slept there, went to embark at Ostend, where I learnt there was a vessel about to cross over to England. This ship was half a man-of-war and half a merchantman, and we had traversed no more than three or four leagues when we descried another vessel, which flew the French flag. As ours carried that of Spain, they no sooner recognised each other than it was enough to make both sides prepare for battle. The two ships were of about the same strength, but in a moment this equality disappeared. We saw a ship approaching, which made haste to come towards us, as if it had some great interest in so doing. It was much nearer to the French ship than to us, so much so that those on board it could discern better than we what it was. It turned out to be a Spaniard, and directly they recognised it, they took to flight, instead of bearing down upon us. This being so, the two Spanish ships began to give

chase, and it was pursued so closely that I thought that it would be captured. This pained me, and my sorrow manifesting itself in my looks, not only did I instantly hear myself overwhelmed with abuse, but even received a blow from a stick which I thought had killed me. I turned my head round in the direction from whence the blow had come, to see who had been bold enough to use me so, and perceiving that it was the captain of the ship, although in truth I could not hope to revenge myself without its costing me my life, I nevertheless drew my sword, so as to run him through the body. Nothing made him escape my vengeance but the precaution he took of turning his back upon me. His flight having thus baffled me, a Spanish chevalier of Malta, a man of one of the first families of Andalusia, who had witnessed what he had done, at once drew his sword, not to assist me to kill my assailant, but to stop some of the soldiers, whom the captain had bade despatch me, from carrying out his orders. He told me to fear nothing, and declared that he would die rather than suffer this wretch to ill-treat me any further.

The respect which the men bore him prevented these soldiers from daring to continue in their purpose. Even the passengers, who were very numerous on the ship, ranged themselves on our side to stop us from being insulted. Upon this the sailors, who had before directed all their efforts towards overhauling the French ship, abandoned their endeavours, in order to see what this meant. As it was our ship which was pressing the Frenchman the hardest, and as the other pursuer did not sail too well, it availed itself of this respite to extricate itself from danger, and we soon lost sight of it. The other vessel doing the same thing, came up to us

to learn what was the cause of our not having captured the quarry. The ship's company were very surprised to find us in arms one against the other. Meanwhile, my aggressor having tried to make a good defence to the other captain, he told him that he was but a ruffian, and that for a long time he had known him to be one, adding that he was sorry he had not the power to do me justice, but as I was going to England, he would give me a piece of good advice, which was to complain to the Spanish Ambassador, who would at once have my assailant arrested. I was not satisfied with this expedient, which I did not deem enough to satisfy me after the insult I had received. I should have liked to have been allowed to run the man through the body, or at least to slash his face as he richly deserved. At last, however, perceiving that it would be useless to try and do this, and that I should never obtain permission, I replied to the gentleman who seemed so well disposed towards me, that perhaps the ambassador of whom he spoke might not know where to get hold of this ruffianly captain, and that thus I should obtain no redress. He rejoined that it was an absolute necessity for the man to unload his merchandise in some English port, for they were destined for certain English merchants: it would be there that the man would be caught. In the meantime, he would tell me, as something to temporarily console me, that nothing good could be expected from a man like this. He had been both renegade and corsair, and his Catholic Majesty had only pardoned him on the recommendation of one of the chief men of his council; all the same, he added, the support this captain had obtained from him was not a matter to boast of, since it had only arisen from

his presenting him with a female slave whom he had sometime bought in Barbary. The minister's fancy for this slave had now passed away, so there was no reason to fear that he would any longer defend the man's cause.

This captain, who was as honest as the other had been brutal, having thus done his very best to lessen the excess of my resentment, made the chevalier of Malta and myself come on board his vessel, after having promised me that he himself would act as my advocate with the Ambassador of Spain. He was going to London, and took us there. We reached that port in less than no time, so to speak, the wind wafting us on, being as favourable as it was possible for it to be. Directly he had arrived, this captain kept his word with me. Telling the ambassador everything which had befallen me, he demanded justice in my name. I was very puzzled as to whether I ought to go and see him, fearing lest my visit might not be approved by the Court, as matters stood between the two crowns, for they still continued to become more embroiled with one another. Only recently the Cardinal had had a man arrested on the frontier whose mission to Paris was to urge the Parlement to declare itself thoroughly opposed to that minister. As the Spaniards had observed its great disposition to do so on account of recent events, they flattered themselves that, if they only took a little trouble to revive the fire which had begun to appear, it would soon cause a great conflagration. The man was searched on his arrest, and more things than were necessary to ruin him were discovered upon his person. His Eminence did not want this affair to make a scandal, from fear lest it should arouse fresh hopes in the breasts of the mal-

contents, should they see themselves supported by a crown which was accustomed to balance our own power. In the meantime, as he would not allow this crime to go unpunished, he wrote to me to let him know when I should arrive at Calais, by way of which port I was to pass on my return.

The embarrassment in which I was concerning the Spanish Ambassador having kept my mind some time in suspense, I at last got rid of my scruples. I reflected that my visit to him would have nothing prejudicial to the King about it. I, therefore, went to see him, and, he having received me extremely well, I had no sooner told him of my business than, making a more favourable estimate of me than I could have hoped for, he asked me what I had come to England for. He immediately suspected, so I have since discovered, that I had been sent by the Court, so much so that, eyeing me from head to foot, it was easy for me to see that he would have liked to have been a wizard, to discern what I had in my head. I put him off the scent, and that he might suspect nothing, answered that I had an affair in France which had obliged me to leave it. I had, I said, fought with one of my relatives, and as duels were forbidden in that country under heavy penalties, I had not felt at peace till I found myself in a place of safety. It was no use for me to disguise my identity, I could not make him believe my story, and he enquired of me the facts and details of my pretended encounter. I had not prepared myself for my falsehoods, anyhow, not sufficiently so as not to be discovered as a liar; so, as I had told the ambassador the first thing which had entered my head, it was easy for him to discern that all this was but an imposture, since there were people at hand who could tell him the truth.

Meanwhile, I found matters in such a bad state for the success of my negotiations that, following my instructions, I did not deem the time opportune for me to say a single word. On the contrary, I attempted to insinuate myself into the confidence of Cromwell, for whom I had a letter of introduction. As the latter was a skilled politician, he had spies about, who reported to him about anyone who entered or left England, if they had the least appearance of being people who ought to be looked after. By these means he knew of my arrival the same day as I landed. As now more than a week had elapsed since that time, and as there was no likelihood of my having delayed visiting him for so long, if I had not had something to look into first, I became a greater object of suspicion to him than I had been to the ambassador. He took care not to show me this in any way, and, on the other hand, treating me with a cordiality likely to catch a much cleverer man than myself, told me that he held himself to be under great obligations to M. le Cardinal for the offers of assistance which he had been good enough to make. He would, he said, do himself the honour of answering them, and as he could never thoroughly express in his letter the gratitude he felt for his goodness, and how it was graven on his heart, he would be very much obliged to me if I would tell him with my own lips everything which he was trying to make me understand.

These flattering speeches he accompanied by a diamond, which might well have been worth two hundred pistoles. He was anxious I should accept it, and I did not like to refuse from fear of M. le Cardinal's being displeased. This alone would have stripped me

of every kind of suspicion had I previously entertained any. Meantime, as everything conspired to deceive me just as much in the quarter of the ambassador as in this one, his Excellency had the captain who had insulted me arrested, directly that he knew of his arrival at Gravesend. At the same time he informed me that he would have quick and thorough justice done me, and, indeed, I had no reason for doubting this, since he had the man put in prison. True it is that there were other charges against him besides mine, which, no less than what he had done to me, required that he should be made an example of. As now all these civilities had consoled me for my bad luck, instead of taking the packet-boat to go to Calais, I took a special boat between Dover and a place where there are two towers, which the sailors usually call the two sisters. I did this by the express orders of M. le Cardinal, who had again written to me not only to do this, but to disembark near Boulogne, at a bay the name of which I have forgotten. He sent me word that I should find a communication from him there, and enjoined me not to fail to carry out exactly everything which he had ordered me to do.

I took no pains to conceal my departure, as I thought that nothing required me to do so. However, hardly had I set out from London than Cromwell on the one side and the ambassador on the other sent out people to capture me. They believed that I must take the Dover road, and not leave it till I reached my destination; but having orders to make sure of procuring a vessel to reach my appointed goal, they missed me on the way. They learnt on their return that I had concluded a bargain with a ship's master to go in the direction of Boulogne. Each of the men tried to obtain

some other ships to, if possible, cut me off, but as they lost some time before they found one, I was already in safety, while all of them were more than three leagues away from me. As both of their ships followed the same course which I had taken, and had the same object in view, they each of them no sooner descried one another than they both thought that the other was the ship they were searching for. In consequence, they made haste to effect the meeting which was to disabuse them, which they might easily have realised, for had it been I, as they thought, I should only have tried to pursue my way, without troubling to find out who was following me. However, as people do not always think over everything, especially when the mind is preoccupied, these two ships, which were both armed with muskets, were no sooner within gunshot than they fired upon one another, without sparing themselves in any way. I was still at the strand, having only just reached it, and could not make out what this meant, being for some time puzzled at it. Meanwhile, as the wind was favourable to coming towards France, and as they had made nearly another league while this was happening, I had the pleasure of witnessing this fight, in which I did not know I was so interested, for it was being waged solely on my account. After the first discharge, a second one took place before they boarded one another ; then, having effected this operation, both sides, on seeing one another, discovered that what they were searching for was not to be found. There had been two or three men killed on each side, and, what is more, one of the masters was wounded by a shot right through the body. On their discovering this, and that it would be no good fighting any more, they made peace, and all of the men sent after me got into

the same vessel, after having decided that the object of their quest had escaped. For they perceived from afar the ship which had carried me, and though they could not make me out from where they were, they were pretty sure I was on it. The master who had been wounded came to be attended to at the place where I was, and, as I was unknown to him, he innocently described everything he knew about this affair to those who enquired of him the reason why those who were with him had fought with one another.

I was delighted at having got off so well. As I had found in this place the orders of which M. le Cardinal had told me, which were that I should again put to sea, I thought that I ought to await the departure of these people, so as not to fall into their hands. The orders which he sent me were, to embark the man who had come to corrupt the Parlement, and to see him flung into the sea before returning, when we should be four or five leagues away from land. As he only required me to be a witness of this, and I was to have no part in the execution, I deemed that I could not disobey him. He had sent the poor wretch to this spot without letting him know of such a cruel sentence; on the contrary, he had been made to believe that he was to be sent back to his own country. I do not know what he had thought about this on the road, as it was not his shortest way home, but at last, when he was half a league from land, and there was no longer any fear of his making the air resound with his lamentations, there was no further scruple made about telling him of his sentence. He was very surprised at such news, and protested strongly against the injustice with which he was being treated. Nevertheless, it was none too great, and he well deserved his fate, since the law of

nations has never allowed people to act as he had done. Nevertheless, he strongly urged the contrary, and maintained that, as he had been sent by a foreign power, he could not be treated either as a traitor or a spy. However, it was no use for him to protest against his sentence; he had to bear it, and seeing that it was irrevocable, made up his mind to it. As those in charge of him had brought a chaplain with them, he confessed him, and then the condemned man underwent his punishment, with more fortitude than he had at first appeared to possess.

Immediately after this I returned to whence I had come, and having taken the post a league away, proceeded by way of Boulogne, where I went to see M. Daumont, who was its governor as well as that of all Boulonnois. It was enough that I was one of the Cardinal's gentlemen to be well received by him. He was a very diplomatic man, and entirely devoted to keeping in favour. He entertained me magnificently, and after having stayed there till the afternoon of the next day, I retook the post and arrived at the Court, which was still at Paris. The Queen of England, who for a long time had had no news of the King her husband, was in great distress on this account, and being aware that I had come from that country, she sent to tell me, as I had the honour of being known to her, that she would be very glad to speak to me. As I had no good news to give her, I at first had an idea of pretending to be ill, so as not to be obliged to go, but on reflecting that this could not last for ever, and that, besides, she might send someone to my house who would question me so searchingly on her behalf, that it would be almost the same thing as if I had to deal with herself in person, I resolved to obey. Accordingly I

went, but instead of telling her all I knew, I disguised matters to such a degree that she was no wiser than before. I told her that the King had been kept in such close captivity for the last two or three months, that it was impossible to be able to give any account of him except from conjecture. I had, I added, seen Milord Montagu and some others of his most faithful adherents in England, and they were just as much worried about his Majesty as she herself could be. The milord in question had had his nephew disguised, so as to more surely obtain access to the King, but he had been caught in the act and sent to prison.

This circumstance was entirely in favour of my making the Queen believe what I told her, but as that princess possessed a good deal of sense, she answered me that she was lost, and from the way I spoke perceived very well that it was all up with the King her husband. I tried to calm her fears as much as I could, but as people often have a secret presentiment of misfortune to come, she wept bitterly, without me or any person of all those who were round her being ever able to stop her. She was not very wrong in her bad estimate of things, and indeed, the English having pushed matters to such a pitch of crime as to make their King appear on the bench of accusal to account for his actions, a sight was seen which had never before up to that time been witnessed, nor even ever heard of. The spectacle was seen, I repeat, of subjects setting themselves up as the judges of their sovereign, and condemning him to death. Not only was the whole of Europe astounded at so odious a parricide, but even now it has not ceased to bewail it. In the meantime, no one undertook to avenge him, the

neighbouring powers least of all, because most of them were waging war with one another, and some of them were even afflicted with civil wars just as much as England herself. Unfortunately for us, this was our case, and the barricades of Paris had produced this bad effect that, just as much on the side of the Court as on that of the people, every imaginable disposition existed for a conflagration, which had every appearance of not being likely to be soon extinguished. The Queen-mother was in despair at her having been forced, with a dagger at her throat, so to speak, to liberate an individual whom the Council of the King, her son, had found guilty enough to be deprived of liberty. The people, for their part, who had been supported in their revolt by the Parlement, were very proud of having seen it crowned by a favourable success instead of by the punishment which was their due, and were only the more inclined on this account to originate some new piece of disobedience. The Court dared not any more issue edicts, lest they should be objected to, and, as the necessities of the State required that these should be promulgated daily, or at least the minister was well pleased to make people believe so, petitions every day were presented to the Parlement not to allow the whole kingdom to be strangled, as was the case, in order to enrich one man, whose avarice was such that he would never be contented till he had fattened himself on the people's blood.

This was clearly aimed at Cardinal Mazarin, whose parsimonious disposition, to say nothing worse, displeased everybody dreadfully. However, as it had not been thoroughly explained who was meant, he was soon formally accused, so that no one might be in doubt. The Parlement was delighted at being appealed

to in this way to act as mediator between the King and his people. Many of that body, who had a good appetite, thought that it would enable them to serve their own ends, but, as the Cardinal was none too liberal, they soon perceived that they must discount a good many things, if they wanted to rely upon such anticipations. Those who had remarked that it was necessary to make oneself feared by him to obtain one's desires, then changed their mode of attack, and began to take him to task for everything which gave grounds for discontent. They accused him of having prolonged the war for his private interests, and, as they could not prove this in the case of the one carried on in Flanders, they fell back upon what had happened in Germany between Servient and his colleagues, so that the recollection of the past might serve to prejudice what was now taking place. In addition, they formulated a good many other accusations against the Cardinal, and, as this was sounding the call to arms for civil war, his Eminence determined to be beforehand with them. The Queen-mother was, of her own accord, quite ready for this, so, on the eve of Twelfth Night, this princess, having made the King her son, whom the Cardinal had already impressed with a strange idea of that town, leave Paris, retired to St. Germain-en-Laye, a château situated on the crest of some hilly ground, which is watered at its foot by the river Seine. The only thing discussed there was an attack on the malcontents, and M. le Prince, who saw nothing impossible in making one, promised the Queen this, or at all events to blockade them, in spite of his having no more than ten to twelve thousand men to second him in such a great undertaking.

The Parlement would have been very much taken

aback on hearing of his plan had it not foreseen it for a long time past. In the meantime, as all its foresight had not gone as far as laying in stores for such a great number of people, and as such a thing was even absolutely impossible, it deemed that it would be doing far better by trying to effect an arrangement than by exposing itself to the reproaches which would be its inevitable fate should it cause the people's discomfiture. A number of poor folks, who must severely suffer, had indeed nothing to do with the secret movements which were acting upon everyone. Hunger must assail them, and of this there could be no doubt from the way in which matters were already going on; for, in short, as such a great populace subsists usually but from day to day, not only was it quite clear that, when it should reach the point of wanting bread, it would at once accuse the Parlement, but also that perhaps it might hold it responsible. These were the reflections which caused that body not to push matters so far as some of its members were anxious to do. Besides this, its wisest members were well pleased to clear themselves of many things of which they were accused. Those most wide awake desired that plots and ambition should be the objects of all their meetings rather than any zeal for the public welfare. In consequence of this they sent some of their number to St. Germain to make an offer of returning to their allegiance upon certain conditions, which nevertheless showed that, even if they did not want to be altogether the masters, at least they aspired to try conclusions with him who was to occupy that position. This displeased the Queen-mother, who had been informed, before their departure from Paris, of the propositions which were to be made to her. So, having sent the delegates

back without consenting to hear them, the Parlement was so much offended at this that it issued a warrant against the Cardinal. In it he was declared an enemy of the State, and as such, unworthy of holding the office he occupied. At the same time that body gave orders for the town to be guarded, and as this could not be done without soldiers, it ordered some levies of both cavalry and infantry.

M. de Longueville, who had only just arrived from Munster, where he had been at the head of our plenipotentiaries, more on account of his rank than his worth, instead of showing himself grateful for the favour the Court had done him in preferring him to anyone else to fill such an important post, was the first to declare himself against it. He left St. Germain, where he had at first followed the King, to come and offer his services to the Parlement. This body willingly accepted them, and his defection having been followed by that of some other nobles, he claimed that, as his rank at Court was superior to theirs, his offers of assistance made with them to the Parlement could not prevent him from being general-in-chief of its forces. However, he was obliged to yield to someone else, who was even greater than he. The Prince de Conti, either tempted to exchange his crucifix for a sword, for he was Abbé of St. Denis, or sent perhaps by the Prince de Condé, his brother, so that by his means he might retain some influence in the Parlement, which he must otherwise lose, since he was about to declare himself against it, came also to Paris with the same idea with which the Duc de Longueville had come. By so doing he reconciled together some ducs and other people of quality, who would not agree together to obey the Duc de Longueville. They had

wanted to first of all see a warrant, of which his family boasted, which entitled them to come directly after the princes of the blood. They did not believe that this claim was so well founded as to preclude them from disputing it, especially as they had not seen him enjoy it at Court, where every day all the princes of the houses of Savoy and Lorraine were observed to dispute his precedence. The ducs maintained that they did not yield to them, and consequently they ought not to yield to him either. But, if these were their contentions, the Maréchal de la Motte Houdancour, who was ill-pleased with the Cardinal, and who (with the idea of revenging himself for having been put in prison by him, from which place he had only just emerged) had come like the rest to offer his head and sword to the Parlement, had a claim, as a set-off to this, which seemed much better founded than theirs. He contended that their rank of duc did not affect his own, when it was a case of commanding an army, and also that the Maréchaux de France were a thousand times superior to them in this respect. In short, all these different claims might perhaps have produced yet another war besides the one which was ready to burst out, when the Prince de Conti by his arrival made everyone agree. Those who disputed the Duc de Longueville's right to command did not, in face of the prince's rank as a prince of the blood, dare to maintain that which they were ready to do against the other sword in hand. So, all these disorders being settled in this way, M. le Cardinal bade me get ready to return to England.

XIV

I TOOK the liberty of pointing out to the Cardinal that I was an object of suspicion to Cromwell, who had greatly increased his power since the sad death of Charles I. This man, who was one of the greatest politicians there has been in Europe for a long time, after having realised, from the experience he had acquired on many occasions, that the English were a people to go to any lengths to maintain their freedom, had made them abolish the rank of king, under which they had always lived, and set themselves up as a republic. He had by this so got hold of them, that they were very nearly kissing his footsteps, and cutting up his clothes to make relics of the pieces. Never, indeed, has such great affection for anyone been witnessed as at first this people had for him. He did a good deal more in their interests. As the common people, after having got rid of the royal power, looked upon the authority which the Upper Chamber wielded in the Parliament as a kind of slavery, he suppressed it just in the same way as he had dealt with the Crown. It is impossible to describe the blessings showered upon him by the people for this. For some days they let off fireworks, and as he was received with acclamation

every time he showed himself in public, his Eminence no sooner heard of what he had done, than he became of opinion that henceforth Cromwell would be able to succeed in everything he might undertake.

This idea, and another one of forming a close friendship with him, which occurred to him at the same time, was the cause of the order of which I have just spoken. He listened to my answer, and as he was aware of how I had been followed by the creatures of this new tyrant, and by those of the Spanish Ambassador, mayhap my remonstrances might have made some impression upon him, had it not been that he believed me more capable than anyone else of getting on with the minds of the people of England. His idea was not only to send to congratulate Cromwell on his power increasing every moment, but also to take notice of those most influential with him, so as by gifts to make them well disposed to himself. Accordingly, he gave me letters of credit for twenty thousand crowns, telling me that, if I wanted more to carry out his orders, I had but to let him know, and he would send it me at once. This is why there was nothing to stop my raising money up to any sum I might care to give my promise for. I left for England, as it were in spite of myself, and no sooner did Cromwell see me than he recognised me. He at once asked me if I was going to deceive him this time as I had done last, and told me that I had been very lucky to escape from his hands, that had I fallen into them as matters then were, he could not say how he might have treated me, for it would have depended upon a thousand things. Now that there was no longer any danger, he would pardon me, especially if I would let him know what I had now come to do in England.

Cromwell spoke to me with so much kindness and cordiality, that I resolved to frankly tell him everything. I took no thought that by so doing I should be acting in a way derogatory to the position which I occupied. All the same I knew very well that, in the description which a man of this century, who passed for a person of great intelligence, has made of one filling such a post as mine, it has been maintained that, far from a public character playing the part I did, he should rather lie with gravity. That at least is his definition of my *rôle*, and no bad one either, when one takes into consideration the part which most of those who assume it play every day in the sight of all Europe. Abandoning then this policy, even though before I might have deemed it one inseparable from my position, I told Cromwell that he had not been far wrong in suspecting me to be something else than I appeared to be. I had indeed on my first visit to England come with other ideas than simply to congratulate him, having received orders to ascertain how Charles's affairs were going on, and to conduct myself according to what I might learn. I added that he ought to find no fault with this, for, if he put himself in the place of M. le Cardinal, he must confess that he would have done no less than he. He liked my frankness, and told me that people did their masters' business much better by taking up a truthful attitude, as I did, than by trying to dissimulate. He wanted, he said, to be one of my friends, but on condition that I should be one of his, and would ask me to give my word of honour about this, persuaded as he was that, once I should have given it, I would certainly keep it. I deemed myself very much honoured by this course of action, and on my telling him that I dared not assure him of

my friendship, but only of a respect which all my life I would never abandon, he very politely replied, that I must abandon any feeling of respect and grant him what he asked. I tried by a reply overflowing with deference and submission not to belie the good opinion which he had been good enough to show he held about me. In short, there being much in this interview to satisfy me, I tried to utilise the esteem with which Cromwell honoured me to advance with him what M. le Cardinal had instructed me to do. I spoke to him of his Eminence's desire to be one of his friends—a desire of such a nature that it would never be found lacking in the least thing which might be capable of proving itself. To this he laughingly replied, that I was doing my duty by trying to persuade him, and that were he to do his, he would retort that he would advise me not to trust to the Cardinal's word to such a degree as to go bail for him, that the minister in question came from a country where it was not the general rule to carry out all one promised. True it was that there was no rule so absolute as to admit of no exception, but in short, to be an Italian and Minister of State of a great kingdom such as France was, and at the same time to be full of sincerity, were two things almost incompatible with one another. He would tell the Cardinal himself this, were he speaking to him as he was to me. Cromwell added that he would even have me know that, the more the minister should find to contradict in this, the greater proof would it be that he had spoken the truth. He now began to joke with me about all the shams that were being carried on in most of the Courts, asking me if those of France and Spain had ever become better friends for all the embassies they had sent one another, any more than for all the

alliances they had ever contracted together. I could make no other reply, except that I thought he was right. He was again pleased with my straightforwardness, and having so parted, he told me that he wanted to give me a private dinner before I should return to France, adding, that in no better way could he show his esteem for me than by treating me thus. It was his way of proceeding only with his good friends, for, by stripping himself of his dignity in this way, he was showing them that no desire existed to catch them out in any way whatever.

Colonels Harrison, Malmey, and Lambert were his greatest intimates. To these he himself presented me, and all three of them entertained me but too carefully, and with too much luxury for me to believe that they did so of their own free will, for, when one entertains one's friends, one does not indulge in so much ceremony. I was delighted at Cromwell's introducing me himself in this way to his intimates, and, being no longer able to be deceived about this, as it was with his own lips he had spoken of them to me, I gave a banquet to all the three in return, which would not have been inferior to the one they had given me, had I possessed a house as well furnished as I might have wished to receive them in. But, as in England there is a long way from being one like that at St. Cloud, belonging to a man called Denoyers, all that was lacking at my feast was, that the place we dined in did not come up to the expense I had been put to. It is true that I spared nothing, the more so as I fully intended to debit it to the account of M. le Cardinal. I thought that he could find nothing wrong with this, and that, as it was given in his interest and not for my own, he would never say a word to me about it. I sub-

sequently did all there was to be done, and everything which prudence could suggest, to win over these three colonels to his side, but, as the Spanish Ambassador had been beforehand with me, and had promised them wonders to be deaf to any proposals I might make, I found these men so hard that it was impossible for me to soften them. I sent word of this to M. le Cardinal, and, at the same time, let him know what I believed its cause to be. He sent me an answer that, although the Indies furnished Spain with treasures France did not possess, our Crown having always got the better of its opponent, one ought to try to again bring this about on the present occasion. Accordingly, I must spare nothing, and whatever I might have spent, I should be no loser. Already I had offered my twenty thousand crowns to win them over. This the colonels had treated as a bagatelle, and Spain must have been singing another kind of tune for them to despise me so much. However, this letter of the Cardinal's having finally instructed me in such precise terms, that I thought I might go to a hundred thousand crowns if there were need, I got off more cheaply, as for sixty thousand I made them agree to do all the Cardinal wanted. I sent word of this to his Eminence, being quite proud of the victory I was gaining over the ambassador; however, the answer I received, instead of delighting me, contained something to mortify me extremely. It informed me that, from my way of going on, the Cardinal was astonished at my not having, in addition to the sixty thousand crowns, promised the crown of the King my master. He had, he said, no need for the friendship of these men at such a price, and would rather do without it than buy it so dearly. At the same time, he ordered me to return, and, not wishing

to do anything before having cleared myself with these gentlemen as to my not carrying out my word, I did so to the best of my ability, although it was a very difficult business.

On my return to Paris, when I wanted to include in the accounts for his Eminence the expenses I had incurred for the entertainment, he told me I was laughing at him, and scratched it out. He added that, had he to pay for all the feasts it might please his servants to give, the King's revenue would not suffice. Those who invited the dancers ought to pay the piper, and it was only I who wanted to oblige others to do so. The harsh way I observed him speaking to me, which was one which savoured of reproof, seemed to me unbearable. I spoke of it to M. de Navailles, who was, as it were, a favourite of his, or who at least had his ear to an extent to be able, when he liked, to repeat everything I might say to him. I told him I was resolved to leave the Cardinal, not being any longer able to support the harsh treatment he every day bestowed upon me; I would beg him to ask for my discharge, and would be obliged to him for doing so. As he was a friend of mine, he asked me if I was laughing at him, to speak in this way; he was not, he said, the man to listen to me when I was angry, and, should he do what I asked, it would be the very worst turn he could ever do me. I must have patience, if I did not want to lose all the time I had been with his Eminence. What he did not do in one day for his servants he would do in time. It was very true that he might have abstained from saying to me all he had said, but my consolation ought to be that I was not the only one who had to put up with this sort of harshness. He himself was not exempt from it any

more than others, but, as this minister had all the favours of the kingdom in his hands, and as they could only flow through his channel, one must not only bite one's lips when one had an itching to complain of his abuse, but, in addition, stifle any resentment which might arise in one's heart. One ought, he said, to take the good as well as the bad side of people with whom one had to deal, and sometimes make up one's mind to pass some bad hours, so that some day one might enjoy some good ones.

I had good need of these remonstrances to set my mind right, so embittered was it against the minister. Not that I cared much about the expense he had unjustly thrown upon me, although I was at a time when I had need of all my money; but it seemed to me, as was indeed the case, that, even had the right been on his side, as it was very far from being, there were more gentlemanly ways than his of administering a reproof. However, this was his character, and although he was the biggest knave alive, he had this personal peculiarity, that very often, instead of concealing what he thought, he blurted it out in terms which were a thousand times more offensive for those concerned than any suspicion he might have had, either of their fidelity or their honesty. Some days later, a lieutenant of the Guards was killed at a château in Flanders, which was being assailed with a view to its capture, and as, in spite of the advice M. de Navailles had given me, I was determined to leave his Eminence on the first occasion I could find, I asked him for the post, which provided me with a good pretext for satisfying my desire. On my making this request he looked closely at me, and fearful of his again speaking harshly, I bit my tongue before-

hand, because I felt a certain inclination to speak to him as he deserved, should he again censure me. However, instead of saying anything impolite to me, he answered, with his foreign accent, which he could never get rid of to the day of his death:

"Monsieur d'Artagnan, one does not know a man by seeing him. I had always taken you for an eagle, and I perceive that you are only a gosling. You want to leave me for a lieutenancy in the Guards. Know that a captain in that regiment would like to exchange his post with you, and give you twenty thousand crowns back. A governorship is the least thing which one of my servants may hope for. Look at the fine difference there is between a lieutenancy in the Guards and a governorship!"

Anyone else in my place would have consoled himself for this refusal by the fine hopes he held out to me, but as he was the greatest promiser in the world, and I knew him better than anyone else, I did not think that I had got on any more for this. On the contrary, I believed that he had some bargainer in hand, who wanted to give him some ready money for the post. I was not deceived; the son of a business man was bargaining about it. Yet this was not the place for a person of such low birth. When I had arrived in Paris, positions of this kind were only filled by people of quality; but, as with him rank was not the quality which seemed to deserve most esteem, and as he thought much more of wealth, he would have bestowed them even upon a man lower than this one, provided he had been willing to give him fifty pistoles more than anyone else. The Duc de la Feuillade, whom the King has honoured a short time back with the rank of maître de camp (colonel) of this regiment,

has recently done something which shows that he is not far from being like this minister, except that he reviles those who will not give him what he wants, while his Eminence was never rebuffed until he saw there was nothing more to be hoped for for himself. The son of a fermier, a friend of mine, having during the last few days wanted to purchase an ensign's commission in the Guards from someone he and I knew, and the bargain being struck at fourteen thousand francs, as he wanted to have the consent of the duc before asking for that of the King, the former told him not to take this post from the man with whom he had bargained, and that he himself would sell him one like it which was at his disposal. At this the son of the fermier was delighted, thinking that this would facilitate his entry into the corps. However, when the price came to be discussed, the duc wanted to have two thousand louis d'or, on the pretext that what cost a person of rank fourteen thousand francs ought to cost an ordinary man like him at least twenty-two thousand. He wanted in this way to verify what is usually said about people of low birth, that is, that they get into posts through a golden door. However, even were this man low born from father to son to the thousandth generation, it does not alter the fact that he would have preferred not to enter the Guards at all rather than to do so by paying eight thousand francs more than was necessary.

M. le Cardinal having in this way refused my request, I resolved to do what M. de Navailles had advised me, that is, to wait patiently until such time as it should please his Eminence to give me some post. This being so, deeming that I could obtain no better one than some position near the King, that became the

sole object of my endeavours. Besmaux was not like me, and whether it was that he liked to find the cloth always laid, or that he felt himself less fitted for war than for servitude, very far from dreaming of getting out of the position he was in, his only desire was to plunge deeper in it than before. He told his Eminence that, as everyone had their idea and thought himself in the right, he would not, like me, ask him to change his master, but instead, to attach him so much to his own person that he might in future become his inseparable attendant. All he wanted, he declared, was a post in his guards, for then he would never be far away from his side. I do not know whether such a request well accorded with the patch which he always wore at the corner of his eye. He would never have mounted this except to let all those who had never seen him at war know that it was not his fault they had such bad eyes, since he must have been there from the honourable marks which he still bore on his face. While he tried by these means to advance himself much further in the career of arms than I shall ever do in my lifetime, and at the same time to throw dust in people's eyes, it turned out that M. le Cardinal soon after did us both justice. As he thought him more fitted than myself to guard his hall and I more fit than he to get my living in the King's army, he gave him the lieutenancy of his guards and myself a post like the one I had just asked him for. Thus we were both content, and I tried to serve in the rank I occupied so that I should not always remain in it. For, when one is urged on by a fine ambition, even when one has obtained what one has desired, one soon wants something more. Man has this peculiarity, that he is never satisfied with his fortunes; he always aspires

to something fresh, and even the King is not exempt from this weakness, although it seems as if there was nothing lacking for him to desire. Yes, I call that frenzy weakness, which causes us never to be content in the state we are in, and, indeed, although I myself have just given it another name, I have done so rather without thinking, than spoken as I ought to have done, to tell the truth.

The Cardinal, after having taken the King away from Paris, was urged by the Queen-mother and by his own resentment, to avenge insults put upon both her and himself by the Parlement and the Parisians, who hated both of them equally, although not at all for the same reason. The Cardinal, I repeat, after having determined in his soul not to leave their revolt unpunished, took counsel with M. le Prince what he should do to succeed in this idea. At first, M. le Prince had been deterred from taking this course by his true friends, and by his good and faithful servants. They had pointed out to him that by so doing he would lose the friendship of the Parlement, which his father, whose example was not to be despised, had humoured to such a degree, that he had always accounted it among the things most precious to him. However, the Cardinal, who, when he once had a grudge against anyone, stopped at no piece of villainy, provided that he could gain his end, went on his knees to him to beg him not to abandon his interests, which on this occasion were so interwoven with those of the State, that one might almost term them identical. He had done a good deal more, having effected a reconciliation with President Perrault, the intendant (manager of the affairs) of this prince, whom before he could not bear, because, on the pretext of the worth

and reputation of his master, he had wanted to have as much interest on the board as if he himself had been Prime Minister. As by nature he was proud, as are nearly all people who rise from small beginnings as he did, not only did he take a very high tone when the interests of M. le Prince or himself were concerned, but even in the case of those of the humblest individual belonging to his master. He was President of the Chambre des Comptes,[1] which was a good deal for him to be, considering his birth, but being of the class I have first mentioned, that is to say, one of those people who are never content with their lot, he aspired to become "President à mortier."[2] This M. le Cardinal had often promised him, and even given his word about it to M. le Prince; however, as he was afraid of the ambitious spirit of this president, he had not taken much trouble about keeping it. He had found a pretext to get out of doing so, on account of the lack of obedience of the Parlement, and by the strong hold which all who had such posts kept on them. He declared, as was the truth, that the first reason made a new appointment dangerous, and the second rendered it an impossibility to present him with one of those now existing. In this way did he get all the benefit he could hope for from their reconciliation without its costing him anything, as his late adversary was not unreasonable enough to ask for what was impossible.

The prince having thus fallen in with his Eminence's wishes, to which the Queen-mother contributed in no small measure, by entreating him not to abandon her son or herself in a situation of such importance for

[1] Court of Exchequer, now obsolete.

[2] A round kind of cap worn by the French Presidents.

both, made his troops march along the river Seine below Paris. Their small number prevented them from capturing all the advantageous positions, and, as Charenton was one of the number not occupied, the Prince de Conti, who had been declared General-in-Chief of the Parliamentary forces, sent two thousand men there, under the command of the Maréchal de Clanleu. He hurriedly made barricades to defend himself in this hole, which was worth nothing. The Comte de Brancas, chevalier d'honneur of the Queen-mother, tried to make him abandon his attitude of disobedience before he made it burst out more palpably. They were near relatives, and the ties of blood (which at such a time must make themselves particularly felt) made him so bold as to gloss over nothing to make him acknowledge his error. But, as the other complained of the Cardinal, whom he accused of having left him in the lurch, to push forward people who had done far less service than himself, he would never consent to believe him.

M. le Prince, who was afraid of the Parisians attempting to relieve this position, which was only separated from their suburbs by at most a small space of ground, himself advanced in this direction, although this paltry fort was unworthy of his being there. He placed himself within the walls which enclose the park of Vincennes with some cavalry, while he had the Abbaye of Conflans and Carrières guarded by his infantry. He confided this attack to the Duc de Châtillon, and, as this gentleman wanted by all means in his power to become a Maréchal of France, he hoped that the Cardinal, who was greatly interested in these operations, would take them more into consideration than anything he had before been able to do. In other

places, M. le Prince used the walls of the park of Vincennes as an entrenchment, so as not to be overwhelmed by numbers, for the Parisians could only get at him by the breaches which he had made, and which to-day are still to be seen in the same state as he put them in. The Duc de Châtillon, who had always shown himself worthy of the great name he bore, after having reconnoitred this paltry place, which Clanleu thought he ought to attack from the Paris side, since it was there that it appeared weakest, found it so well fortified that he did not think he ought to take it in hand. He preferred to betake himself in the direction of the Temple, which the people of that religion[1] possess in this town, in spite of its being naturally stronger than the other and Clanleu's having thrown some infantry into it, so as to take those who should advance towards it in flank. However, as he had neglected to make any entrenchments, as he had done in other places, and, as art often surpasses nature, he found himself caught just in the quarter which he did not expect. He himself hastened there to defend it, and exposed himself the more, because he was afraid that he would be accused of having, on account of a stupid credulity, omitted to take his precautions. Besides this, he had promised the Parlement that, provided he was given the number of troops he asked for, he would hold this post or bury himself under its ruins. Accordingly, having made a fine defence, and the assault being no less spirited, one soon saw a number of people falling on both sides without yet knowing who would gain the day. The Duc de Châtillon, who had accompanied M. le Prince in all his victories and in the

[1] The Protestant.

assault of many positions which had fallen before him, being annoyed, after having assisted in so many great battles, at seeing this paltry place making such a resistance, then made a last effort to force the troops opposed to him to give way. In this he was successful, and, having driven them from their entrenchments, he had them demolished, so as to make a passage for himself to advance more to the front. Thus his men entered the street by which one goes to the Temple. There Clanleu confronted them, as well as he could, and, as he remembered his word which he had given to the Parlement, went to his death doing everything which a man of sense and courage could do. After Clanleu's death the Duc de Châtillon, finding no further resistance, advanced towards the Temple, being firmly convinced that those who were inside would lay down their arms and yield themselves prisoners of war without striking a blow. But, just as he least expected any bad luck, a shot was fired at him, from the effects of which he at once lost consciousness.

This was told to M. le Prince, who would have been more sorry about it than he was, had he not been in love with his wife, but as for a short time back the duc had begun to assume the *rôle* of an inconvenient husband, and as this prince did not like to be bothered, he said to Guitaut, who was at his side, "He would have done just as well not to have been jealous, since he had so short a time to live."

Notwithstanding his wound, the duc's men did not fail to finish the victory which he had begun; the soldiers of Clanleu were almost all cut to pieces, although the death of their leader should have made them less bold. In the meantime the wounded man was carried to Vincennes, to which place came doctors and surgeons

from every direction. The King sent him his, and M. le Cardinal having done as much, he could not have failed to have recovered if it had only been a matter of attention; but his wound was a mortal one, so that he only lived till the next day. His Eminence, in whose service I still was, sent me to him to testify his grief at his condition. I found the duchess, his wife, at his side. She had come in haste from St. Germain, knowing he had not long to live,—not that she had any great affection for him, she had too many lovers to love a husband, and as she was the handsomest woman at the Court and the most coquettish, he had realised, but a little late in the day, that, had he acted wisely, he would have believed her father, who had told him before his marriage that it was often a dangerous thing to marry so beautiful a woman. I found him much moved by her presence, perhaps from regret at leaving her, or because, not being yet thirty years old, he could not support his misfortune with the same fortitude which he would have displayed had he been older. Charenton having been captured in this fashion, M. le Prince returned to St. Germain with the Duc d'Orléans, who had waited to be present at this combat. The Cardinal had been told that more than twenty thousand men had come out of Paris to fight, and that M. le Prince had put them to flight with one single squadron. One of these statements was true, but not the other; the truth was that these twenty thousand men had, indeed, come out of this great city, but not with the intention of making an attack. They had been content to show their noses without daring to do anything more. However, as the Cardinal was a flatterer, without making enquiries whether he had been told the truth or not, "M. le Prince," said he, directly he saw him, "what will the

Spaniards do in future, with you quite alone killing more people than an army does?" At the same time he asked to see his sword, being apparently under the impression that it was stained with the blood of the poor Parisians, but M. le Prince, who did not want praises which were undeserved, and who even did not care for them when he merited them, having described the affair to him as it had occurred, "Ah! what are you telling me?" continued his Eminence; "far from retracting what I have just said, I pity them the more. For you, whose appearance is more formidable than that of a basilisk, to put to flight twenty thousand men by a mere look, is an exploit which belongs only to your Highness."

He further told him a lot of nonsense, which would have been much more in place in the mouth of a mountebank than in that of a minister of State. I even think that this was the opinion of M. le Prince. Anyhow, the generals of the Parisians, being thoroughly ashamed at a post which was easy to relieve having been captured under their noses, attempted to efface the disgrace by some more important victory. There was, nevertheless, none which could do them much credit. All we held above and below the Seine was worth nothing, and did not deserve the name of fortress. The town of Melun alone had some renown on account of its antiquity; but, as it is not antiquity which makes a city important for purposes of war, and, if this were so, there would be none to compare with Treves, which yet is worth nothing, it was not in that direction they made any move, because the river, which divides it into three (so that one would almost say that there are three towns), made them fear that, should they separate their forces to attack it, M. le Prince would fall upon them without their being able to help one another. Accordingly, they limited their

grand plans to seizing Brie-Comte-Robert and some other paltry places. When M. le Prince heard of this, he wanted to leave the Court to join his army, which held at least fifteen or twenty leagues of country. He had established the King's quarters at St. Denis, as that place appeared to him more important than the other ones, not only because it contains the tombs of the Kings of France, but also on account of its being close to Paris. However, the Cardinal and the Queen-mother pointing out to him that the places to be attacked were unworthy of his presence, he allowed himself to be persuaded the more easily on account of his having some love affairs, which made him find his stay at St. Germain pleasant. The Maréchal du Plessis took his place. The Comte de Grancey, who has since become Maréchal of France, and who was then lieutenant-general, having been detached from his army, went to attack Brie-Comte-Robert. This town, which is at the entrance of La Brie on the Paris side, looked like defending itself, because it was a disgraceful thing for it to surrender, being at the gates of that town, from which it had reason to hope for assistance. However, no one having appeared to dislodge the comte from before its walls, because he had posted himself between the two to prevent it, the town immediately made overtures for capitulation. Some other towns, which were next attacked, did the same thing after, and more cowardice than was shown by the Parisians had never been seen, for although the Maréchal du Plessis had but a handful of people, they never dared to confront him. It is true that, as the soldiers who were in St. Denis had been withdrawn to take the field, and only one company of the Swiss, who were not capable of defending it, was left there, they overcame that place, flattering themselves that by its capture they would make amends for the censure which

might justly be passed upon them for having let everything else be taken without striking a blow. But if they boasted of this conquest, which nevertheless was not able to wipe out their shame, their pride was soon smothered by the arrival of M. le Prince. He left St. Germain to come and retake this fortress, and even did so under their noses without their daring to make any opposition.

M. le Cardinal was delighted at all these little expeditions, which, although of small importance in themselves, did not fail to press the Parisians so hard that they began to want for everything. If they had done the right thing, they would have taken their generals to task, whose business it was to keep their communications open; but as all of them (whoever he was) only thought from the first to the last, of making, for their private ends, some advantageous arrangement with the Court, and as they had taken care not to extricate the populace from their misery, because after such a thing it would have become too insolent, they discovered difficulties everywhere without the Parlement being able to find out if they spoke the truth or not. Indeed, it was not its business to go into all this, and it was not absolutely obliged to trust to their word. Meanwhile, the hatred of all those who were in misery recoiled upon it, because they rightly accused it of having kindled the war for its private interests. As this discontent and the misery which from one moment to another was increasing in the town was capable of producing some revolt, this body found itself considerably embarrassed, and began to recognise (but a little late) that one never abandons the obedience which one owes to one's sovereign without coming across great inconveniences. Everything began to be an object of suspicion to it, even to its own members, because many amongst them, after the

example of their general, held communication with the Court, from which they were trying to obtain some assurance before promising to return to their duty.

M. le Cardinal, who asked no better than to increase the suspicions which their colleagues entertained as to their behaviour, far from finishing with them, held them in suspense, while secretly he let the others know all the proposals made to him. He employed me in this business, and I served him well. I knew the wife of a conseiller who was such a flirt that she wanted everyone to make love to her. I had humoured her whims because it could only cost me words, and because it is no harder to tell a woman she is beautiful (although one often says so to the prejudice of the truth) than to tell her what one really thinks about it. At first her coquetry had displeased her husband, who thought that the lot of a man who has a wife of this kind of disposition is to soon become what so many others are. However, time and experience having taught him that, although this usually happens, it was not the case with her, and that if she liked flirting she loved her honour no less for it, not only did he accustom himself to her ways, but was even wont to frequently give himself a treat by listening to her description of her intrigues. She had told him that I was one of her swains, and as I had not yet left M. le Cardinal, the magistrate, her husband, formed an idea that I might be better informed than anyone else as to what his colleagues were doing. She wrote me a letter by his direction, the tenour of which was that she believed me to be speaking the truth, when I had at different times taken the trouble to assure her that I was not indifferent to her charms; all the same she was very afraid she had been deceived, because had this love been sincere, means would easily

have been found in spite of what was going on between the two parties to see the object of my affection once more. There was not such stringency about passports as to prevent my obtaining one if I took a little trouble, and this she would even herself save me should I find any difficulties in the way. I had but to let her know, and she would immediately send me one.

I showed this letter to M. le Cardinal, not for the purpose of asking his permission to go and see this lady, which was the last idea in my mind, but to learn from him if he would care to utilise this opportunity for me to arrange something in the town which might turn out to his profit. He told me he was grateful to me for having mentioned the matter, and that I must accept this proposal, and before the passport should arrive he would tell me all I was to do for him. He would reflect seriously over it, because after mature reflection, one was less likely to be deceived than if one decided things hastily. An hour later he had me sent for to come to his closet. Directly he saw me he enquired if I understood how to play the lover well, and on my answering that there had been a time when I used to acquit myself none too badly in that line, and that I did not think I had yet forgotten it,—"all the better," said he; "but are you not deceiving me? for when one has a mistress it is very rare that one does not sacrifice one's master to her when there is occasion." I replied that this sometimes happened, but not to an honest man. Besides, she must be a mistress whom one loved, but that when she was no dearer than this lady was to me, neither the master nor the merest acquaintance had anything to fear. I had, I said, never seen her with the purpose of forming a *liaison*, but only for amusement, and when one was on these terms with a lady, one was always master of a secret with her, so if she was to learn mine only from myself, he might

rely that she would never be any wiser than she was at present. He rejoined that, as I did not love her, he agreed with me that he ought to divest himself of all fears, and so I must write to her without losing time to send me the passport she offered. Directly I left his Eminence I did this, and as both the lady and myself had the same idea, and were only seeking to deceive one another, she on her side lost no time in sending me what I wanted. I went to see her the day I received her passport, and playing my part very well with her, I simulated the lover so well, that she discovered that an absence of five weeks without seeing her, which had been the length of mine, was a marvellous secret to inflame the coldest of lovers. Meanwhile, not to give the lie to the ardour I displayed, I told her in confidence that I hoped, before long, we should see one another again without its being necessary to have recourse to a passport. I would not say more, knowing that if I only spoke of things by halves she would only be the more curious to know what my meaning might be. This did not fail to occur. She begged me to explain myself better, and pretending to repent somewhat of having said too much, I refused to break my silence till she had sworn that she would repeat to no one what I was willing to tell her, in order to further prove my passion for her. I was not behaving too well when I asked her a thing like this, since I suspected that she would not be long in perjuring herself; but, in short, as I knew that subterfuges are often necessary, and that, further, they make things succeed more than anything else, I had no trouble in divesting myself of any scruples I might have on the subject. The lady swore everything I wanted, and I afterwards told her that such and such presidents and such and such conseillers had promised M. le Cardinal to serve his interests to the

prejudice of everything else. Positions and offices had, I declared, been promised to most of them for their children, and this promise would be carried out directly there were any vacant. In consideration of these rewards they had promised to leave Paris at once and retire to Montargis, to which place the King had transferred their corporation by an edict. I went on to say that there would be only a small number left behind after this, so that it would not be hard for his Eminence to overcome them. Besides, the populace, which already complained of them, would soon turn them into ridicule when they saw that the wisest of their body had abandoned them, and that what was left in the capital of the kingdom no longer deserved to bear the name of Parlement.

The lady swallowed this news the more easily as all the conseillers I had mentioned to her had become objects of suspicion to their colleagues. They knew very well that these men had made a good many advances to the Court to come over to its side, and, if the matter were not already arranged, it could only be because their demands did not correspond with its beggary. As most of the provinces had a share in the insubordination of the Parlement, and followed its example, the money which came in was so scarce that, far from being prodigal with it, as those at Court would have liked, one could not be too economical in its expenditure. For this reason I had not thought it opportune to make out that the dissentient conseillers had been won over by ready-money, for, had I done so, it would have been contradicted by the present state of affairs, and it was much better to have recourse as I had had to something about which I could not be convicted of lying. The husband, to whom the lady told what I had said, let himself be caught just as she had been, so much so that, having reported this to those of

his body whom he believed to have no negotiations with the Court, they held several meetings among themselves, to which they took care not to summon such of their number as they suspected. All the same, I had not mentioned to the lady the members of the Parlement whom they should have suspected the most, and who were actually receiving favours from the Court without anyone's knowledge. This would have destroyed confidence in them, and, consequently, have nullified the services they were rendering by making out that all the advice they rendered was only in the interests of the Parlement and for the good of the people. Be this as it may, this stratagem beginning to produce some dissension among most of them, one might have hoped to soon gather some fruit from it, when the Duc de Beaufort, who had a short time back escaped from prison and had embraced the side of the Parlement, tried to dissipate the false rumour which prevailed as to the revolt of all its members. As he could not forgive the Cardinal for all the sufferings he had made him endure, he could not hear without horror that it was proposed to effect a reconciliation with him. So, taking care to justify those whom I had tried to blacken I began to run great risk of seeing all my hopes upset, when luck, more than anything else, drew people together at a time when they appeared to be again embroiled more than before. The bad state of the Parisians' affairs having obliged the Parlement to send to ask help from the Spaniards, the Archiduc Leopold, who commanded in the Low Countries, saw fit not only to promise it to the man sent to him, but further to send him a letter written with his own hand to show that he might rely upon it. One of his gentlemen took it to the man on his behalf, and the Court getting news of it and further hearing that this archiduc was to enter France

in person to raise the blockade of Paris, the Queen-mother, who had always appeared to be firm in her resolve of punishing this great city, suddenly changed her views on account of the danger which threatened. She thought, and rightly, that this prince, who had already profited by our dissensions to recapture a number of valuable fortresses in Flanders, might very well on his way add to their number those which he might find at his mercy, it might be on the frontier of Picardy or even in the heart of the kingdom; so, necessity obliging her to abandon her pride, she sent a herald-at-arms to propose some arrangement with the Parlement.

I do not know what her council was thinking of to thus send a herald-at-arms to the King's subjects, since they are never sent but from sovereign to sovereign. But the fear which prevailed about the arrival of the archiduc had so much troubled most people's brains that they no longer knew what they were doing. This herald having presented himself at the Porte St. Honoré with his coat-of-arms and staff, the Parlement was informed. It now no longer assembled as was its custom to look after private affairs, but only about things which concerned itself or the State in general. As it was still divided against itself, and as those who were well-disposed towards the Court tried but to bring the others over to their opinion, they snatched this opportunity to make them return to their duty. They pointed out to the dissentients that all of them had already, by their behaviour in sending to ask for help from the enemies of the State, laid themselves open to sufficient criticism without drawing upon themselves further censure. Should they receive this herald, it would be giving their enemies an opportunity of accusing them, as they were already doing, of wanting to set themselves

up as kings. Consequently, they must send him back, and let the Queen-mother know that, if they had not received him, it was only because they were not so guilty as people tried to make out to her.

The Parlement thought this advice very honourable for itself, and this opinion having been carried by a majority of votes, it sent the King's people to let the Queen know the reason for which the herald had been dismissed. Among these deputies there were people well-disposed towards a peace, and as this submission was to the taste of the Court, and it wanted to get rid of its fears as to the coming of the archiduc, it proposed to the delegates that a conference should be held to end in a friendly manner the differences which divided people. This they could not accept of their own accord, however well-disposed they might be. A report had to be first of all made to the Parlement, and having drawn this up in terms which showed that, if they were to be believed, people would soon profit by the mood for granting a pardon which the Queen-mother was in, their advice was followed by a unanimous acceptance. Both sides agreed to assemble at Ruel to look into everything. The Parlement sent deputies there, and, Cardinal Mazarin having himself gone there to represent the Court, the Duc d'Orléans honoured these conferences with his presence. Eventually, after a good many arguments between the two parties, peace was concluded. But it was of short duration, so that before long civil war again burst so strongly into flame that everything which had been seen up to that time was as nothing to what was then witnessed.

END OF PART I

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Courtilz, Gatien de, sieur de Sandras
Memoirs of Monsieur d'Artagnan

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